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The Silver Spoon

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

Author of "The White Monkey," etc.

PART I

I

A STRANGER

THE young man who, at the end of September, 1924, dismounted from a taxicab in South Square, Westminster, was so unobtrusively American that his driver had some hesitation in asking for double his fare. The young man had no hesitation in refusing it.

"You certainly are unable to read!" he said softly: "Here are four shillings."

With that he turned his back and looked at the house before which he had descended. This first private English house he had ever proposed to enter inspired him with a certain uneasiness, as of a man who expects to part with a family ghost. Comparing a letter with the number chased in pale brass on the door, he murmured: "It sure is," and rang the bell.

While waiting for the door to be opened he was conscious of extreme quietude, broken by a clock chiming four as if with the voice of Time itself. When the last boom died, the door yawned inward, and a man, almost hairless, said:

"Yes, sir?"

The young man removed a soft hat from a dark head.

"I judge this is Mrs. Michael Mont's house."

"Correct, sir."

"Will you give her my card, and this letter?"

"'Mr. Francis Wilmot, Naseby, S. C.' Will you wait in here, sir?"

Ushered through the doorway of a room on the right, Francis Wilmot was conscious of a commotion close to the ground and some teeth grazing the calf of his leg.

"Dandie!" said the voice of the hairless man, "you little devil! That dog is a proper little brute with strangers, sir. Stand still! I've known him bite clean through a lady's stockings."

Francis Wilmot saw with interest a silver-gray dog nine inches high and nearly as broad, looking up at him with lustrous eyes above teeth of extreme beauty.

"It's the baby, sir," said the hairless man, pointing to a sort of nest on the floor before the fireless hearth; "he *will* go for people when he's with the baby. But once he gets to smelling your trousers, he's all right. Better not touch the baby, though. Mrs. Mont was here a minute ago; I'll take your card up to her."

Francis Wilmot sat down on a settee in the middle of the room; and the dog licked the head of the baby.

"You're a cute couple," said Francis Wilmot under his breath. "Gee! This is a sure-enough 'salon.'"

The sure-enough "salon" was painted in panels of a sub-golden hue, with a silver-colored ceiling. A clavichord, little golden ghost of a piano, stood at one end. Glass lustres, pictures of flowers

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and of a silver-necked lady swinging a skirt and her golden slippers, adorned the walls. The curtains were of gold and silver. The silver-colored carpet felt wonderfully soft beneath his feet, the furniture was of a golden wood.

The young man felt suddenly quite homesick. He was back in the living-room of an old "colonial" house, in the bend of a lonely South Carolina river, reddish in hue and not wholly divested of alligators. He was staring at the effigy of his high-collared, red-coated great-grandfather, Francis Wilmot, Royalist major in the War of Independence. They always said it was like the effigy he saw when shaving every morning; the smooth dark hair drooping across his right temple, the narrow nose and lips, the narrow dark hand on the sword-hilt or the razor, the slits of dark eyes gazing steadily out. He was hearing the darkies crooning in the cotton-fields under a sun that he did not seem to have seen since he came over here; he was walking with his setter along the swamp edge, where the Florida moss festooned the tall dolorous trees; he was thinking of the Wilmot inheritance, ruined in the Civil War, still decayed yet precious, and whether to struggle on with it, or to sell it to the Yank who wanted a week-end run-to from his Charleston dock job, and would "sure" improve it out of recognition. It would be "darned lonely" there, now that Anne had married that young Britisher, Jon Forsyte, and gone away north, to Southern Pines. And he thought of sister Anne, thus lost to him, dark, pale, vivid, "full of sand." Yeh! this "salon" made him homesick, with its perfection, such as he had never beheld, where the only object out of keeping was that "dawg," lying on its side now, and so thick through that all its "cunning" little legs were in the air. Softly he said:

"It certainly is the prettiest room I ever was in."

"What a perfectly charming thing to overhear!"

A young woman, with crinkly chestnut hair above a creamy face, with smiling lips, a short straight nose, and very white, dark-lashed eyelids active over dark hazel eyes, stood near the door. She came toward him and held out her hand.

Francis Wilmot bowed over it and said gravely:

"Mrs. Michael Mont, ma'am."

"So Jon's married your sister. Is she pretty?"

"I guess so."

"Very?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How do you like my baby?"

"I think he's just too cunning."

"He is, rather. I hear Dandie bit you?"

"I judge he didn't break the cuticle."

"Haven't you looked? But he's quite healthy. Sit down, and tell me all about your sister and Jon. Is it a marriage of true minds?"

Francis Wilmot sat down.

"It is, ma'am. Young Jon is a pretty white man, and sister Anne——"

He heard a sigh.

"I'm very glad. He says in his letter that he's awfully happy. You must come and stay here. You can be as free as you like. Look on us as an hotel."

The young man's dark eyes smiled.

"That's just lovely of you! I've never been on this side before. They got through the war too soon."

Fleur took the baby out of its nest.

"*This* creature doesn't bite. Look—two teeth, but they don't antagonize—isn't that how you put it?"

"What is its name, ma'am?"

"Kit for Christopher. We agreed about it, luckily. Michael—my husband—will be in directly. He's in Parliament, you know. They're not sitting till Monday—Ireland, of course. We only came back for it from Italy yesterday. Italy's so wonderful—you must see it."

"Pardon me, ma'am, but is that the 'Congress' clock that chimes so loud?"

"Big Ben—yes. He marks time for them. Michael says Parliament is the best drag on Progress ever invented. With our first Labor Government, it's been specially interesting this year. Don't you think it's rather touching the way this dog watches my baby? He's got the most terrific jaw!"

"What kind of dawg is he, anyway?"

"A Dandie Dinmont. We did have a Peke. It was a terrible tragedy. He *would* go after cats; and one day he struck

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a fighting Tom, and got clawed over both eyes—quite blinded—and so——"

The young man saw her eyes suddenly too bright. He made a soft noise, and said gently: "That was too bad."

"I had to change this room completely. It used to be Chinese. It reminded me too much."

"I guess this little fellow would chaw any cat?"

"Yes; but luckily he was brought up with kittens. We got him for his legs—they're so bowed in front that he can hardly run, so he just suits the pram. Dan, show your legs!"

The Dandie looked up with a negative sound.

"He's a terrible little 'character.' Do tell me, what's Jon like now? Is he still English?"

The young man was queerly conscious that she had uttered at last something really in her mind.

"He certainly is; but he's a lovely fellow."

"And his mother? She used to be beautiful."

"And is to this day, ma'am."

"She would be. Gray, I suppose, by now?"

"Yes. I judge you don't like her?"

"Well, I hope she won't be jealous of your sister!"

"I think, maybe, you're unjust."

"I think, maybe, I am."

She sat very still, her face hard above the baby's. And the young man, conscious of things beyond his reach, got up.

"When you write to Jon," she said suddenly, "tell him that I'm awfully glad, and that I wish him luck. I shan't write to him myself. May I call you Francis?"

Francis Wilmot bowed. "I shall be proud, ma'am."

"Yes; but you must call me Fleur. We're sort of related, you know."

The young man smiled and touched the name with his lips.

"Fleur! It sure is a beautiful name!"

"Your room will be ready when you come back. You'll have a bathroom to yourself, of course."

He put his lips to the hand held out.

"Gee! It's wonderful," he said. "I was feeling kind of homesick; I guess I miss the sun over here."

In going out he looked back. Fleur had put her baby back in its nest and was staring straight before her.

II

CHANGE

BUT more than the death of a dog had caused the regarnishing of Fleur's Chinese room. On the evening of her twenty-second birthday Michael had come home saying:

"Well, my dear, I've chucked publishing. With old Danby always in the right—it isn't a career."

"Oh! Michael, you'll be bored to death."

"I'll go into Parliament. It's quite usual, and about the same screw."

He had spoken in jest. Six days later it became apparent that she had listened in earnest.

"You were absolutely right, Michael. It's the very thing for you. You've got ideas."

"Other people's."

"And the gift of the gab. We're frightfully handy for the House, here."

"It costs money, my child."

"Yes; I've spoken to father. It was rather funny—there's never been a Forsyte, you know, anywhere near Parliament. But he thinks it'll be good for me; and that it's all baronets are fit for."

"One has to have a seat, unfortunately."

"Well, I've sounded your father too. He'll speak to people. They want young men."

"Ah! And what are my politics?"

"My dear boy, you must know—at thirty."

"I'm not a Liberal. But am I Labor or Tory?"

"You can think it out before the next election!"

Next day, while he was shaving, and she was in her bath, he cut himself slightly and said:

"I'm a Foggartist."

"What?"

"Old Sir James Foggart's book. You read it."

"No."

"Well, you said so."

"So did others."

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"Never mind—his eyes are fixed on nineteen-forty-four, and his policy's according. The Land, and Child Emigration; adjustment of Supply and Demand within the Empire; cut our losses—Europe; and endure a worse Present for the sake of a better Future. Everything, in fact, that's unpopular."

"Well, you could keep all that to yourself till you get in. You'll have to stand as a Tory."

"How lovely you look!"

"If you get in, you can disagree with everybody. That'll give you a position from the start."

"Some scheme!" murmured Michael.

"You can initiate this Foggartism. He isn't mad, is he?"

"No; only too sane. We've got a higher wage-scale—he says—than any other country except America and the Dominions; and it isn't coming down again; so, in the long run, we've only the new countries to look to for markets; we shall never again produce cheap enough for the rest of the world. He's for growing as much of our food as we can, and pumping British town children, before they're spoiled, into the colonies, till colonial demand equals our supply. It's no earthly, of course, without wholehearted co-operation between the Governments within the Empire."

"It sounds very sensible."

"We published him, you know, but at his own expense. It's a 'faith and the mountain' stunt. He's got the faith all right, but the mountain doesn't move."

Fleur stood up. "Well," she said, "that's settled. Your father says he can get you a nomination as a Tory, and you can keep your own views to yourself. You'll get in on the human touch, Michael."

"Thank you, ducky. Can I help dry you?" . . .

Before redecorating her Chinese room, however, Fleur had waited till after Michael was comfortably seated for a division which professed to be interested in agriculture. She chose a blend between Adam and Louis Quinze. Michael called it the "bimetallic parlor"; and carried off "The White Monkey" to his study. The creature's pessimism was not, he felt, suited to political life.

Fleur had initiated her "salon" with a gathering in February. The soul of society had passed away since the Liberal *débâcle* and Lady Alison's politico-legal coterie no longer counted. Plainer people were in the ascendant. Her Wednesday evenings were youthful, with age represented by her father-in-law, two minor ambassadors, and Pevensey Blythe, editor of *The Outpost*. So unlike his literary style that he was usually mistaken for a colonial Prime Minister, Blythe was a tall man with a beard and gray bloodshot eyes, who expressed knowledge in paragraphs that few could really understand. "What Blythe thinks to-day the Conservative Party will not think to-morrow," was said of him. He spoke in a small voice and constantly used the impersonal pronoun.

"One has a feeling," he would say of a situation, "that one is walking in one's sleep and will wake up without any clothes on."

He was a warm supporter of Sir James Foggart's book, characterizing it as "the masterpiece of a blind archangel"; and had a passion for listening to the clavichord. He was invaluable in Fleur's "salon."

Freed from poetry and modern music, from Sibley Swan, Walter Nazing and Hugo Solstis, Fleur was finding time for her son—the eleventh baronet. He represented for her the reality of things. Michael might have posthumous theories, and Labor predatory hopes, but for her the year 1944 would see the eleventh baronet come of age. That Kit should inherit an England worth living in was of more intrinsic importance than anything they proposed in the Commons and were unable to perform. All those houses they were going to build, for instance—very proper, but a little unnecessary if Kit still had Lippinghall Manor and South Square, Westminster, to dwell in. Not that Fleur voiced such cynical convictions, or admitted them even to herself. She did orthodox lip-service to the God Progress.

The Peace of the World, Hygiene, National Safety, and the End of Unemployment, preoccupied all, irrespective of party, and Fleur was in the fashion; but instinct, rather than Michael and Sir

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James Foggart, told her that the time-honored motto: "Eat your cake and have it," which underlay the platforms of all parties, was not "too frightfully" sound. So long as Kit had cake it was no good bothering too deeply about the rest; though, of course, one must seem to. Fluttering about her "salon"—this to that person, and that to the other, and to all so pretty, she charmed by her grace, her common sense, her pliancy. Not infrequently she attended at the House, and sat, not listening too much to the speeches, yet picking up, as it were, by a sort of seventh sense (if women in Society all had six, surely Fleur had seven) what was necessary to the conduct of that "salon"—the rise and fall of the Governmental barometer, the catchwords and clichés of policy; and, more valuable, impressions of personality, of the residuary man within the Member. She watched Michael's career with the fostering eye of a godmother who has given her godchild a blue morocco prayer-book in the hope that some day he may remember its existence. Although a sedulous attendant at the House all through the spring and summer, Michael had not yet opened his mouth, and so far she had approved of his silence while nurturing his desire to know his own mind by listening to his wanderings in Foggartism. If it were indeed the only permanent cure for Unemployment, as he said, she too was a Foggartist; common sense assuring her that the only real danger to Kit's future lay in that national malady. Eliminate Unemployment, and nobody would have time to make a fuss. But her criticisms were often pertinent:

"My dear boy, does a country ever sacrifice the present for the sake of the future?" or: "Do you really think country life is better than town life?" or: "Can you imagine sending Kit out of England at fourteen to some God-forsaken end of the world?" or: "Do you suppose the towns will have it?" And they roused Michael to such persistence and fluency that she felt he would really catch on in time—like old Sir Giles Snoreham, whom they would soon be making a peer, because he had always worn low-crowned hats and advocated a return to hansom cabs. Hats, buttonholes, an eye-glass—she turned over in her mind all such little realities as help a political career.

"Plain glass doesn't harm the sight; and it really has a focussing value, Michael."

"My child, it's never done my dad a bit of good; I doubt if it's sold three copies of any of his books. No! If I get on, it'll be by talking."

But still she encouraged him to keep his mouth shut.

"It's no good starting wrong, Michael. These Labor people aren't going to last out the year."

"Why not?"

"Their heads are swelling, and their tempers going. They're only on sufferance; people on sufferance have got to be pleasant or they won't be suffered. When they go out the Tories will get in again and probably last. You'll have several years to be eccentric in, and by the time they're out again you'll have your license. Just go on working the human touch in your constituency; I'm sure it's a mistake to forget you've got constituents."

Michael spent most week-ends that summer working the human touch in mid-Bucks; and Fleur spent most week-ends with the eleventh baronet at her father's house near Mapledurham.

Since wiping the dust of the City off his feet, after that affair of Elderson and the P.P.R.S., Soames had become almost too countrified for a Forsyte. He had bought the meadows on the far side of the river and several Jersey cows. Not that he was going in for farming or nonsense of that sort, but it gave him an interest to punt himself over and see them milked. He had put up a good deal of glass, too, and was laying down melons. The English melon was superior to any other, and every year's connection with a French wife made him more and more inclined to eat what he grew himself. After Michael was returned for Parliament, Fleur had sent him Sir James Foggart's book "The Parlous State of England." When it came, he said to Annette:

"I don't know what she thinks I want with this great thing!"

"To read it, Soames, I suppose."

Soames sniffed, turning the pages.

"I can't tell what it's all about."

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"I will sell it at my bazaar, Soames. It will do for some good man who can read English."

From that moment Soames began almost unconsciously to read the book. He found it a peculiar affair which gave most people some good hard knocks. He began to enjoy them, especially the chapter deprecating the workman's dislike of parting with his children at a reasonable age. Having never been outside Europe, he had a somewhat sketchy idea of places like South Africa, Australia, Canada and New Zealand; but this old fellow Foggart, it appeared, had been there, and knew what he was talking about. What he said about their development seemed quite sensible. Children who went out there put on weight at once and became owners of property at an age when in England they were still delivering parcels, popping in and out of jobs, hanging about street corners, and qualifying for unemployment and Communism. Get them out of England! There was a startling attraction in the idea for one who was English to a degree. He was in favor, too, of what was said about growing food and making England safe in the air. He complained, however, to Fleur that the book dealt with nothing but birds in the bush; all the same, he shouldn't be surprised if there were something in it. What did "Old Mont" say about it?

"He won't read it; he says he knows old Foggart."

This strengthened Soames' approval of the book. That little-headed baronet fellow was old-fashioned.

"Anyway," he said, "it shows that Michael's given up those Labor fellows."

"Michael says that Foggartism will be Labor's policy when they understand what it means."

"How's that?"

"He thinks it's going to do them much more good than anybody else. He says one or two of their leaders are beginning to smell it out, and that the rest of the leaders are bound to follow in time."

"In that case," said Soames, "it'll never go down with their rank and file." And for two minutes he sat in a sort of trance. Had he said something profound, or had he not?

Fleur's presence at week-ends with the eleventh baronet was extremely agreeable to him. Though at first he had felt a sort of disappointment that his grandchild was not a girl—an eleventh baronet belonged too definitely to the Monts—as the months wore on he began to find him "an engaging little chap," and in any case, to have him down at Mapledurham kept him away from Lippinghall. It tried him at times, of course, to see how the women hung about the baby—there was something very excessive about motherhood. He had noticed it with Annette; he noticed it now with Fleur. French—perhaps! He had not remembered his own mother making such a fuss; indeed, he could not remember anything that happened when he was one. A week-end, when Madame Lamotte, Annette and Fleur were all hanging over his grandson —three generations of maternity concentrated on that pudgy morsel, reduced him to a punt, fishing for what he felt sure nobody would eat.

By the time he had finished Sir James Foggart's book the disagreeable summer of 1924 was over, and a more disagreeable September had set in. The mellow golden days that glow up out of a haze which stars with dewdrops every cobweb on a gate simply did not come. It rained, and the river was so unnaturally full that the newspapers were at first unnaturally empty—there was literally no news of drought; they filled up again slowly with reports of the wettest summer "for thirty years." Calm, greenish with weed and tree shadow, the river flowed unendingly between Soames' damp lawn and his damp meadows. There were no mushrooms. Blackberries tasted of rain. Soames made a point of eating one every year, and, by the flavor, could tell what sort of year it had been. There was a good deal of "old-man's-beard." In spite of all this, however, he was more cheerful than he had been for ages. Labor had been "in," if not in real power, for months, and the heavens had only lowered. Forced by Labor in office to take some notice of politics, he would utter prophecies at the breakfast-table. They varied somewhat, according to the news; and, since he always forgot those which did not come true, he was constantly able to tell Annette that he had told her so.

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She took no interest, however, occupied, like a woman, with her bazaars and jam-making, running about in the car, shopping in London, attending garden-parties; and, in spite of her tendency to put on flesh, still remarkably handsome. Jack Cardigan, his niece Imogen's husband, had made him a birthday present of a set of golf-clubs. This was more puzzling to Soames than anything that had ever happened to him. What on earth was he to do with them? Annette, with that French quickness which so often annoyed him, suggested that he should use them. She was uncomfortable! At his age—! And then, one week-end in May the fellow himself had come down with Imogen, and, teeing a ball up on half a molehill, had driven it across the river.

"I'll bet you a box of cigars, Uncle Soames, that you don't do that before we leave on Monday!"

"I never bet," said Soames, "and I don't smoke."

"Time you began both. Look here, we'll spend to-morrow learning to knock the ball!"

"Absurd!" said Soames.

But in his room that night he had stood in his pajamas swinging his arms in imitation of Jack Cardigan. The next day he sent the women out in the car with their lunch; he was not going to have them grinning at him. He had seldom spent more annoying hours than those which followed. They culminated in a moment when at last he hit the ball, and it fell into the river three yards from the near bank. He was so stiff next morning in arms and ribs that Annette had to rub him till he said:

"Look out! you're taking the skin off!"

He had, however, become infected. After destroying some further portions of his lawn, he joined the nearest golf club and began to go round by himself during the luncheon-hour accompanied by a little boy. He kept at it with characteristic tenacity, till by July he had attained a certain proficiency; and he began to say to Annette that it would do her all the good in the world to take it up and keep her weight down.

"*Merci*, Soames," she would reply; "I have no wish to be the figure of your English misses, flat as a board before and behind." She was reactionary, "like her nation"; and Soames, who at heart had a certain sympathy with curves, did not seriously press the point. He found that the exercise jogged both his liver and his temper. He began to have color in his cheeks. The day after his first round with Jack Cardigan, who had given him three points per hole and beaten him by nine holes, he received a package which, to his dismay, contained a box of cigars. What the fellow was about he could not imagine! He only discovered when, one evening a few days later, sitting at the window of his picture-gallery, he found that he had one in his mouth. Curiously enough, it did not make him sick. It produced rather something of the feeling he used to enjoy after doing Coué—now comparatively out of fashion, since an American, so his sister Winifred said, had found a shorter cut. A suspicion, however, that the family had set Jack Cardigan on prevented him from indulging his new sensation anywhere but in his picture-gallery; so that cigars gathered the halo of a secret vice. He renewed his store stealthily. Only when he found that Annette, Fleur and others had known for weeks did he relax his rule and say openly that the vice of the present day was cigarettes.

"My dear boy," said Winifred, when she next saw him, "everybody's saying you're a different man!"

Soames raised his eyebrows. He was not conscious of any change.

"That chap Cardigan," he said, "is a funny fellow! I'm going to dine and sleep at Fleur's; they're just back from Italy. The House sits on Monday."

"Yes," said Winifred; "very fussy of them—sitting in the Long Vacation."

"Ireland!" said Soames deeply. "A pretty pair of shoes again!" Always had been; always would be!

III

MICHAEL TAKES "A LUNAR"

MICHAEL had returned from Italy with the longing to "get on with it," which results from southern holidays. Committed to Foggartism, he had taken up no other hobby in the House, and was eating the country's bread, if somewhat unbuttered,

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and doing nothing for it. He desired, therefore, to know where he stood and how long he was going to stand there.

Bent on "taking this lunar"—as "Old Forsyte" would call it—at his own position, he walked away from the House that same day, after dealing with an accumulated correspondence. He walked toward Pevensey Blythe, in the office of that self-sufficing weekly *The Outpost*. Sunburned from his Italian holiday, and thinned by Italian cookery, he moved briskly and thought of many things. Passing down on to the Embankment, where a number of birds on a number of trees were also wondering, it seemed, where they stood and how long they were going to stand there, he took a letter from his pocket to read a second time.

"12 Sapper's Row,
"Camden Town.

"HONORABLE SIR,—Being young in 'Who's Who,' you will not be hard, I think, to those in suffering. I am an Austrian woman who married a German eleven years ago. He was an actor on the English stage, for his father and mother, who are no more living, brought him to England quite young. Interned, he was, and his health broken up. He has the neurasthenie very bad, so he cannot be trusted for any work. Before the war he was always in a part, and we had some good money; but this went partly when I was left with my child alone, and the rest was taken by the P.T., and we got very little back, neither of us being English. What we did get has all been to the doctor, and for our debts, and for burying our little child, which died happily, for though I loved it much this life which we have is not fit for a child to live. We live on my needle, and that is not earning much—a pound a week, and sometimes nothing. The managers will not look at my husband all these years because he shakes suddenly, so they think he drinks; but, sir, he has not the money to buy it. We do not know where to turn, or what we do. So I thought, dear sir, whether you could do anything for us with the P.T.; they have been quite sympatical; but they say they administrate an order, and cannot do more. Or if you could get my husband some work where he will be in open air—the doctor say that is what he want. We have nowhere to go in Germany or in Austria, our well-loved families being no more alive. I think we are like many, but I cannot help asking you, sir, because we want to keep living if we can, and now we are hardly having any food. Please to forgive me my writing, and to believe your very anxious and humble

"ANNA BERGFELD."

"God help them!" thought Michael, under a plane-tree close to Cleopatra's Needle, but without conviction. For in his view God was not so much interested in the fate of individual aliens as the governor of the Bank of England in the fate of a pound of sugar bought with the fraction of a Bradbury. He would not arbitrarily interfere with a ripple of the tide set loose by His arrangement of the Spheres. God, to Michael, was a monarch strictly limited by his own Constitution. He restored the letter to his pocket. Poor creatures! But really, with 1,200,000 English unemployed, mostly due to that confounded Kaiser and his navy stunt—! If that fellow and his gang had not started their naval rivalry in 1899, England would have been out of the whole mess.

He turned up from the Temple station toward the offices of *The Outpost!* He had "taken" that weekly for some years now. It knew everything, and managed to convey a slight impression that nobody else knew anything; so that it seemed more weighty than any other weekly. Having no particular party to patronize, it could patronize the lot. Without Imperial bias, it professed a special knowledge of the Empire. Not literary, it made a point of reducing the heads of literary men—Michael, in his publishing days, had enjoyed every opportunity of noticing that. Professing respect for Church and the Law, it was an adept at giving them "what-for." It was strong on drama, striking an Irish attitude toward it, based on personal preferences. Above all, it excelled in neat detraction from political reputations, keeping them in their place, and that place a little lower than *The Outpost*. Moreover, from its editorials emanated that "holy ghost" of inspired knowledge in periods just a little beyond average comprehension, without which no such periodical had real importance.

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Michael went up the stairs two at a time, and entered a large square room, where Mr. Blythe, back to the door, was pointing with a ruler to a circle drawn on a map.

"This is a bee map," said Mr. Blythe to himself. "Quite the bee-est map I ever saw."

Michael could not contain a gurgle, and the eyes of Mr. Blythe came round, prominent, epileptic, richly encircled by pouches.

"Hallo!" he said defiantly. "You? The Colonial Office prepared this map specially to show the best spots for Settlement schemes. And they've left out Baggersfontein—the very hub."

Michael seated himself on the table.

"I've come in to ask what you think of the situation? My wife says Labor will be out in no time."

"Our charming little lady!" said Mr. Blythe; "Labor will survive Ireland; they will survive Russia; they will linger on in their precarious way. One hesitates to predict their decease. Fear of their Budget may bring them down in February. After the smell of Russian fat has died away—say in November, Mont—one may make a start."

"This first speech," said Michael, "is a nightmare to me. How, exactly, am I to start Foggartism?"

"One will have achieved the impression of a body of opinion before then."

"But will there be one?"

"No," said Mr. Blythe.

"Oh!" said Michael. "And, by the way, what about Free Trade?"

"One will profess Free Trade, and put on duties."

"God and Mammon."

"Necessary in England, before any new departure, Mont. Witness Liberal-Unionism, Tory-Socialism, and——"

"Other ramps," said Michael gently.

"One will glide, deprecate Protection till there is more Protection than Free Trade, then deprecate Free Trade. Foggartism is an end, not a means; Free Trade and Protection are means, not the ends politicians have made them."

Roused by the word politician, Michael got off the table; he was coming to have a certain sympathy with those poor devils. They were supposed to have no feeling for the country, and to be wise after the event. But, really, who could tell what was good for the country among the mists of talk? Not even old Foggart, Michael sometimes thought.

"You know, Blythe," he said, "that we politicians don't think ahead, simply because we know it's no earthly. Every elector thinks his own immediate good is the good of the country. Only their own shoes pinching will change electors' views. If Foggartism means adding to the price of living now, and taking wage-earning children away from workmen's families for the sake of benefit—ten or twenty years hence—who's going to stand for it?"

"My dear young man," said Mr. Blythe, "conversion is our job. At present our trade-unionists despise the outside world. They've never seen it. Their philosophy is bounded by their smoky little streets. But five million pounds spent on the organized travel of a hundred thousand working men would do the trick in five years. It would infect the working class with a feverish desire for a place in the sun. The world is their children's for the taking. But who can blame them, when they know nothing of it?"

"Some thought!" said Michael. "Only—what Government will think it? Can I take those maps? . . . By the way," he said at the door, "there *are* societies, you know, for sending out children."

Mr. Blythe grunted. "Yes. Excellent little affairs! A few thousand children doing well—concrete example of what might be. Multiply it a hundredfold, and you've got a beginning. You can't fill pails with a teaspoon. Good-by!"

Out on the Embankment Michael wondered if one could love one's country with a passion for getting people to leave it. But all the blight and dirty ugliness; the overbloated town condition; the children without a chance from birth; the swarms of poor devils without work, who dragged about and hadn't an earthly, and never would, on present lines; the unbalanced, hand to mouth, dependent state of things—surely that wasn't the country one loved! He stared at the towers of Westminster, with the setting sun behind them. And there started up before him the thousand familiars of his past—trees, fields and streams, towers, churches, bridges; the English breeds of beasts, the

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singing birds, the owls, the jays and rooks at Lippinghall, the little differences from foreign sorts in shrub, flower, lichen, and winged life; the English scents, the English haze, the English grass; the eggs and bacon; the slow good humor, the moderation and the pluck; the smell of rain; the apple-blossom, heather and the sea. His country, and his breed—unspoilable at heart! He passed the Clock Tower. The House looked lacy and imposing, more beautiful than fashion granted. Did they spin the web of England's future in that House? Or were they painting camouflage—a screen, over old England?

A familiar voice said: "This is an ugly great thing!"

And Michael saw his father-in-law staring up at the Lincoln statue. "What did they want to put it here for?" said Soames. "It's not English." He walked along at Michael's side. "Fleur well?"

"Splendid. Italy suited her like everything."

Soames sniffed. "They're a theatrical lot," he said. "Did you see Milan cathedral?"

"Yes, sir. It's about the only thing we didn't take to."

"H'm! Their cooking gave me the collywobbles in '82. I dare say it's better now. How's the boy?"

"Ai, sir."

Soames made a sound of gratification, and they turned the corner into South Square.

"What's this?" said Soames.

Outside the front door were two battered-looking trunks; a young man, grasping a bag and ringing the bell, and a taxi-cab turning away.

"I can't tell you, sir," murmured Michael. "Unless it's the angel Gabriel."

"He's got the wrong house," said Soames, moving forward.

But just then the young man disappeared within.

Soames walked up to the trunks. "'Francis Wilmot,'" he read out. "'Ss. *Amphibian*.' There's some mistake!"

IV

MERE CONVERSATION

When they came in, Fleur was returning down-stairs from showing the young man to his room. Already fully dressed for the evening, she had but little on, and her hair was shingled. . . .

"My dear girl," Michael had said, when shingling came in, "to please me, don't! Your *nuque* will be too bristly for kisses."

"My dear boy," she had answered, "as if one could help it! You're always the same with any new fashion!"

She had been one of the first twelve to shingle, and was just feeling that without care she would miss being one of the first twelve to grow some hair again. Marjorie Ferrar, "the Pet of the Panjoys," as Michael called her, already had more than an inch. Somehow, one hated being distanced by Marjorie Ferrar. . . .

Advancing to her father, she said:

"I've asked a young American to stay, dear; Jon Forsyte has married his sister, out there. You're quite brown, darling. How's mother?"

Soames only gazed at her.

And Fleur passed through one of those shamed moments, when the dumb quality of his love for her seemed accusing the glib quality of her love for him. It was not fair—she felt—that he should look at her like that; as if she had not suffered in that old business more than he; if she could take it lightly now, surely he could! As for Michael—not a word!—not even a joke! She bit her lips, shook her shingled head, and passed into the "bimetallic parlor."

Dinner began with soup and Soames deprecating his own cows; they were not Herefords. He supposed that in America they had no Herefords?

Francis Wilmot judged they had more Frisians now.

"Frisians!" repeated Soames. "They're new since my young days. What's their color?"

"Parti-colored," said Francis Wilmot. "The English grass is just lovely."

"Too damp with us," said Soames. "We're on the river."

"The river Thames? What size will that be, where it hasn't a tide?"

"Just there—not more than a hundred yards."

"Will it have fish?"

"Plenty."

"But not alligators, maybe?"

Soames stared. "Alligators!" he said. "I thought the States were civilized by now."

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Francis Wilmot smiled.

Soames was a good deal puzzled. Americans were human, of course, but peculiar and all alike, with more face than feature, heads fastened upright on their backs, and shoulders too square to be real. Their voices burred and clanged in their mouths; they pronounced the words "very" and "America" in a way that he had tried to imitate without success; their dollar was too high, and they all had motor-cars; they despised Europe, came over in great quantities, and took back all they could; they talked all the time, and were not allowed to drink. This young man cut across all these preconceptions. He drank sherry and only spoke when he was spoken to. His shoulders looked natural; he had a neck; more feature than face; and his voice was soft. Perhaps, at least, he despised Europe.

"I suppose," he said, "you find England very small?"

"No, sir. I find London very large; and you certainly have the loveliest kind of a countryside."

Soames looked down one side of his nose. "Pretty enough!" he said.

Then came turbot and a silence, broken, low down, behind his chair.

"That dog!" said Soames, impaling a morsel of fish he had set aside as uneatable.

"No, no, Dad! He just wants to know you've seen him!"

Soames stretched down a finger, and the Dandie fell on his side.

"He never eats," said Fleur; "but he has to be noticed."

A small covey of partridges came in cooked.

"Is there any particular thing you want to see over here, Mr. Wilmot?" said Michael. "There's nothing very un-American left. You're just too late for Regent Street."

"I want to see the Beefeaters, and Cruft's Dawg Show, and your blood horses, and the Derby."

Soames looked round his nose. "Darby!" he corrected. "You can't stay for that; it's not till next June."

"My cousin Val will show you racehorses," said Fleur. "He married Jon's sister, you know."

A "bombe" appeared. "You have more of this in America, I believe," said Soames.

"We don't have much ice-cream in the South, sir; but we have special cooking; it's very tasty."

"I've heard of terrapin."

"Well, *I* don't get frills like that. I live way back, and have to work pretty hard. My place is kind of homey; but I've got some mighty nice darkies that can cook good—old folk that knew my grannies. The old-time darky is getting scarce, but he's a lovely fellow."

A Southerner!

Soames had been told that the Southerner was a gentleman. He remembered the *Alabama*, too; and his father, James, saying: "I told you so" when the Government ate humble pie over that business.

In the savory silence that accompanied soft roes on toast the patter of the Dandie's feet on the parquet floor could be plainly heard.

"This is the only thing he likes," said Fleur. "Dan! Go to your master. Give him a little bit, Michael." And she stole a look at Michael, but he did not answer it.

On their Italian holiday, with Fleur in the throes of novelty, sun, and wine-warmed, disposed to junketing, amenable to his caresses, he had been having his real honeymoon, for the first time since his marriage enjoying a sense of being the chosen companion of his adored. And now had come this stranger, bringing reminder that one played but second fiddle to that young cousin, her first lover; he couldn't help feeling the cup withdrawn again from thirsty lips. She had invited this young man because he came from that past of hers whose tune one could not play. And, without looking up, he fed the Dandie with tidbits of his favorite edible.

Soames broke the silence.

"Take some nutmeg, Mr. Wilmot. Melon without nutmeg——" . . .

When Fleur rose Soames followed her to the drawing-room; Michael led the young American to his study.

"You knew Jon, maybe?" said Francis Wilmot.

"No; I never met him."

"He's a great little fellow, and some poet. He's growing lovely peaches."

"Is he going on with that now he's married?"

"Sure."

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"Not coming to England?"

"Not this year. They have a nice home—horses and dawgs. They have some hunting there, too. Perhaps he'll bring my sister over for a trip next fall."

"Oh!" said Michael. "And are you staying long yourself?"

"Why, I'll go back for Christmas. I'd like to see Rome, and maybe Seville; and I want to visit the old home of my people down in Worcestershire."

"When did they go over?"

"William and Mary. Catholics, they were. Is it a nice place—Worcestershire?"

"Very; especially in the spring. It grows a lot of fruit."

"Oh! You still grow things in this country?"

"Not many."

"I thought maybe that was so, coming on the cars from Liverpool. I saw a lot of grass and one or two sheep, but I didn't see anybody working. The people all live in the towns, I guess?"

"Except a few unconsidered trifles. You must come down to my father's; they still grow a turnip or two thereabouts."

"It's kind of sad," said Francis Wilmot.

"It is. We began to grow wheat again in the war; but they've let it all slip back—and worse."

"Why was that?"

Michael shrugged his shoulders. "No accounting for statesmanship," he said. "What do you grow in South Carolina?"

"Just catton, on my place. But it's mighty hard to make catton pay nowadays. Labor's high."

"High with you too?"

"Yes, sir. Do they let strangers in to your Congress?"

"Rather. Would you like to hear the Irish debate? I can get you a seat in the Distinguished Strangers' gallery."

"I thought the English were stiff; but it's just too lovely the way you make me feel at home. Is that your father-in-law—the old gentleman?"

"Yes."

"He seems kind of rarefied. Is he a banker?"

"No. But now you mention it, he ought to be."

Francis Wilmot's eyes roved round the room and came to rest on "The White Monkey."

"Well, now," he said, softly, "that, sure, is a wonderful picture. Could I get a picture painted by that man for Jon and my sister?"

"I'm afraid not," said Michael. "You see, he was a Chink—not quite of the best period; but he went west five hundred years ago at least."

"Is that so? He had a lovely sense of animals."

"We think he had a lovely sense of human beings."

Francis Wilmot stared.

There was something, Michael decided, in this young man unresponsive to satire.

"You want to see Cruft's Dog Show?" he said. "You're keen on dogs, then?"

"I guess I'll be taking a bloodhound back for Jon, and two for myself. I want to raise bloodhounds."

Michael leaned back and blew out smoke. To Francis Wilmot, he felt, the world was young, and life running on good tires to some desirable destination. In England——!

"What is it you Americans want out of life?" he said abruptly.

"To get on top of the next thing, and that darned quick."

"*We* wanted that in 1824," said Michael.

"Is that so? And nowadays?"

"To get back on to what we were on last, and that darned slow."

"I guess," said Francis Wilmot, "we're sort of thinly populated, compared with you."

"That's it," said Michael. "Every seat here is booked in advance; and a good many sit on their own knees. Will you have another cigar, or shall we join the lady?"

V

SIDE-SLIPS

If Providence was completely satisfied with Sapper's Row, Camden Town, Michael was not. What could justify those twin dismal rows of three-storied houses, so begrimed that they might have been collars washed in Italy? What possible attention to business could make these little ground-floor shops do anything but lose money? From the thronged and tram-lined thoroughfare, so pregnantly scented with fried fish, petrol and old

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clothes, who would turn into this small backwater for sweetness or for profit? Even the children, made with heroic constancy on its second and third floors, sought life outside its precincts; in Sapper's Row they could neither be run over nor stare at the outside of cinemas. Hand-carts, bicycles, light vans which had lost their nerve and taxicabs which had lost their way provided all the traffic; potted geraniums and spotted cats supplied all the beauty. Sapper's Row drooped and withered.

Michael entered it from its west end, and against his principles. Here was overcrowded England at its most dismal, and here was he, who advocated a reduction of its population, about to visit some broken-down aliens with the view of keeping them alive. He looked into three of the little shops. Not a soul! Which was worse? Such little shops frequented or—deserted? He came to No. 12, and looking up, saw a face looking down. It was wax white, movingly listless, above a pair of hands sewing at a garment. "That," he thought, "is my 'obedient humble' and her needle." He entered the shop below, a hair-dresser's, containing a dirty basin below a dusty mirror, two dirty towels, some bottles, and two dingy chairs. In his shirt-sleeves, astride one of them, reading *The Daily Mail*, sat a shadowy fellow with pale, hollow cheeks, waxed mustache, lank hair, and the eyes, at once knowing and tragic, of a philosopher.

"Hair cut, sir?"

Michael shook his head.

"Do Mr. and Mrs. Bergfeld live here?"

"Up-stairs, top floor."

"How do I get up?"

"Through there."

Passing through a curtained aperture, Michael found a stairway, and at its top stood hesitating. His conscience was echoing Fleur's words when he read her Anna Bergfeld's letter: "Yes, I dare say; but what's the good?" when the door was opened, and it seemed to him rather as if a corpse were standing there, with a face as if some one had come knocking on its grave, so eager and so white.

"Mrs. Bergfeld? My name's Mont. You wrote to me."

The woman trembled so that Michael thought she was going to faint.

"Will you excuse me, sir, that I sit down?" And she dropped on to the end of the bed. The room was spotless, but besides the bed held only a small deal wash-stand, a pot of geranium, a tin trunk with a pair of trousers folded on it, a woman's hat on a peg, and a chair in the window covered with her sewing.

The woman stood up again. She seemed not more than thirty, thin but prettily formed; and her oval face, without color except in her dark eyes, suggested Rafael rather than Sapper's Row.

"It is like seeing an angel," she said. "Excuse me, sir."

"Queer angel, Mrs. Bergfeld. Your husband not in?"

"No, sir. Fritz has gone to walk."

"Tell me, Mrs. Bergfeld. If I pay your passage to Germany, will you go?"

"We cannot get a passport now; Fritz has been here twenty years, and never back; he has lost his German nationality, sir; they do not want people like us, you know."

Michael stivered up his hair.

"Where are you from yourself?"

"From Salzburg."

"What about going back there?"

"I would like to, but what would we do? In Austria every one is poor now, and I have no relative left. Here at least we have my sewing."

"How much is that a week?"

"Sometimes a pound; sometimes fifteen shillings. It is bread and the rent."

"Don't you get the dole?"

"No, sir. We are not registered."

Michael took out a five-pound note and laid it with his card on the wash-stand. "I've got to think this over, Mrs. Bergfeld. Perhaps your husband will come and see me." He went out quickly, for the ghostly woman had flushed pink.

Repassing through the curtained aperture, he caught the hair-dresser wiping out a basin.

"Find 'em in, sir?"

"The lady."

"Ah! Seen better days, I should say. The 'usband's a queer customer; 'alf off his nut. Wanted to come in here with me, but I've got to give this job up."

"Oh! How's that?"

"I've got to have fresh air—only got one lung, and that's not very gaudy. I'll have to find something else."

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"That's bad, in these days."

The hair-dresser shrugged his bony shoulders. "Ah!" he said. "I've been a hair-dresser from a boy, except for the war. Funny place, this, to fetch up in after where I've been. The war knocked me out." He twisted his little thin mustache.

"No pension?" said Michael.

"Not a bob. What I want to keep me alive is something in the open."

Michael took him in from head to foot. Shadowy, narrow-headed, with one lung —was he like England?

"But do you know anything about country life?"

"Not a blessed thing. Still, I've got to find something, or peg out."

His tragic and knowing eyes searched Michael's face.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Michael. "Good-by!"

The hair-dresser made a queer jerky little movement.

Emerging from Sapper's Row into the crowded, roaring thoroughfare, Michael thought of a speech in a play he had seen a year or two before. "The condition of the people leaves much to be desired. I shall make a point of taking up the cudgels in the House. I shall move—!" The condition of the people! What a remote thing! The sportive nightmare of a few dreaming nights, the skeleton in a well-locked cupboard, the discomforting rare howl of a hungry dog! And probably no folk in England less disturbed by it than the gallant six-hundred-odd who sat with him in "that House." For to improve the condition of the people was their job, and that relieved them of a sense of nightmare. Since Oliver Cromwell some sixteen thousand, perhaps, had sat there before them, to the same end. And was the trick done—not belikely! Still they were working for it, and other people were only looking on and telling them how to do it.

"Not got a job about you, sir?"

Michael quickened his steps, then stood still. He saw that the man who had spoken, having cast his eyes down again, had missed this sign of weakness, and he went back to him. They were black eyes in a face round and pasty like a mince pie. Decent and shabby, quiet and forlorn, he wore an ex-Service man's badge.

"You spoke to me?" said Michael.

"I'm sure I don't know why, sir; it just hopped out of me."

"No work?"

"No; and pretty low."

"Married?"

"Widower, sir; two children."

"Dole?"

"Yes; and fair sick of it."

"In the war, I see?"

"Yes, sir; Messpot."

"What sort of job do you want?"

"Any mortal thing, sir."

"Give me your name and address."

"Henry Boddick, 94 Waltham Buildings, Gunnersbury."

Michael took it down.

"Can't promise anything," he said.

"No, sir."

"Good luck, anyway. Have a cigar?"

"Thank you, and good luck to *you*, sir."

Michael saluted, and resumed his progress; once out of sight of Henry Boddick, he took a taxi. A little more of this, and he would lose the sweet reasonableness without which one could not sit in "that House"!

"For sale or to let," recorded recurrently in Portland Place, somewhat restored his sense of balance.

That same afternoon he took Francis Wilmot with him to the House, and leaving him at the foot of the Distinguished Strangers' stairway made his way on to the floor.

He had never been in Ireland, so that the debate had for him little relation to reality. It seemed to illustrate, however, the obstacles in the way of agreement on any mortal subject. Almost every speech emphasized the paramount need for a settlement, but declared the impossibility of "going back" on this, that, or the other factor which precluded such settlement. Still, for a debate on Ireland, it seemed good-tempered; and presently they would all go out and record the votes they had determined on before it all began. He remembered the thrill with which he had listened to the first debates after his election; the impression each speech had given him that somebody must certainly be converted to something; and the reluctance with which he had discovered

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that nobody ever was. Some force was at work far stronger than any eloquence, however striking or sincere. The clothes were washed elsewhere; in here they were but aired before being put on. Still, until people put thoughts into words, they didn't know what they thought, and sometimes they didn't know afterward. And for the hundredth time Michael was seized by a weak feeling in his legs. In a few weeks he himself must rise on them. Would the House accord him its customary indulgence; or would it say: "Young fellow—teaching your grandmother to suck eggs—shut up!"

He looked around him.

His fellow members were sitting in all shapes. Chosen of the people, they confirmed the doctrine that human nature did not change, or so slowly that one could not see the process—he had seen their prototypes in Roman statues, in mediæval pictures. . . . "Plain but pleasant," he thought, unconsciously reproducing George Forsyte's description of himself in his palmy days. But did they take themselves seriously, as under Burke, under Gladstone even?

The words "Customary indulgence" roused him from revery. They meant a maiden speech. Ha! yes! The member for Cornmarket. He composed himself to listen. Delivered with restraint and clarity, the speech seemed suggesting that the doctrine "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you" need not be entirely neglected, even in Ireland; but it was long—too long—Michael watched the House grow restive. "Alas! poor brother!" he thought, as the speaker somewhat hastily sat down. A very handsome man rose in his place. He congratulated his honorable friend on his able and well-delivered effort; he only regretted that it had nothing to do with the business in hand. Michael slipped out. Recovering his "Distinguished Stranger," he walked away with him to South Square.

Francis Wilmot was in a state of some enthusiasm.

"That was fine," he said; "it certainly was. Who was the potentate under the bed-curtains?"

"The Speaker?"

"No; I mean the one who didn't speak."

"Exactly; he's the dignity of the House."

"I judge they ought to feed him oxygen; it must be kind of sleepy under there. I liked the guy who spoke last. He would 'go' in America; he had big ideas."

"The idealism which keeps you out of the League of Nations, eh?" said Michael with a grin.

Francis Wilmot turned his head rather sharply.

"Well," he said, "I guess we're like any other people when it comes down to hard tacks."

"Quite so," said Michael; "idealism is just a by-product of geography—it's the haze that lies in the middle distance. The farther you are from hard tacks, the less quick you need be to see them. We're twenty sea miles more idealistic about the European situation than the French. And you're three thousand sea miles more idealistic than we are. But when it's a matter of niggers, we're three thousand sea miles more idealistic than you, aren't we?"

Francis Wilmot narrowed his dark eyes.

"That's so," he said: "I judge the farther north we go in the States, the more idealistic we get about the nigger. Anne and I've lived all our life with darkies, and never had trouble; we love 'em, and they kind of love us; but I wouldn't trust myself not to lynch one that laid his hands on her. No, indeed! I've talked that over many times with Jon. He don't see it that way; he says a darky should be tried like a white man; but he doesn't know the real South. His mind, I judge, is still three thousand sea miles away."

Michael was silent. Something within him always closed up at mention of a name which he still spelled mentally with an h.

Francis Wilmot added ruminatively: "There's maybe a few saints in every country that's proof against your theory; but the rest of us aren't any ways above human nature."

"Talking of human nature," said Michael, "here's my father-in-law!"

(To be continued.)

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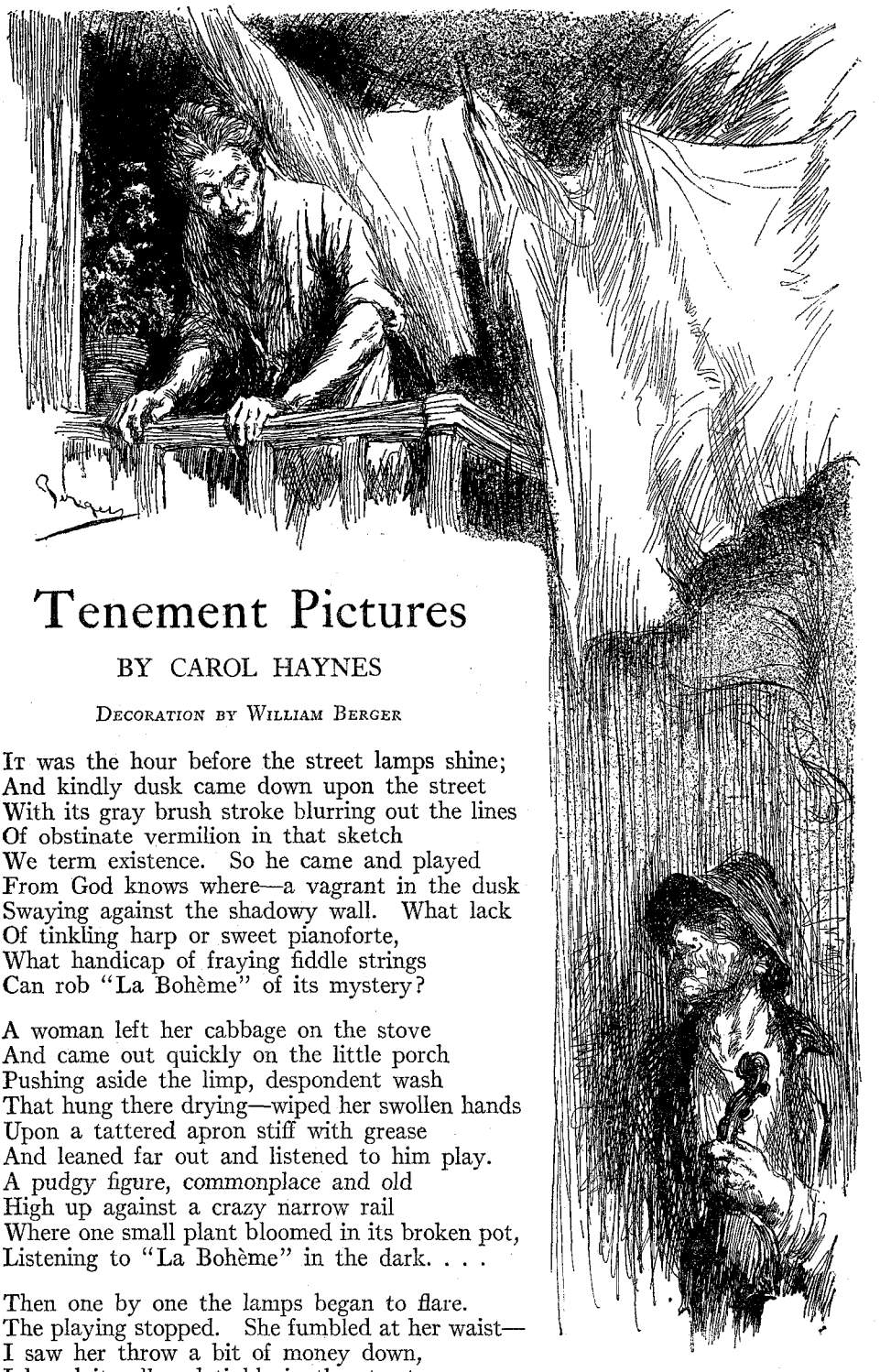

Tenement Pictures

BY CAROL HAYNES

Decoration by William Berger

It was the hour before the street lamps shine;
And kindly dusk came down upon the street
With its gray brush stroke blurring out the lines
Of obstinate vermilion in that sketch
We term existence. So he came and played
From God knows where—a vagrant in the dusk
Swaying against the shadowy wall. What lack
Of tinkling harp or sweet pianoforte,
What handicap of fraying fiddle strings
Can rob "La Bohème" of its mystery?

A woman left her cabbage on the stove
And came out quickly on the little porch
Pushing aside the limp, despondent wash
That hung there drying—wiped her swollen hands
Upon a tattered apron stiff with grease
And leaned far out and listened to him play.
A pudgy figure, commonplace and old
High up against a crazy narrow rail
Where one small plant bloomed in its broken pot,
Listening to "La Bohème" in the dark. . . .

Then one by one the lamps began to flare.
The playing stopped. She fumbled at her waist—
I saw her throw a bit of money down,
I heard it roll and tinkle in the street.
I heard a hundred noises suddenly:
Clattering dishes—laughter, and an oath;
The thin, persistent wailing of a child. . . .

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A Bit of New England Character and Country

AS GEORGE WRIGHT SEES IT

WITH NOTES BY THE ARTIST

Milking-time.

Ed Beers has got a cat. He *don't haf' to* remember 'bout milkin' time, cat comes and gets him. He sez he raises sand if he don't act spry.

Ed ain't here now. One time he owned the house we got now. He sold it for $900, then a Pollack got it and we bought it. It was built in 1815. Place's been all dug up. Two brothers named Sturgis, Billy and Henry. They called Billy the "gentleman." They say they buried their *money somewheres*. Well, I think I found the place, it's in the cellar. When I need money I'll start diggin'. Gives me somethin' to look forward to.

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Old fox.

They's a heap of foxes 'round here. They was two dens just back here a bit. I saw the old lady the other side of the wall, with her puppie, sand they was playin' just like regular puppies. She seen me, though: next day she was gone; they'll do that if you find 'em with their young 'uns, take 'em all away.

I saw an old fox just after an inch of snow fell on old frozen snow. He was about a hundred yards away; I follered his tracks for mebbe an hour and then he'd doubled on 'em so often, I'd got all twisted. He was watchin' me all the time, I bet!

The mouth of the Saugatuck.

This is a good place for ducks. Art Fuller comes here a lot. Art's crazy 'bout huntin'. A feller said he was a regular nemesis. He kin shoot, though, 'cause he gave me and my wife a pair of ducks. They was awful oily but I guess we didn't know about cookin' them. They's lots of ways.

Art don't make nothing out'n his huntin'. He's an artist by trade but he likes huntin' best, I think. Hen Buckingham and him had a shoot-off to see which was best. I forget who was.

Hen's a house-painter. One day, he's in the hardware-store buyin' some linseed-oil and white lead and a feller comes in, says give me a box of shells, saw some birds coming down. Hen says, never mind them things, meanin' the paints he ordered, I'll get 'em later, I got to see a man; and off he went for his gun. Hen's that way. Ef he hears a bob-white he just can't work.

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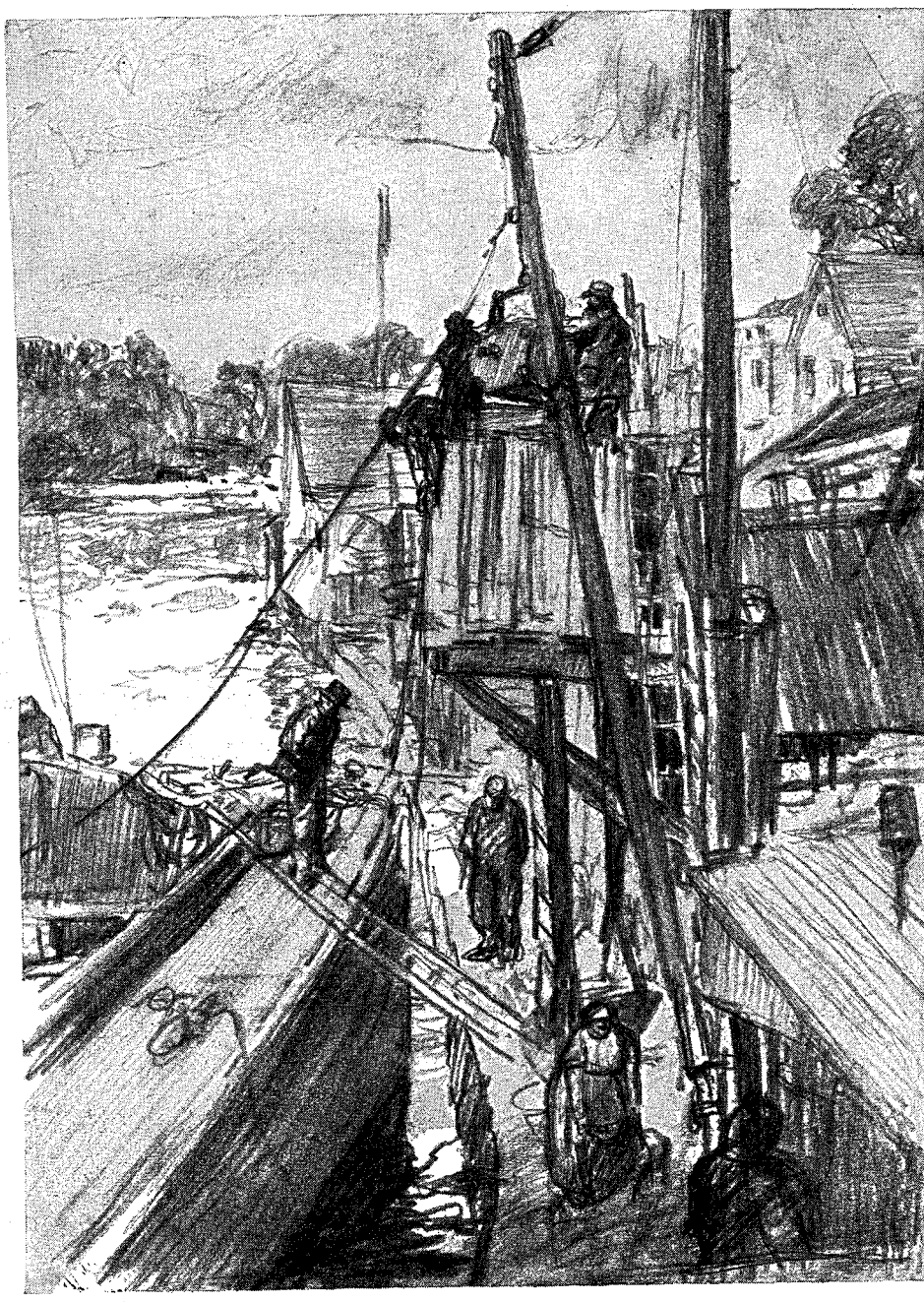

Atwood's coal-dock.

We get our coal down to Atwood's. 'Tain't Atwood's any more, both of 'em are dead. Coal comes up in barges; used to be enough water at the dock for three-masted schooners, but they let everybody throw things in the river and they ain't much water in the channel now.

Old William Atwood was pretty close. I guess he had a lot, too, mebbe not so much as people thought but they owned, him and his brother, nigh all of Main Street. One day in the market when peas was comin' from the South, he had the boy wrap up some and he says, "How much?" Boy says, "Forty cents a quart." "I don't want 'em then," William says. Two days later he was dead. Might just as well had 'em! Other people got his money!

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Gossip.

Down to the town meetin' last Wednesday night they voted to bond the township for two hundred thousand dollars for cement roads, 'tain't comin' as far as this.

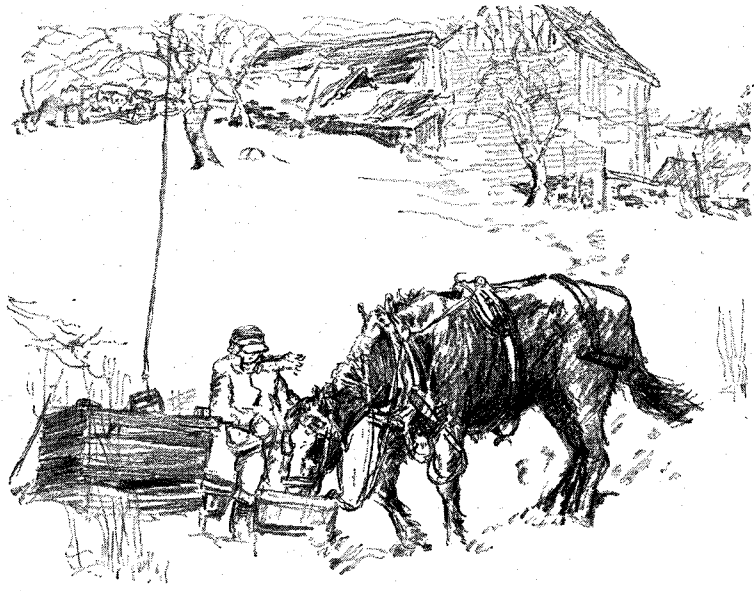
What you think?

Well, I think that's a pile of money! What they goin' to do with this road? Hain't done nothin' to it since Bob Coley was selectman. Gosh, spendin' all that money on one or two roads.

I hear they got them bootleggers sent up for a long time. Well, that sort of thing ain't right. People ought to obey the law.

How's your wine comin' this year?

She's pretty good, got a good kick, 'bout ripe in April. So long!



Boy with horse at well.

People is funny——

The Buxtons:

Old man Buxton's too close to hire him a man and he gets him a boy out'n the home and has him bound. That's somethin' like they used to do in slave days. Him and her, that's Mrs. Buxton, beat him, so the neighbors say.

Jim Calvin says the old man and old woman fight like cats and dogs.

That's no way to live.

But people is funny!

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Oxen with wood-sled.

Will Smith's got the best pair oxen 'round here, I guess. He raised 'em from calves; they hain't as big as a pair I saw over to Danbury Fair but they're awful fellers to pull. Will says they'll outpull any pair in the county an' he'll bet on it. He knows cattle. Last winter he hauled my wood for me. It was cut green and heavy oak mostly, and hard goin' through deep snow. He's got a nine-year-old horse he raised from trottin' stock; this was a great place for trottin' horses once. The horse that was the father sold down in Kentucky for thousands of dollars. He sure is a good road-horse.

Old lady on the road with horses.

Miss' Bradley's terrible heavy now! She went down the road walkin'. She used to drive in the buggy but she's so deaf now, Bill says it ain't safe fer her, one of them young kids in a Ford run into her and upset her, sort of shook her up, her being heavy.

Bill says 'll do her good walkin'. She used to be a slim pretty girl an' did hand-painting and wax flowers. They got a pianner she painted pansies on. She don't play any more, she can't hear. Her playin' got kinder ragged too.

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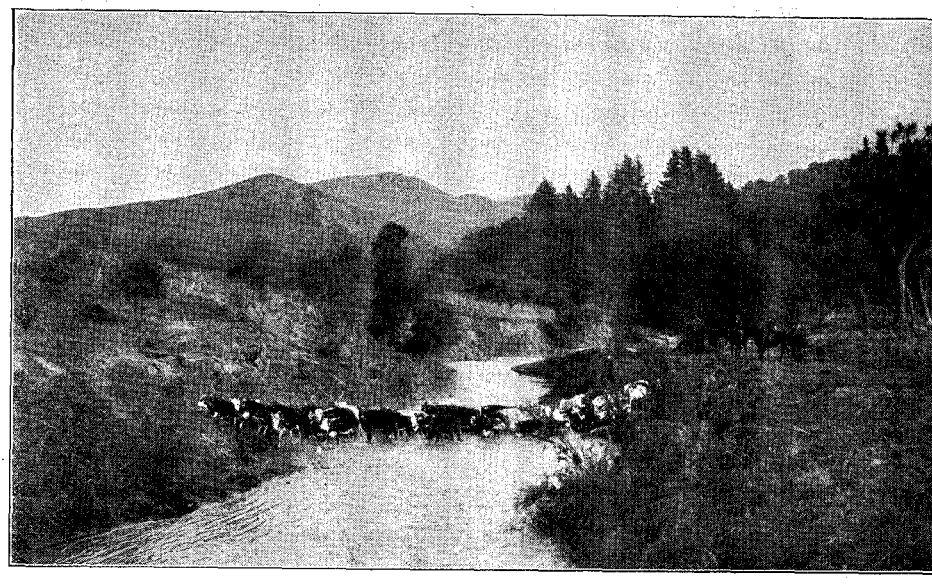

Cattle wading a New Zealand stream.

The Newness of New Zealand

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

Author of "Songs Out of Doors," "The Unknown Quantity," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARK, ROTORUA, N. Z.

OLD ULYSSES (so Dante reported an interview in Hades) was not content with peaceful retirement in his island Ithaca. He wanted to have one more new adventure before he ended the voyage of life. Tennyson makes him say:

"I cannot rest from travel: . . . my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars."

It was just this feeling that came over me in the quiet book-room of Avalon in the early winter of 1925. So I did what even Ulysses never dared: I took a daughter in each hand and sailed away to New Zealand.

Why this choice? For three reasons. First, it is really a very far country, just about at the opposite side of the globe—summer is there while winter is here. Second, it is politically the newest and most experimental civilized nation in the world. Third, it claims to have superlative trout fishing, and I confess to being an inveterate angler and therefore, according to President Coolidge, only a boy—thank God.

You get your first real sense of the remoteness of New Zealand when you take ship from San Francisco and roll through the Pacific for nearly three weeks.

It is a big, beautiful, lonely ocean—blue as the stone called *lapis lazuli*, bare as the primal world. You meet no ships. The mysterious "radio" brings you jazz tunes and bedtime stories from Los Angeles. Flying fish—silver arrows—skitter from wave to wave. A whale sends up his spouting signal from the horizon. Dances on deck give a chance for youth to show its unfailing verve and to demonstrate the ungainly modern steps. The junior officers of the ship *Maunganui* prove that

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they are good fellows as well as good seamen. The humid heat of the doldrums makes you "speak disrespectfully of the equator" and bless the man who put an electric fan in your cabin.

Then, suddenly, you come to Tahiti, sticking up out of the illimitable blue—green mountains, mangoes, palm groves, bananas, all enveloped in a moist languor which makes effort seem like folly. Papeete, the capital of the islands, is a moth-eaten paradise. There are live people there, of course, like the intelligent and courteous French manager of the principal store and the young American who is energetically reviving a copra plantation. But most of the inhabitants, native and relapsed, seem to wander in a state of moral and mental deliquescence—softening away. The South Sea islands have their charm, no doubt, but it is a kind of dope. The natives stand it better than the whites.

Next you touch at Raratonga, in the Cook Islands—virid mountain crests, valley jungles, red-roofed houses and stores, no harbor but an open roadway swept by long billows on which the cargo lighters dance like corks. The native king comes off—a good-looking brown gentleman—and invites you to tea at his palace in the afternoon. But the rollers increase in height; the steamship company does not wish to take risks with its passengers; so the ship's doctor, douce and clever old gentleman, conveniently discovers a case of possible measles in the steerage, the ship is put in quarantine, nobody can go ashore. Thus ends your chance of seeing Raratonga and taking tea with native royalty.

Eighteen hundred miles from here runs the course, across the tropic of Capricorn, into the southern hemisphere—a new world, where all your notions of climate are reversed.

New Zealand is in sight. You enter the harbor of Wellington. The bare, bold, grassy hills of golden brown rise around you like the hills of San Francisco Bay. You feel that you have reached a real country—not a refuge of pipe dreams.

But when you settle down into the plushy comfort of the Royal Oak Hotel you feel that you are still in the Old World. This is exactly like a mid-Victorian inn at Winchester or Coventry—quiet almost to the point of suppression—the same old sentimental and sporting lithographs on the walls—the same primitive washing arrangements in the bedrooms—the same respectable and mutually mistrustful Britishers moving into and out of the dining-room and lingering vacuously in the lounge over the cups of alleged coffee. It is not exactly gay, but it's very homelike and "couthy." And every now and then a Scotchman or an Irishman blows into the smoke-room to liven things up.

Now is a good time to review what we have read in the books about New Zealand, and to get an outline of the country and its short, eventful history, and to meet and talk with the people who can help us to understand its newness.

First of all, we must realize that this country is not a part of Australia, not even an annex. Wellington is separated by twelve hundred miles of deep and rough sea from Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. The difference between the lands and the peoples is no less wide—and navigable.

New Zealand is a little continent by itself, composed of two large islands and a small one, divided by narrow straits, and stretching from southwest to northeast over a thousand miles from end to end. This streak of land is comparatively slim; on either side the sea is never more than sixty miles away. The total area is about one hundred thousand square miles—more than Great Britain, less than the State of California, of which, by the way, it reminds one strongly in many respects. Both began civic life in the eighteen-forties. Both were boosted by the discovery of gold. Both are fresh-air, outspoken countries and people. California has four million inhabitants; New Zealand about one million three hundred thousand. Yet in that antipodal country, so remote and so distinctly British, I never could get away from the home feeling of California—and I did not want to.

The first white man to see these islands (1642) was a roving Dutch sea captain, Abel Tasman, from Hoorn, now one of the "dead cities" of the Zuyder Zee. His discovery was named after a flat Dutch

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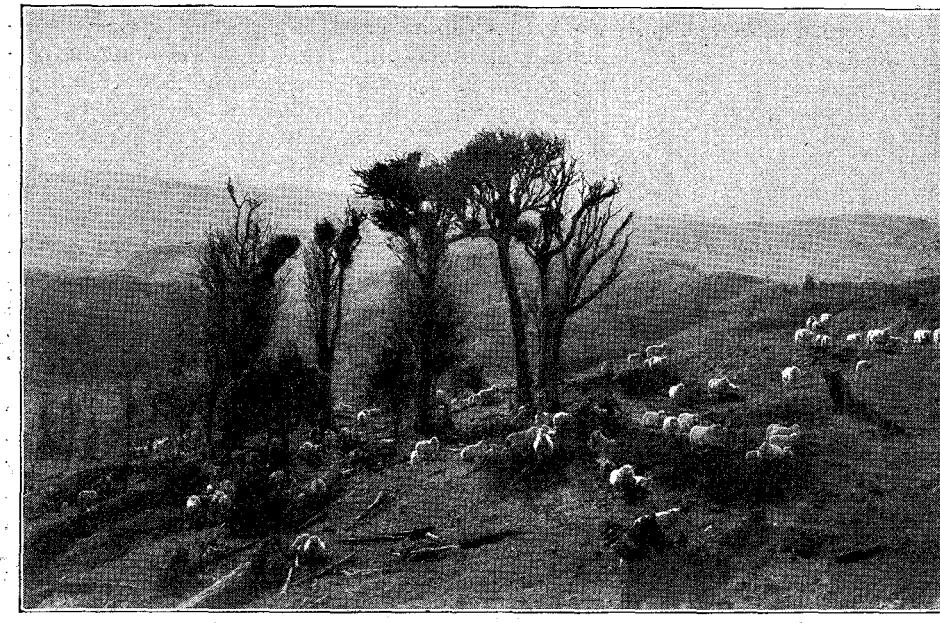

God must have had sheep in His mind when He created this country.—Page 590.

province, Zeeland, to which it has not the remotest resemblance. New Zealand, within its long, narrow area, embraces the most extraordinary variety of soil and landscape: snowy Alps and glaciers, volcanoes and geysers, fertile plains and upland pastures, broad lakes and rushing rivers, semitropical forests and northern fiords.

Tasman, apparently, did not dare to land in this wonderful country, because it was inhabited by the Maoris, a particularly fierce and cannibalistic people. Over a hundred years later along came that bold British mariner, Captain Cook. He got ashore with difficulty, got off again safely, and came back on two later voyages. He brought pigs, goats, chickens, and geese to a hungry land, in which the only original mammals (except humans) were rats and bats. It looks as if Cook liked the Maoris and wanted to cure their insatiable appetite for human flesh. He escaped from their bill-of-fare only to fall a victim to the primitive impulses of "the noble savage" in Hawaii.

Then followed a long era of riot and confusion in the history of New Zealand. The Maori tribes continued to slaughter and devour one another, varying their diet with white meat when obtainable. White traders, sealers and whalers, came in and taught the noble savage new tricks and diseases. Christian missionaries, led by Samuel Marsden (1814), bravely tackled their job of bringing to the Maoris the only real cure for human depravity. Settlers, some drawn by the richness of the new land, some driven by the necessity of getting away from their old country, began to trickle in, and then to flow in, until the white people far outnumbered the brown. But the hostility between the two races was not allayed, and from time to time it blazed out in massacre and atrocity.

In 1840 New Zealand became a British crown colony, and the famous *Treaty of Waitangi* was signed by Lieutenant-Governor Hobson, an English naval captain, and five hundred and twelve of the native chiefs. By this wondrous-wise document, which was backed by the growing influence of the Christian missionaries of all creeds, and by the sober sense of the most intelligent of the native chiefs, three things were accomplished:

1. The Maoris accepted the sovereignty and claimed the protection of Queen Victoria.

2. The queen recognized their title to all their tribal lands, forests, fisheries, and

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other possessions, reserving to the government only the right of pre-emption in case the native owners wished to sell at a price agreed upon.

3. The natives of New Zealand were guaranteed all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

This was an eminently fair state paper—almost an ideal transaction between brown aborigines and white settlers. But there were two little hidden springs of trouble in it. The first was the question of native land-titles. You see, the Maoris (a race with many noble qualities and one detestable appetite) were terrific militarists; they believed in the right of conquest. The man who won the fight owned the land and the goods; the tribal and family wars were intermittent but incessant; the question was: Who had licked whom? Did reconquest confer a valid title? Who owned the real estate—the man who sat on it or the legitimate heirs of the man whose bare bones were buried in it?

The second source of difficulty was the question of price. Did the party of the first part have the authority to offer and the money to pay the said price? Did the party of the second part freely accept it after due consideration, or was he tricked or bulldozed into it? Was it a fair bargain, after all? Questions like these have been known to raise quarrels even between Professed Pacifists. There are three unfailing causes of strife and contention among men: land, women, and the formulas of religion.

I believe that the great majority of the British and the Maoris were sincere in the Treaty of Waitangi, and have tried to live up to it, according to their lights. There were long and bloody years to wade through before the two races stood on the firm ground of mutual understanding and lasting peace. But the Maori Land Courts have done good work under tangled conditions. The rights of the natives, so far as they could be discerned, have been protected.

To-day, for example, you buy a government license to fish in all the waters of New Zealand. But when you follow a stream that flows through Maori land, you must pay a fee to the native owner. This is inconsistent but fair.

The Maoris have four representatives in the Dominion Parliament, among its best debaters and speakers. The Minister of Health in the present government is an accomplished man—Sir Maui Pomare—whose name tells his blood, of which he is proud. I have seen a good many countries, including every State of our own

An old-time bas bringing out wool from the back lots.

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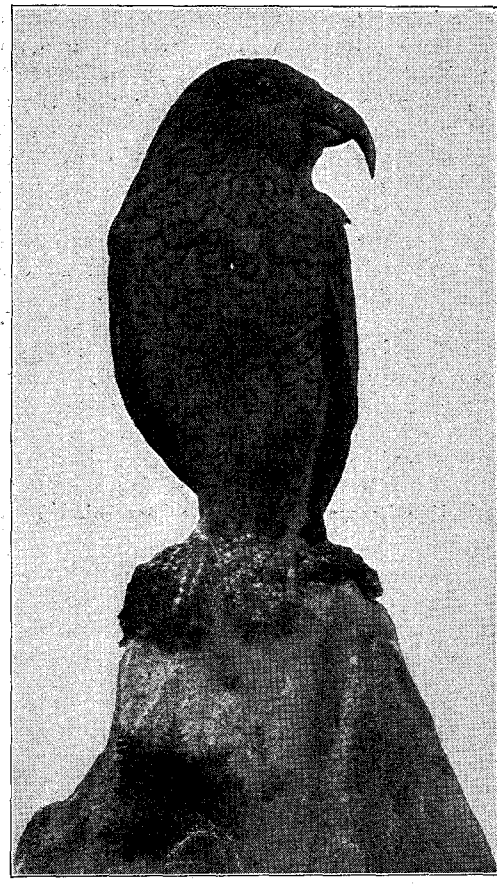
Union. But nowhere, except possibly in the Hawaiian Islands, have I seen a native or a dark-skinned race as fairly, humanly, and wisely treated as the Maoris are in New Zealand. The question of racial intermixture is another story. I have had no experience which would qualify me to pass an opinion on it. The Maoris are certainly not dying out. Some say they have increased in number during the last fifty years.

There were three main streams of white immigration into New Zealand. First, the New Zealand Company, a commercial organization with highly idealistic principles, like the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. This company settled *Wellington*, now the capital. Second, the Church of England Colony, who settled the province of Canterbury, and *Christchurch*—names which are significant. Third, the Scotch colonists who came to Otago, in the South Island, and named their capital *Dunedin*, after Edinburgh. *Auckland*, the largest city, and the first capital, was the natural child of trade. The colony, which had long had representative government, was raised to the status of a "Dominion" in 1907.



Kea, sheep-killing New Zealand parrot.

A shrewd Yorkshireman whom I met in Wellington gave me his view of the different cities. "Dunedin," said he, "is worth twenty-six shillings in the pound. Christchurch and Wellington are worth twenty shillings. Auckland is worth twelve and sixpence."

New Zealand was lucky in having among her early leaders some really big men. Sir George Grey, scholar, soldier, broad-minded democrat and generous aristocrat; Sir Julius Vogel, bold borrower for the state; John Ballance, mild and rational laborite; Richard Seddon, a miner's boy, "King Dick," idol of the people; Sir Robert Stout, adventurous conservative, from the Shetland Islands; William Massey, a farmer's boy, born in Ireland, who was chosen prime minister in 1912, and held the leadership until his universally lamented death this year.

It is very hard for a stranger, a brief visitor, to form an opinion of the political status of such a new country as this. Is it radical, communistic? Certainly not. Is it capitalistic? Certainly not, unless you recognize the fact that the state can only borrow money from the people who have saved it. Is it going to the bad because of its socialistic legislation? Certainly not, because it is guided by the hard-headed British common sense, and safeguarded by the British passion for finding fault.

The only dubious effects of all the new laws, so far as I could see, were these: the government has to pay a little over 5 per cent for the money that it borrows in London and elsewhere: the individual

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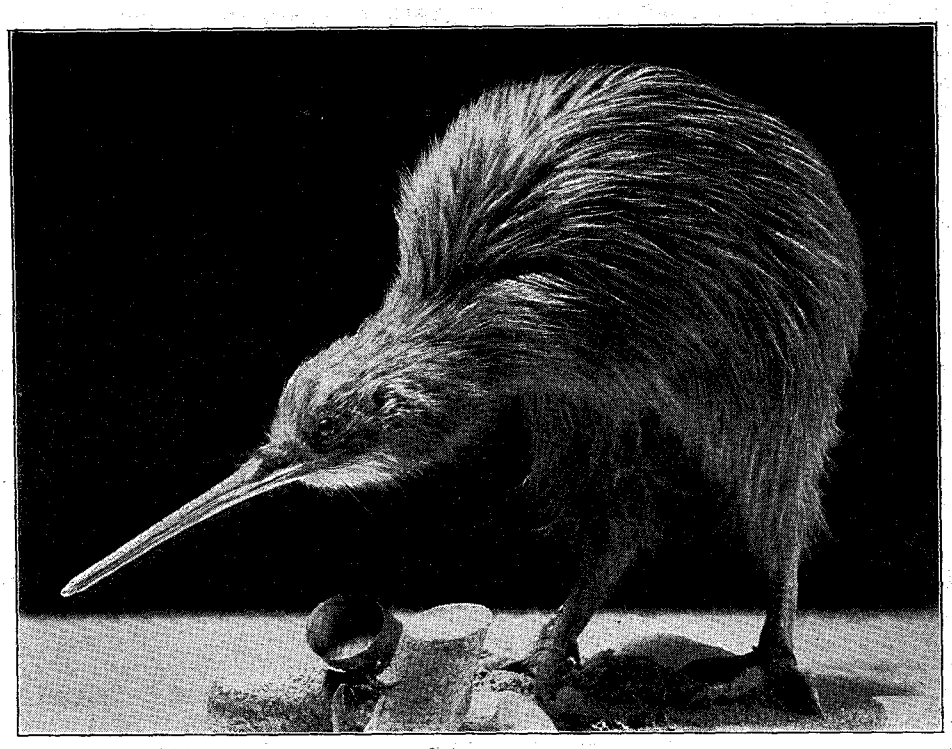

Kiwi, wingless New Zealand bird.

man has a slight tendency to rely on the state for those things which he should, and in the end must, do for himself.

The first man I talked with in New Zealand was a rosy representative of the *Dominion* newspaper. He came to interview me, but I interviewed him. "What's wrong?" I asked. "The trouble," said he, "is that we have three parties: the Reform Party (now in office), which does not believe in reformation; the Liberal Party, which detests liberality; and the Labor Party, which abhors work." It sounded to me like home.

Four of the most interesting men whom I met in Wellington were Sir Robert Stout, chief justice, last survivor of the old days when the newness of New Zealand began; Sir John Findlay, ex-minister, able lawyer, and eloquent orator; Doctor Begg, long-time bishop of St. John's Presbyterian Church; and Charles Wilson, parliamentary librarian and upholder of the beacon of *belles-lettres*. From these men, and others, like Mr. Gunsaulus, our American consul-general, and Mr. Webbe, secretary of the English-Speaking Union, I tried to get light on the real state of affairs. I also talked with fellow-travellers all along the road, and drew as much information out of them as possible—real facts, you know, not theories.

For at least forty years New Zealand has been the foremost social-experiment station of the world.

Woman suffrage, old-age pensions, labor laws, power to break up large land holdings, state control of industries, government loans to settlers and home-builders, state conciliation and arbitration of labor disputes, legislation for the commonwealth as superior to the individual —in all these things New Zealand has led the way. She had a good chance by reason of her remoteness, limited territory, and unity of British race.

What I wanted to observe and consider was the practical working out of these experiments in state socialism. Frankly, I could not see that they had made any radical change in the fabric of human life. The industrious people were prosperous and happy. The idlers and incompetents suffered and growled. The rich were

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neither bloated nor ostentatious. The poor ("always with us," according to the Scripture) were dissatisfied, but did not seem depressed or oppressed.

We walked and motored all through and around Wellington. The streets of the lower town were full of pedestrians strolling under the wooden arcades (which seemed to speak of a showery climate). The shops looked well-stocked, especially the tea-rooms. The signs were familiarly English: "mercer and draper," "haberdasher," "chemist," "hairdresser and tobacconist," "fishmonger," and so on. There was a fine book-shop—Whitcomb & Tombs—which would do any American city proud, both in the range of books carried and the intelligent civility of the management. The parks and public gardens were full of brilliant flowers and handsome trees from all parts of the world—pine and palm growing side by side. The Turnbull Library held a wonderful collection of rare first editions, gathered by a Wellington merchant, and left to the city. The Parliament Library, where Charles Wilson beamed, was full of real books as well as state records and local histories; and the bright attractiveness of the well-kept rooms seemed to hint that the lawmakers of the new country liked to do a quiet bit of reading now and then.

There are three newspapers in the city—good ones—*The Times*, *The Dominion*, and *The Evening Post*, all unmistakably more English than American in type. They give a great deal of space to sporting news and events. This is an out-door country, and the New Zealanders are desperate bettors on horse-races—almost as much given to this curious form of gambling as the Australians. Most of the bettors know little about horses; but, after all, horse-racing is a handsomer sport than cock-fighting or bull-baiting.

The open, grassy amber-colored hills around Wellington (and around the other cities too) are sprinkled with red-roofed houses, mostly of the "bungalow" type, set in blooming flower gardens. We saw no palaces and hardly any hovels. In the towns there seemed to be no real "slums." It looked like a country in which the good things of life are fairly well distributed, and every man who is willing to work can earn a living and a home ("be it ever so humble"), and raise a family of his own. The real passion for these things will always save a nation from the insanity of communism.

"How does the government railway system work?" I asked a clever country doctor from a little town on the west coast. "Not too well," he answered. "You can't get time-tables. The trains are usually late. The whole business is clogged with red tape." (Then he gave me some extraordinary illustrations of stupid regulation and inefficiency.) My own impression is that under private ownership a man knows that he has a *job*, and must work to hold it; under government ownership he thinks he has an *office* which depends on politics. If a station master in New Zealand is promoted for efficient service, all the other railway employees have a right to protest before a certain tribunal and to be heard at full length. Imagine!

"How does woman suffrage work?" I asked a charming lady, daughter of an Italian sea captain, married to a big New Zealand farmer. "Well," she answered, "we vote, of course, because if we don't we lose our suffrage. But I can't see that 'votes for women' have had any particular effect—except in the matter of hygienic and sanitary laws, where we ought to know a little more than the men. Don't you think so? Women are less sentimental and more practical than men. They have to be."

"How does the plan of government conciliation and compulsory arbitration of labor disputes work?" I asked the Highest Legal Authority. "Upon the whole," he said, "it has done considerable good. It has not produced either the ruin which its enemies predicted or the Utopia which its friends promised." (At that moment most of the New Zealand ports were tied up by strikes of the waterside workers.) "The trouble just now comes not from the employers, who have generally accepted the awards of the court as fair, but from the unregistered labor unions, who have no legal responsibilities, and who 'want what they want when they want it.'"

The newness of New Zealand doesn't get us far away from the oldness of human nature, after all. Man is a fighting animal, with pacific desires and heavenward aspirations. His upward progress

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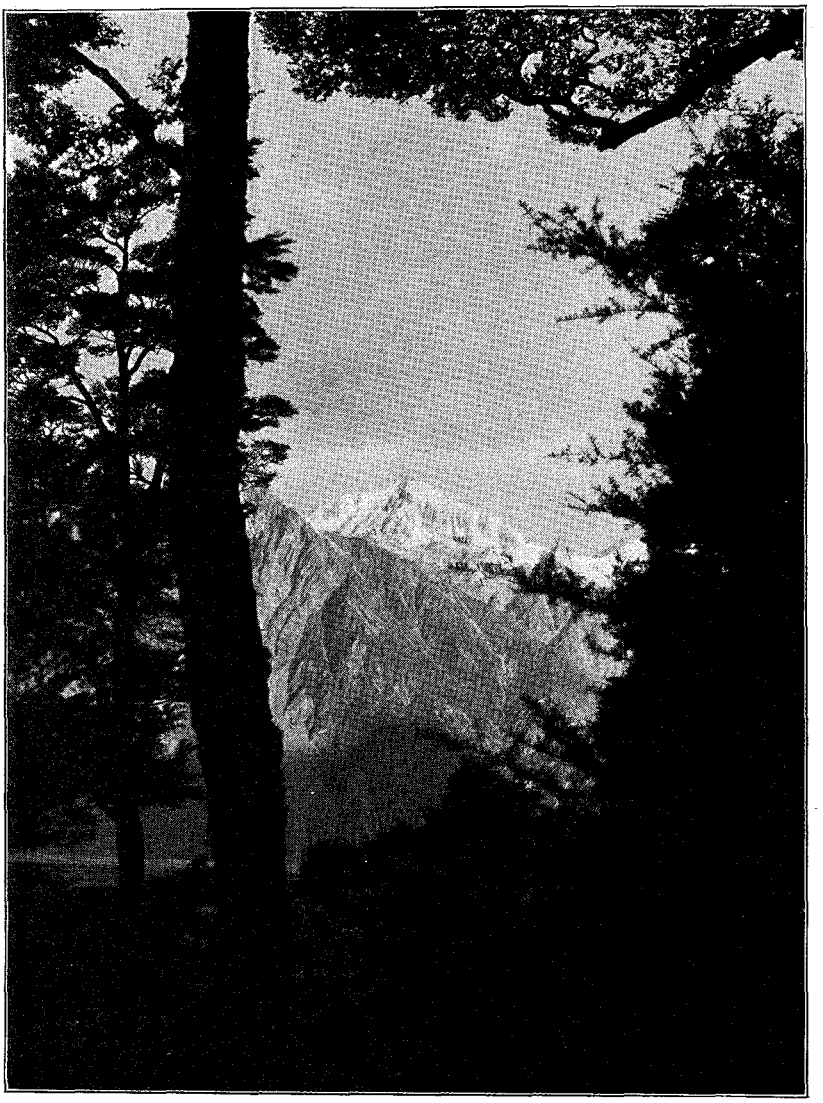
depends on what Christ taught: fair play, love, and immortal hope.

Now let us go out into the open air of New Zealand.

Christchurch, the northern city of the South Island, is an inland cathedral town. Lyttleton, the port, five miles away, has one of the most picturesque harbors in the world. Look down from the hill above Governor's Bay, and you will be entranced. The harbor of Auckland is less bold but broader. You get a wonderful view of it from the hill behind the city.

The plain of Canterbury, where the Anglican colony made its first settlements, is a broad, level, fertile region. Here they found in great abundance the wild New Zealand flax, which was one of the first staples of export from the new colony.



View from Hermitage, Mount Cook.

Now the land has been transformed, transmogrified, "translated" (as Bottom said). It is a beautiful picture of what human industry can do with natural resources. Here are green pastures and still waters, wheat lands and turnip fields,

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little farmhouses nestled among the trees and placid villages clustered by the railway or at the junction of the highroads. Flocks of sheep wander in the pastures; herds of cattle graze through the meadows and wade across the valley streams. It is as fair a scene of rural prosperity as ever I saw in my life. Flowers everywhere; nobody in a hurry; all the faces tanned and healthy.

We stopped five days at Temuka, a celebrated angling station, with two fine little rivers flowing through it. But that is another story, reserved for another chapter.

Then we went on to Timaru, a typical British seaside resort—smoky, dusty, dull—with well-tended flower gardens and a flat view of the sea; but nothing more except shops and factories. The principal hotel, the Grosvenor, is a monument of faded Victorian magnificence; food stolid, atmosphere torpid, except when disturbed by the parrot and the three Jap dogs of the testy landlady.

From this "pleasure city" we embarked in a stout motor bus for Mount Cook, the highest point in New Zealand (12,170 feet). A hundred and thirty miles the drive runs, through the heart of the South Island. First we passed through Fairlie, in a farming, dairying district. We saw plenty of fine cattle in the meadows and along the streams, placidly and with apparent cheerfulness fulfilling the function of a good cow as Stevenson describes it:

> "The friendly cow all red and white,
> I love with all my heart;
> She gives me cream with all her might,
> To eat with apple-tart."

At Fairlie we enjoyed the tart and the cream, with lamb and fresh butter of an excellence only to be found in New Zealand. Then the road wound on, growing steadily rougher, over Burke's Pass, on to the Mackenzie Plains, an open highland region, named after a bold Scotch "reaver" of the olden time. Here in this lofty, secret native pasture he used to feed his abstracted flocks and herds.

God must have had sheep in His mind when He made this country. Man brought them here, and they have multiplied and flourished abundantly. We saw them everywhere on the golden brown hills. They almost blocked the roads, going to or coming from the sheep auction at Lake Tekapo, where hundreds of motor cars were parked and the people were picnicking.

When you see these flocks of sheep and herds of cattle you understand that New Zealand is still, like the old Land of Midian, a pastoral country. A touch of reality comes into the government statistics of exports for the last year:

> $55,000,000 worth of wool.
> $45,000,000 worth of frozen meats.
> $50,000,000 worth of butter.
> $30,000,000 worth of cheese.

All this, mark you, is the product of the sheep runs and dairy farms of the newness of New Zealand. The noble savage had none of these things and did not know how to get them. As yet the natural resources of the country have not been more than 10 per cent developed. It can support ten million people as well as a million and a half.

One thing seems to me certain. As the human inhabitants of the world increase in number, they must do one of two things: either they must learn how to bring out and use the hidden riches which God has stored in the earth for their sustenance—and that means knowledge, order, peaceful training; or else they must revert to the primitive method of killing (and perhaps eating) one another—and that means war, barbarism, and "going native."

On the Mackenzie Plains we saw the Kea, one of the most interesting and primitive of the native birds. He is a parrot, but he looks like a degenerate hawk. In his hours of leisure he is said to be playful and amusing. But he has developed a habit of perching on the rumps of sheep, holding on by their wool, tearing a hole in their backs with his sharp bill, devouring their kidneys and other savory and essential organs, and then leaving his victims to die. Some people say this is a slander or an exaggeration. But at all events a price has been put on the Kea's head, and he is listed for suppression, except in the little "Hermitage" reservation, where he is protected as a curiosity.

There is another New Zealand bird, less harmful but still more curious—the Kiwi. He has no wings, an excessively

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long bill, and feathers which are like ancient lace. The Maoris use these feathers for cloaks of fashion, the anglers for the dressing of trout flies. We were sorry that we could not catch sight of a Kiwi. His habits are nocturnal; ours, not.

At Pukaki our motor bus crossed the foot of another mountain lake. The glacier-fed river foamed out of it white as milk, and therefore hopeless for fly-fishermen. After the sacred rite of "afternoon tea" at the tavern we bumped along up beside the wild, picturesque, desolate, milk-white lake.

At the upper end of it we saw the noble panorama of the New Zealand Alps—not equal to Switzerland, perhaps, as the Tourist Bureau claims, but visibly splendid and snow-crowned. Great records of Alpinist audacity have been made among those glittering peaks.

After a rough ride through river beds we come to "The Hermitage," a big, friendly Alpine inn, where tourists, and a conference of doctors, have gathered to have a good time. Ping-pong, bridge games, and jazz dancing are going on in the main assembly-room. In the smoke-room and the ladies' drawing-room welcome wood fires are burning on the open hearths. Unless you are a spoiled Sybarite you can't help being comfortable here.

The next morning was cold and rainy. But at noon it cleared up. We set out on a climb to Kea Point, three miles away. Here were the great peaks facing us. Snow fields spreading against the sky. Glaciers draping the mountain shoulders. Avalanches dropping their momentary thunders from every side.

Against this the half-tropical bush is creeping up. Palms and ferns and eucalyptus against the snow and ice. Which will conquer in the coming ages? After all, on the answer to this question more than on any human legislation, depends the long future of man on earth.

We humans, if the race is to survive, must not be terrified by Alpine solitudes, nor seduced by tropical islands. We have got to work together if we want to live. And if we want to get and keep the result of our working, we must do our best to eliminate fighting as a racial habit. This was the reflection that came home to me, in face of the glacial splendors of Mount Cook, after seeing the newness of New Zealand, formerly Maoriland.

P. S.—For readers who have a curiosity about the newest civilized country in the world, and the outpost of progressive legislation, this bibliographical note is added to a brief and imperfect article.

New Zealand has more literature of her own than the American colonies had at a corresponding period of their history. The list of publications by Whitcomb & Tombs (Auckland, Christchurch, Dunedin, and Wellington) proves this statement. Here are nature books, Maori legends, histories, poems, and political treatises. Here are two books of reminiscence by white men who "went native": "Old New Zealand by a Pakeha Maori" (F. E. Maning), and "The Adventures of Kimble Bent," edited by James Cowan. The latter is the story of an irrepressible Maine boy, who deserted from the American army and the British navy to escape from all restraints, only to find that the "taboos" of the barbarian were more oppressive than the rules of the civilized. The festive Kimble was made a slave, forced to marry an ugly one-eyed wife, and to assist (in the French sense) at ghastly cannibal feasts. "Going native" as a way of getting free to do what you please is a delusion.

A very interesting book on present social and political conditions is "Human Australasia," by President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University (the Macmillan Company, 1923). It is well-studied, and carefully and liberally written from personal observation.

The best and most inclusive book on New Zealand is the last edition (beautifully illustrated) of the volume by W. Pember Reeves, a native of the Dominion, and for many years a member of its Parliament. It is called "The Long White Cloud" ("Ao-tea-roa," the Maori name of the land). It is written in admirable English, and is a rich storehouse of knowledge. It is published by George Allen and Unwin, in London. Every one who wishes to understand New Zealand and its picturesque history should read this book—and then go to see the country for himself.

H. v. D.

Another article by Doctor van Dyke, "Angling in the Antipodes," will appear in an early number.

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The Two Selves

BY ELSA BARKER

Two selves have I that work not for the weal
Of one another, though they must abide
In the same house of life. One is the tried
Indomitable Spirit, made of steel
Tempered by fire and cold from head to heel.
The other is the Woman, who is made
Of softest rose-leaves, wistful and afraid,
Whose only armor is love's pure appeal.

Water and oil will blend before these two.
What hidden purpose of the Infinite
Has to these alien dwellers thus decreed
One narrow house of life the long years through?
The rose-leaves rust the steel and weaken it,
The steel has torn the rose-leaves till they bleed.

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West of Romance

BY MARGHARITE FISHER McLEAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

BEFORE our engagement, David tried to tell me about Haskell, Montana, where the population is sixty, with several gone since the census. But I looked straight into his awfully nice, honest blue eyes and didn't take in a word. It's amazing how easily that sort of thing can be done.

Then a minute later, after we were engaged, I said in my most practical manner: "David, if you had to live in the Sahara, I'd go there too. Of course, it wouldn't just blossom like a rose because of you, and I don't expect Haskell to, either."

He looked impressed until I added: "But the West has romance. I know I'll adore it." East of Chicago, Minneapolis is considered positively Angora; but we of it speak of further west as "The West."

"Oh, Sally," said David, with almost a groan, "I thought you were sensible until you dragged in the romance."

But romance whistled blithely when we romped through a honeymoon in Glacier Park. By day, we rode beastly little horses over all sorts of trails, until by night it was only with stiff-legged abandon we danced to hotel orchestras.

When David strolled out on a glacier, I discovered how awfully necessary he was to my life's happiness. He didn't go a bit near the edge, but a piece broke off—oh, I admit, miles from him—and went ker-plud into the heathenish, jade-green little lake that the glacier's parked on. I shut my eyes tight and must have grown white, because one of the men in the party said in the nicest clipped voice:

"Oh, really now, you poor little thing!"

When David returned he registered below zero, which I thought was perfectly natural considering where he'd been, until he explained that he had seen that man pat my shoulder. But when I told him how awful he had made me feel by being on that iceberg, he thawed right out.

I forgot all about Haskell until one night, when I wore a special dress, David eyed me as one struck by a thought.

"Sally," he said, "you've got some clothes that in Haskell you're going to be all dressed up in and no place to go."

"They're my trousseau," I explained. And right then, for the first time, I doubted if a trousseau was an integral part of a wedding—like the minister.

But at that moment the orchestra struck up a waltz that had spilled from a poet's heart into jazz and off we went, care-free as swallows. Then after two joyous weeks, David announced:

"I'm sorry as the dickens, but we've got to go home." Home, of course, meaning Haskell.

The next morning I got up early. I thought David was sound asleep; but while I stood on the porch gazing at those vain old mountains that eternally look at themselves in the still lake waters, he joined me.

Personally, I think David's handsome, but I can't decide which is his most becoming expression. Just then he was solemn. We were leaving that morning. But he tried to be jaunty, inquiring:

"What's the big idea of waking the birds?"

I sniffed a bit tearily: "Oh, David, I'm saying good-by to our honeymoon."

And David said: "What's the matter with taking it with us?" Whereupon he looked scared stiff that he had said something sentimental.

Then one right after another came the bites of reality before which my romantic West crumbled. This morning we left our train for the most unreliable-looking one I ever saw—just two ancient coaches, a baggage-car, and a fat, chuggy engine.

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The travelling men call it the Galloping Goose. Which is apt. It takes it two hours to make thirty miles. But David says we're darn lucky to have it gallop once a day. That means daily mail, and we wouldn't have it more than twice a week but for the oil-fields at the end of the line.

En route, the clearest of mountain streams serpentined beside us.

"We can eat fish, anyway," I observed optimistically. David had mentioned that there was no butcher shop in Haskell. The thought fascinated me. "Doesn't anybody eat meat in the country?"

"Oh, yes, a rancher now and then kills an animal and one buys a hunk of meat and cans it."

David said that in the same tone I would say: "One drives to the store and buys a pair of gloves."

The scenery that crawled past the windows didn't woo me. It just knocked me silent. On one side rose big rimrocks. Pine-trees marched up and down them. One had split a rock and looked as though it were sitting down and resting. I looked across the aisle and up a valley. Its dried-grass tan was broken with ploughed brown patches, and, here and there, a yellow carpet of uncut ripe wheat. In the distance the High Line Mountains, stencilled in purple, stabbed the sky with their snow-dashed peaks.

Suddenly, David sprang to his feet and almost yelled: "Sally, we're here!" and he looked all lit up and joyful. But I looked out the wrong windows—the town was only visible from the opposite ones—so, of course, I didn't see anything until we got off the train. Then I saw that Haskell is a treeless handful of buildings.

There was no colorful pageant. Not one sheep-chapped, broad-brim-hatted male—just a few lounging, flannel-shirted ones with soft felts pulled over their eyes. A robin-eyed, barefooted child or two. A woman in a bungalow apron framed for an instant in the station doorway; that low, narrow building painted the eye-stunning orange railroad companies reserve for small towns.

Then I found David looking at me, his eyes just pools of anxiety. He looked awfully miserable, too, as though he realized how Haskell in the flesh was looking to me. I couldn't say a word, so I just up and kissed him. And then we had to walk past the galvanized stag-line. David strode past, greeting members of it out of the corner of his mouth, and his ears just blazed.

Past them, he slowed up and let me catch up with him. For a moment, he looked about to speak; his mouth opened and then shut tight. Finally he remarked that the sidewalk, which ran down one side of Main Street and with strict impartiality crossed over at the bank to continue for a block or so on that side, had been donated by the Woman's Club.

"Woman's Club!" I echoed. I counted ten buildings on Main Street. Four were vacant. On straggling lanes, adjacent to the street, box-like houses clustered in shaken-dice fashion.

"Before it split up." David's grin spelled drama.

Then David left me and our hand-bags in one room of Henry's Hotel—whoever Henry is—and he flew back to his grain elevator, one of those three gaunt, gray-tinned buildings that stand like mailed fists by the railroad tracks. He's perfectly certain that his three weeks' absence has upset the wheat market.

Now I'm waiting for him and a pair of galoshes. Seeing the wheat's still being threshed and no one wants it to rain, it's rained, and Haskell mud is a cross between thick pea soup and warm tar. Nothing but galoshes can withstand the suction—and I want to see our house!

We drew plans for it on the back of an envelope and sent it to one John Swenson who runs our elevator here. John, in turn, was to submit it to an outlying rancher who had one time been a carpenter and who would erect our house in between planting his crops, feeding his chickens, and milking his cows. I recall David said that first the cows had to be found, as they saunter off anywhere from one to three miles.

Meantime, I ponder the ways of country hotels. Why do they have walls kalsomined the pink of cold baked salmon, and towels like small, slippery boards.

David forgot my galoshes, so after dinner here, we just went for a walk up the railroad-tracks. Now he's back at his

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elevator again. He's worried about the shocked wheat getting wet. Which moves me to reflect that the wheat business, whether you raise it or "house" it and sell it, as David does, is like the post-card epigram about life—one thing after another. Only I left out the damn.

This evening, as we walked up the tracks, David, with pathetic eagerness, tried to convince me that we're in one of the prettiest as well as most fertile parts of Montana.

"Picturesque is the word," I said feebly.

I'm used to friendly hills that hold sunny lakes in their soft green arms in a way you can croon over. But there's such a gaunt bigness about this country. A crouched hardness in its brown old hillsides. Yes, sir—it's like a big, hungry animal waiting to gobble you up. I guess it's gobbled up lots of people, too, their hopes and their fortunes. On the train we passed some deserted homestead shacks, dead bones of little homes that had been there. On one side of one of those lopsided doorways had hung a faded pink sunbonnet.

I remembered that sunbonnet and I suddenly wondered if its owner's face was young or old—or just looked old when she hung it there.

I didn't tell David why I squeezed his hand so hard. I saw him sneak a look up and down the track. He thought I wanted to kiss him; but I was just comforting myself with the thought that anyway we'd be gobbled up together.

Then close by gushed a song. Up, up soared a voice, each note clear as drops of water tossed from a fountain. On a half-charred fence post perched the wee coloratura, its head flung back, its swelling throat nearly shaking off its yellow-tinged feathers.

Now there's hope for a State that has meadow-larks. Maybe they take the place of the vanished romance of cowboys. Before we got home, home meaning Henry's Hotel, there was a star flickering in the sky and a thread of a moon, just a silver basting glinting through heaven's dark blue.

"Isn't it sweet!" I said in the way I talk to our moons at home.

Well, even if Haskell is going to be as drab as the worn-out skirt of a circus-rider, it's spangled—meadow-larks, stars, and little moons, and, shiniest of all, David.

At that moment, David was particularly shiny, because when I exclaimed, "That's the first star, let's wish on it," he said, "I have nothing to wish for." And even though he added real quickly: "Well, I might wish for a bathtub"—in Haskell the nocturnal tub is a wash-tub—he couldn't spoil his first perfectly lovely remark.

Almost a week has gone by. I'll just sketch in the high lights, because think what this record will mean to David and me when we're old!

First high light, our house—we're living in it. But when we put the plans for it on that envelope, we didn't allow for plaster. The length and width of each of our three rooms is one unsuspected foot smaller.

"Gosh," said David, rumpling his hair in a trapped manner, as he looked around for the first time. "What a lot an architect must know!"

That first evening David busied himself setting up our wickless kerosene stove. Its distinguishing feature means that if anything boils over you won't have to scrape for hours to change wicks. David's as proud of his discovery of that stove's existence as Marconi should be of the wireless.

I spent my time eying the odds and ends of furniture we had picked up at the Haskell Emporium. Once we almost weakened and sent away for one of those big, luscious divans that you curl up on with a book you don't read because you're so comfortable. But we sternly reminded ourselves that we might just as probably live here one year as ten.

As soon as our few elevators grow to a goodly flock of them, we'll have general offices in Ferristown, population eight thousand, and assume a bathtub, electric lights, and a maid and mahogany furniture—all given in the order of their dwindling importance.

I'll know that heaven has no rewards for our privations on earth if Saint Peter doesn't greet me with: "Sally Leighton, yon gold glittering tub is your own, fill it

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full of warm crystal water till your ears float like lily-pads."

David's had a surprise up his sleeve and wet wheat has ruined it. John Swenson took in a load of it at the elevator and didn't tell David, because he was so tickled at the chance to get one of his competitor's crops. Being wet, the wheat, contrary to the laws of human reactions, got hot and spoiled the good wheat in the same bin and out it all had to be dumped.

Yesterday, David came home for lunch as though he were walking to Chopin's "Marche Funèbre." He slumped into a chair and finished his wet-wheat story with, "and there went our Delco lights and a divan."

Of course, we can't afford to lose a cent, but that wasn't what made him feel worst. I've discovered that David's so anxious to make it up to me for living in Haskell that I'll have to act enthusiastic or we'll never save money.

"Don't worry, David," I chirped, "I think kerosene lamps are—are quaint." Thank goodness I thought of that word, because that's all they are, if they're that.

After dinner David forlornly wiped dishes. My chatter didn't cheer him a bit. There's nothing in the world as pathetic as one's husband when he looks like a dejected small boy. Something had to be done.

As soon as his limp coattails disappeared down the street, I hurried to the store and bought three cans of wagon paint—that kind takes only one coat. Also, I wrote mother and a mail-order house. Now I'm started, I'm not going to stop until the shack looks like a tea-house in Greenwich Village. I once referred to our abode as the shack to mother and she wrote back that "cottage" sounded much more civilized. I guess that's why I like to call it the shack.

David fell for the paint. He says he shakes a wicked brush, and we just painted everything. The orgy lasted for days. Now the floors are chocolate-brown and the walls sunny yellow. The chairs are sand-colored with little blue feet. The gate-leg table has shed golden oak for resplendency and the wicker rockers cry aloud for cretonnes.

We even painted the water-pails. There are two of them, because our water-supply being a pump just exactly half a block off, David insists upon carrying two at a time. He calls himself Big Chief Running Water. Which is accurate, as, due to his unseemly haste, the contents of both pails on his arrival with them can always be pooled.

Last night we had our official housewarming. The shack has risen to its zenith. There are cretonnes at the windows and on the floor Oriental rugs, ones I wrote asking mother to contribute from her attic. A bit threadbare, but on the brown floor they are grateful pools of rose, blue, and ivory. One bigger and more vivid than the others—an old Persian must have woven into it the hot loves of his youth—we flung over our substitute divan, an army cot, and it became haremesque.

Then we turned on Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean, and with me clasped to David's chest we nimbly fox-trotted around—most around—the parlor, dining-room, den, and library, which is the one middle room, until the stovepipe came down. The rest of the evening we spent wiring it up.

"I suppose you'll paint the wire in blue stripes," said David scampishly, and for revenge I wiggled the ladder until he nearly fell off.

I know I shall never like any season here as well as the fall. The air is fresh and cool, as though it had blown over water, and the sunshine is honey-colored. But you can't find out about summer. When I asked a rancher what last one was like, he got a far-away look in his china-blue eyes and drawled:

"Let's see—I played baseball that day."

This afternoon, I picked up two more spangles to sew on Haskell's drab skirt—Black Butte and a sunset. I had scrambled up those grim old rimrocks and followed a trail that shuttled through pine woods. Then all of a sudden the trees just swept back and left me, and I was alone on the bare top of the benchlands.

Bronze hummocks rolled fluidly into fields and on to the horizon. There, etched in blue steel against a flaming

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"Don't worry, David," I chirped, "I think kerosene lamps are—are quaint."—Page 596.

drop-curtain sky, was a dome-shaped, jagged, old Butte. The beauty of the scene thundered at you like a Wagner opera.

To-night, as we lingered over our coffee, I tried to tell David about it; but he insisted a Wagner opera sounded like hell. I had him there, because I pointed out that hell must be awfully impressive, too, when it's going full tilt.

I can understand why the discovery of fire dynamited man out of the animal

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kingdom. At last we have light. Yesterday David, as proud as a peacock, brought home a gasolene lamp. It was advertised as rivalling the sun, and the storekeeper said he had only heard of one blowing up.

I remember when dad presented mother with a diamond bar pin he'd picked out all by himself. He had looked just like David strutting up the walk—that chest-lifted, pleased expression. And mother hadn't pounced on her pin with any more joy than I on the lamp, with its hideous nickel base and dead-white fluted shade.

That lamp already has revolutionized our social routine. David and I can read now until ten-thirty instead of getting groggy-eyed at nine—an hour at which it didn't seem respectable for one's intelligence to stop functioning, but at which Haskell is as black as a well.

Just weeks have gone by. The Woman's Club has reorganized and I've had loads of callers. Almost ten. I guess everybody was wild to know where all the paint was going. One little field-mouse of a woman looked around the place, and after a struggle between truth and tact said:

"I've never seen anything like it."

But my brand-new friend Mary Haynes approves of it. At which thought I purr. She lives in a charming Rose of the Rancho kind of place just outside of Haskell. Her husband is a retired cattleman. The moment she grasped my hand and smiled a flash of white teeth and warm brown eyes, I knew we'd be friends.

Mary Haynes agitated reorganization of the Woman's Club, but before the meeting of the former members she and the banker's young wife and I pondered some common interest of women on which to rebuild it.

It seems that the banker's wife, who looks like David Copperfield's Dora, isn't one. She worked in a beauty parlor in Great Falls, and there found fuel for the most delicious but quiet sense of humor. It was what she learned about women there that has relaunched the Woman's Club.

Formerly the club had met to play Five Hundred, serving coffee and cake afterward, with the husbands summoned from the pool hall. But cards gave too much time for exchange of opinions. That was what had broken it up. I suggested some course of study; but Mary Haynes explained that there were several members who couldn't write their own names.

More complicated than that, there is a Mrs. Saboni who scarcely can speak English. But she has been known to trudge miles through deep snow, and when she arrived at the meetings, she'd sit by herself and smile as though she were being warmed by just being with people.

"Illiterate or high-brow, no woman is satisfied with her weight." That remark was from the banker's wife, which was so true it wasn't funny.

There was our common interest of women!

Vanity has united the club. There was enough money in the treasury—four dollars—to pay the first instalment on a set of exercise-directing phonograph records. The banker's wife knew all about them. They were advertised to reduce fat people and fatten thin ones. We, meaning the club, plan to give dances to raise the rest of the money, and, in the meantime, we meet every other week at the schoolhouse for an evening of vigor.

David's privately christened the club "The Ziegfield Training School."

But I can't say the dove of peace broods with folded wings. Mrs. Bleeker, the wife of Henry, of Henry's Hotel, won't take her exercises standing next to the station agent's wife, who said "such mean things" about her in the county-division fight. And the station agent's wife wouldn't even attend a meeting until a delegation from the club called upon her to assure her that her presence was welcome, and once she dropped out because she thought that I didn't return her call soon enough.

And people write me and ask: "What do you find to interest yourself in in that dead little burg?" Why, here are the materials of life right under one's nose!

I understand one of the habitués of the pool hall is scandalized at my behavior, which consists of my wearing knickers and high boots and now and then patronizing the pool hall with David for a game of pool. But my censor seems kindly, because his latest remark is that "no doubt,

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From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

Then all of a sudden the trees just swept back and left me, and I was alone on the bare top of the benchlands.—Page 596.

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the East is more free in their ways." And he invited David to their ranch next Sunday for a chicken dinner. He added: "And bring the wife."

David said he got the idea that what he meant was, "and *even* bring the wife."

The idea of chickens makes my eyes roll. We were supposed to have a young army of them growing up at the elevator, but the coyotes got them. All but one, and I think it was scared thin by the fate of its brothers and sisters. You can hear the coyotes some nights; long, thin, shivering cries that are like the screams of little ghost children at play.

Last night David and I had a conversation with one. We climbed the rimrocks. There wasn't a moon. The sky was splashed with stars. We picked our way up the cattle path with a flash-light. I wanted to look at the stars through the branches of one of those great, whispering pines. David thought it sounded interesting, although, of course, he grumbled all the way up.

The pines were black and mysterious. Somehow, it was like standing in a dark cathedral; David and I whispered when we said anything. Then a little banshee wail splintered the stillness. It sounded very close and like such a self-pitying coyote. I imitated as best I could and a pleased yip, yip, friendly as the barks of a collie puppy, answered me.

David promptly understudied a whole pack. He has powerful lungs. There was a stunned silence. Then from farther away, I've no doubt Mr. Coyote even turned his back, came the old dismal wail. One could picture him, his little nose lifted to the stars and his lower jaw quivering with the strain of the long-drawn high C. He appeared so bent on being miserable that we left him alone.

No picture-gallery could ever hold the wind-swept, thrilling beauty of stars seen through wide-flung pine branches. The effect is breath-taking. As you look up, the stars glitter like crystal, then they seem caught in the branches until it's a glorified Christmas-tree with the candles all lighted.

"David," I whispered, "wasn't God nice not to give any certain part of the world a corner on beauty?" And hand in hand, in silence, we walked down to the shack.

David has just laid aside his magazine to explode: "For the love of Mike, what do you find to write about?"

But this is going to be a surprise for him—oh, years, years from now. I can just see myself as a little porcelain old lady—although, no doubt, with alkali water and a blasting sun, I'll be more raisin than porcelain. I'll read this aloud in a thin, wavery voice, and my favorite granddaughter, who will look just like David, will interrupt, round-eyed—I wonder if her hair will be bobbed:

"Oh, grandma, you were a pioneer, weren't you?"

"I'll turn a misty little smile to David, who with his dove-gray spats will be just the picture of elegant old age, and I'll say: "Yes, dear—and those were the happiest days of our lives."

"How just awfully romantic!" will bubble that favorite granddaughter.

I'll nod dreamily: "Yes, dear, it was."

But, thank goodness, as I look at David, his good-looking nose buried in his magazine and the dear, boyish length of him slouched in that chair, I can say right now, "It *is*," instead of waiting to say: "Yes, dear, it *was*."

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An Interview with a Newcomer in New York

BY STUART P. SHERMAN
Author of "The Genius of America," etc.

IT is well known that the crowded condition of New York has made the advent of newcomers a matter of concern to its inhabitants. Apprehension, long entertained regarding immigration from eastern Europe, has recently been extended toward migration from the Midwest, which, it is believed in some quarters, produces a type of personality even less congruous with that of the authentic New Yorker than, say, Russia, Ethiopia, Palestine, Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria or Tuscany. This fact was brought to my attention last fall, shortly after I had stolen into the city and had begun to make my residence there. I was earning my living, I should suppose, in a fashion as peaceful and as law-abiding as is customary among Mayor Hylan's proud, liberty-loving Six Million. But I had entered from the suspected district. And I had been only two or three months in residence before I had received an intimation—not, to be sure, from the police, but from an agency interested in public welfare—that I had better prepare a three or four thousand word explanation of why I had left the Midwest and come to New York.

Since I have always been a person of obscure life and notorious modesty, of course I recognized at once that there could be nothing personal in the intention of this request. Obviously, my small private affairs and reasons were to be elevated into the realm of "general ideas" by the simple process lately employed with such success in Tennessee: I was to be made a "test case." My entire training and course of life have fixed in mind the nobility of these voluntary offerings of one's body for the advancement of science and for public instruction. My only hesitation about complying with the request rises from a suspicion that I may not be just the sort of "case" desired.

To get the plain facts before us at once: I am not a perfect nor perhaps even an adequate representative of the Midwestern Peril. So far as my geographical instability has any illustrative value, it should properly be classified under Menace of the Floating Population. When metropolitans who have never migrated farther than from Tenth Street to Seventieth betray to me their curiosity about any New Thing, saying: "Yes, we know you are from Illinois, but where is your *home?*" I sometimes brusquely and brazenly reply, "New York." Thus I silence trivial though, to me, acutely painful inquisition. But if the question comes from a tender and sympathetic soul, to whom "home" manifestly means something profound and intimate, as it does to me—something more than Robert Frost's place, "where when you have to go they have to take you in"—why then I sigh and murmur: "I have no home."

"But you were born and brought up somewhere, weren't you—out there in the Midwest?"

"No," I have to reply, "I was born in Iowa; but so far as I can remember my bringing-up, it was mainly in California, but partly also in Arizona, Vermont, and Massachusetts; then I was higher-educated for seven years in Massachusetts; I have spent a summer or two in New Hampshire, one in Colorado, a dozen in Michigan; I have spent sixteen academic years in Illinois. I have lived two years in New York City. Ancestrally, my connections are with Vermont, New York, and Connecticut. By education I am almost exclusively from California and Massachusetts. As a university teacher I have been almost exclusively connected with Illinois, but incidentally also with California and New

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York. I am a member, I believe, of the Iowa Press Club, but since I have not visited that State since my fifth year, I have to attribute my election to my association with New York papers, which began in 1907—so that, at need, I could make out some sort of case against being classified as a pure newcomer here."

"But where do your roots go down into the soil? After all those years in the Middle West, there must be some place for which you feel that sentimental attachment which we have in mind when we speak of 'home.'"

"In the first place, Madam, length of years has little to do with sentimental attachments, either to persons or to places. One develops no sentiment for an ice floe without food or water by mere duration of sojourn there, and a wife-beating husband is no dearer after the tenth beating than after the first. On the other hand, it is quite as easy to give your heart after twenty-four hours as after twenty-four years. Every place that I have loved I have loved at first sight and always with an intensity which bears no relation to length of residence."

"Then you have, or have had, attachments?"

"I have had and have. So far as a member of the Floating Population can feel that intimate and profound, that blissful and sacred, sense of being 'at home,' which you have in mind, I feel it, with a kind of sweet poignancy in two adorable green valleys of Vermont; on the summit of Mt. Greylock, in Massachusetts, whence one can look across remembered valleys to many a familiar and fondly visited peak; on nine miles of the Lake Michigan shore, where, on the white sand by a driftwood fire betwixt the water and the woods, I have, through many delightful summers, watched the evening star; in any patch of cactus and sagebrush in the Far West which recalls my 'first adventure'; also in New Orleans, for which I have a mystical sentiment; in San Diego and San Francisco, which are lovely in themselves and still preserve something of the charm for me which Los Angeles possessed thirty-five years ago; on Lake Tahoe, in the Yosemite Valley, in the Grand Canyon; in the old-world quietude of Wall Street, on Fifth Avenue, Madison Avenue, 43d Street, 42d Street, 40th Street, lower Broadway, and in all the little streets odorous of old books, printers' ink, and roasting coffee between Vesey Street and the Battery."

"But that is not what you are leaving when you come to New York."

"No, Madam, I shall never leave any of those places, and so I shall never be homesick for them. I have never known that pang. The home as a distinct, fixed, and unique spot of earth is being destroyed by the Floating Population, of which I am a representative. How can one love a Connecticut village with a 'single heart' who loves the woods of Kentucky so well? How can one feel any exclusive passion for the White Mountains who has been rocked in the long green undulations of the prairie and dreamed by the white foam of the beach at Coronado? If you like the idea of an expanding love and a widening home, of course you may say that, instead of destroying the home, we floaters are extending its limits to include the entire area where Americanese is spoken, where standard breakfast foods are obtainable, and 'the American standard of living' prevails. Whatever that may be, there are now few places in America where a mobile American feels strange or need feel, if he possess a tenth part of St. Paul's adaptability to environment, intolerably uncomfortable. I trust, Madam, you recall the grand declaration of the Apostle, that he had learned in whatsoever place he was therewith to be content."

"You mean, then, that after half a lifetime in the Midwest one can move to New York with no particular sense of emotional dislocation?"

"Exactly so, Madam. Every moderately intelligent person who lives outside New York—excepting only the inhabitants of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who in that, as in all other respects, are completely self-sufficient, and carry their own atmosphere with them to Europe, to China, whithersoever they wander—every moderately intelligent person outside this great and beautiful and inexhaustible city is at least subconsciously a suburbanite and spiritually a 'commuter.' Whether he lives in Yonkers or Montclair and comes in daily, or in Richmond or Indianapolis

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and comes in only once or twice a year, makes little difference. When you live in your mind, it makes little difference where your body is."

"Oh, but that is stuff and nonsense, you know. If it really made no difference where you lived, physically, why did you leave—where was it?—not Chicago?—well, one of those Midwestern universities out there, and come into New York? Wasn't it a Western professor—perhaps it was you yourself—who used to write about the beauty and worth of life 'in the provinces,' about the advantages of staying there, and the folly of rushing to the metropolis?"

"Yes, Madam, it was I. But that was a different matter! I did not rush to the metropolis as a tender and devourable youth. I not merely shunned the insular bewitchment and 'saw America first.' I withdrew to the city only after I had completed one life in the provinces. If at my age I were moved by the 'corrupt desire to please,' I could give you an explanation of this act, plausible, modish, and readily understandable by all natives of the enchanted island. I might say that I, like all the remoter suburbanites, had always nourished, deep in the subconscious, a smoldering passion for a metropolitan existence; that psychoanalysts had got hold of me and dragged this subconscious *Wunsch* to the conscious level; and that consequently, seeking an 'adjustment,' I had cast off 'the provinces,' like an old wife, and 'moved in.' But that would not be true. As for the truth, I am not sure that I could make that a matter of any public interest."

"Suppose you disregard the public, and try to interest me."

"Will that be easier?"

"No, but better worth trying."

"Very well. I came to New York in order to change not my place but my profession. New York enabled me to change my profession from teaching to learning—with the privilege of earning my living by writing about what I learned. Does that interest you?"

"Moderately. I suppose you were a failure as a teacher."

"No, at least not a marked failure. The marked failures never leave the profession."

"That is interesting. Still, I suppose you didn't really *take* to teaching."

"Oh yes, with rapacity. I was addicted to it. I tried to teach something whenever I opened my lips. When I made a call, it became a quiz. When I wrote a letter, it was an examination. When I composed an essay, it was informing, it tended to edification. I was full of instruction. I am still. That was my *métier*, and it becomes habitual."

"What a bore! But since you like it and yet left it, you must have been a nonconformist and have fallen out with the Administration—if that's what you call it."

"Not at all. On the contrary, I feared that if I stayed on in my profession for another twenty years I should be made a Dean: and as a matter of fact I was so generally considered pillar-material that Mr. Francis Hackett, the eminent American observer, publicly recommended me several years ago to the attention of all iron-manufacturing university trustees in the East who were looking for the sort of man they were looking for."

"Then this Mr. Hackett must be a great friend of yours. I suppose every one wants to be made a Dean."

"Deans do. A deanship is almost the summit of academic success. I don't know just why. A Dean does more dirty work than any one but the President. But any one can be made a Dean who has good health, respectable behaviour and tenacity, and can add and *subtract*. I liked to teach."

"Surely, in a university they like to *have* you teach!"

"Oh yes, they like to have you do everything: teach a little, if you like; research a little, if you insist; contribute to the learned journals, if you can get around to it. But none of these things bulks very large in the average successful academic life. The celebrated 'busy professor' is a person who lives and manages help; organizes schools and courses of instruction; devises educational, moral, and athletic legislation; disciplines drunkards; develops 'war morale'; co-operates in drives; advises the Y. M. C. A.; supervises undergraduate publications; edits catalogues; publishes bulletins; presides at mass-meetings; conducts clubs; addresses legis-

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lative committees; tours the State in the interest of publicity; visits alumni associations and fraternal organizations; entertains visiting lecturers; plans libraries and laboratories; writes, examines, and introduces text-books; attends receptions and association meetings; revises entrance requirements; investigates educational standards; attends five to twenty-five hours a week committee meetings; reads examination books; keeps records of the scholarship of from one to five hundred students; takes the attendance of the same; reports absences; and keeps in touch with his colleagues."

"You fail to interest me."

"I feared it, Madam. Yet it is a rich life and a varied one."

"Seriously?"

"Yes, quite. I know of no other life which so completely exercises so wide a range of the human faculties, except perhaps getting a living out of a New England farm. I have seen some Vermont farmers who impressed me as even more versatile in their occupation than my colleagues. But I fancy that, for one who likes working indoors, teaching is more agreeable than New England farming; and it yields just as good a living."

"But what you call its variety seems so monotonous."

"Madam, life *is* monotonous. The immense superiority of academic monotony is that it is safe. I am inclined to believe that the academic life is the safest, and therefore the highest, form of monotony which our civilization has yet produced. To any young person casting about in search of a long life and a safe one, a comfortable life and a creditable one, I shall always unhesitatingly recommend an academic career. In all these respects, journalism, or what yearning young poets call 'the writing game,' is immeasurably inferior. It is disreputable, uncomfortable, short, and dangerous."

"But to have to live always in an academic community! Think of it!"

"I have thought of it for thirty years. And I ask you in all seriousness, Madam, do you know anything more closely approximating a perfected American community—this side of the Kingdom of Heaven? Such security! Such freedom from temptation (I speak, you understand, of 'Faculty Circles,' in all university communities which are really such, that is, dominated by Faculty influences). Such 'desirable' places to live in! Elms! The Academic Shade! Such a high general level of literacy, manners, and conduct! Such regular hours! Such Wholesome recreations. Such Moderated desires. Such long vacations. Such facility for loafing and slackness whenever one is disposed or indisposed. Pensions. Security of tenure. Old age no disability. No real competition after one has fairly started. Nothing to do but sit tight and hang on."

"But I suppose the 'out' is that the ordinary professor is so terribly underpaid."

"Oh, no; *ordinary* professors are overpaid. After the first forty years of his life, the ordinary professor, like the New England farmer, gets discouraged and begins not doing more than a third or a fourth of the things which he is at liberty to do. He begins to see that his profession does not adequately test him for any definite achievement in his line. More and more, it tests him as a man-of-all-work. He perceives that if he avails himself of his perfect 'academic freedom' to do three men's work, he is mortally certain, in the end, to be made a Dean, who is merely a professor deprived of the satisfactions of teaching and research. To avoid the malign consequences of efficiency, the ordinary professor 'lies down on his job.' I am acquainted with no more essentially sluggish, improvident, resourceless, unambitious, and time-wasting creature than the ordinary professor of forty, nor anything more empty of adventure or hope than the future years of his career, daily to be occupied in matching his wits with the flat mediocrity of successive generations of adolescent C-students, and patiently waiting till the death of some better man, hardy and long-lived, allows him to slip into a larger pair of old shoes."

"But the extraordinary professors who remain in the profession to the end? There are some extraordinary ones, I suppose—I mean, they seem so to one another, even though *we* don't hear much of them. But there is Professor Phelps, and there is Professor Burton, and—who else is there?"

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"Pardon a correction, Madam: No professor seems extraordinary to any other professor. But actually there are quite a number of notable professors scattered here and there among the forty-eight States and odd Territories—seldom enough in any one place for company and for the precious abrasion which one first class mind receives from another. But there, Madam, are men of colossal fortitude, superhuman energy, vast patience, sacrificial spirit, religiously dedicated to instruction, or impersonally devoted to the service of scholarship and science. They leaven the lump. Yet in perhaps most instances you will find on investigation that these men are not strictly 'of the profession,' but are more or less solitary and independent rebels or tyrants, who have established a little autocratic *imperium* within the precincts of the university, where they do as they please under the indignant nose of authority and amid the snorting and envy of their colleagues."

"Oh, but those are the 'geniuses' whom every one admires!"

"They may be geniuses, Madam, but they are not regarded as 'good professors.' No university administration really considers the chance that it has got a genius worth gambling on. The academic atmosphere is hostile to them—or they to it. The steady tendency of educational machinery is either to crush or to eject them. They are a standing menace to academic decorum, academic dogma, academic discipline, and the smooth functioning of the stenographers in the Dean's Office. At Harvard, for example, there were William James and Barrett Wendell, who proved their extraordinary vitality by becoming more intellectually radical and independent as they grew older and yet managing to remain in the university to the end; and there were also Henry Adams and Mr. Santayana, to whom the professorial chair at length became insufferably tedious and they themselves became dangerously unacademic."

"How dangerous?"

"Oh, they blurt out things. They let cats out of bags where they have slept for centuries. Every now and then, you know, after a lifetime of right thinking, even a professor yearns to say what he thinks instead of what he ought to think; and, with all the advantages of his environment to withhold him from a course so unbecoming, sometimes he does it. Every now and then those in whom mental curiosity is active make a discovery and announce it, in spite of consequences; or they become interested in a conjecture and desire to follow it up. Every now and then they forget where they are, and liberate ideas for adults, instead of confining themselves to what is entirely safe and proper for young people who are being instructed to avoid all the rash experiments of their parents. Every now and then the experience and ratiocination of professors lead them to conclusions that are at variance with the well-known wisdom of the ages, which, in the main, they are employed to transmit."

"But I thought professors were supposed to be investigators and discoverers."

"Not, Madam—if we may trust Mr. Santayana—in the field of 'moral philosophy.' Or rather, they are supposed to be discoverers of new reasons for believing all the old things. Possibly you may recall Mr. Santayana's delicately malicious essay on 'The Academic Environment' and his explanation of the popularity of the 'great school' of philosophy in Cambridge. It came to just about this: When Puritan *theology* had evaporated out of the Unitarian drying-pans, James and Royce poured in a philosophy which exactly filled the old containers. That is just what every university wants."

"But aren't the Midwestern universities very—what do you call it?—progressive, liberal?"

"Madam, in the long run no institution is liberal, nor can it be. An institution seeketh her own and loveth those that do her will. A university is like a church: when backed to the wall, it recognizes no higher law than self-preservation. In a university, as in a church, there is no necessary man. The university, like the church, survives all the famous men whose names are inscribed on her halls, and this fact, so incontestable, steadily prompts the university president to say to himself, 'What is man, that thou art mindful of *him?*' and to put up another hall. The university, like the church, lives on 'triumphant' though all the 'live' men with-

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draw from it and its offices are performed by the maimed, the halt, the blind, and the dead, to whom the more vigorous personalities perform an act of kindness by an early demise or departure."

"Then you would agree with that radical assailant of universities, Mr. Upton Sinclair?"

"Not for the world, Madam! Mr. Sinclair is an eternally young man who has never been able to reconcile himself to the fact that whatever has an upper side must have an under side. I am entirely reconciled to that fact. Mr. Sinclair, furthermore, has quaint illusions regarding the influence of private capital upon the freedom of academic institutions. As a matter of fact, privately endowed institutions of learning, ultimately controlled by corporation lawyers and big business men, are often more liberal and intellectually progressive than those controlled by the people. A State university president is usually an able man and means well; but unless he is a practical fighting dreamer of steady vision and immitigable valor, he is not merely crushed into educational insignificance by the *big* powers to whom he must appeal for support but he is also terrified into intellectual cowardice and a daily fluttering anxiety by every meddlesome Sunday School Teacher, every small farmer, and every parish priest in the State, so that he will say 'Sh! Sh!' to his Faculty and choke his Student Body blue in the face rather than incur the risk of hearing Public Opinion roaring through some fanatical village female against his appropriation bills."

"Did any one every say 'Sh! Sh!' to you?"

"Never. Yet the university in which I taught may at present be regarded as gravely conservative. The difference, however, between one and another is only a difference of *nuance*."

"Really?"

"Yes, they are all conservative. That is why they are such safe places to live in. Perhaps they all ought to be. There are a lot of good things which are worth saving, either for continued use or for museum purposes. Why shouldn't the universities be set apart to save them? At times one wishes the university were a little more like a temple and a little less like a shrine, and that there were more prophets and fewer vergers within its precincts. But in so far as the university is a museum, a preserver of archives, a custodian of tradition, a maintainer of established standards, a transmitter of the 'cultural inheritance,' and a school for unformed young people, its primary business is perpetuation. It has to be conservative."

"But surely some universities are much less so than others. Here at Columbia, for example——"

"Madam, I must insist that they are all alike. In the course of my academic experience, I received the customary invitations to move from one institution to another. I have at least 'looked into' all the principal varieties of American college and university from coast to coast. As soon as I became acquainted with the respectable ones, I perceived that all the respectable ones are alike—so profoundly alike that no professor seeking a change of life could essentially alter his situation by shifting his chair. That observant ex-professor and clever journalist, Mr. Edwin Slosson, once made a tour of them with a view to characterizing and differentiating the principal varieties. He wrote an amusing book, but his attempt to establish distinctions broke down pitiably."

"Why pitiably?"

"I haven't the book at hand. But at Harvard, let us say, seeking its distinction, he was informed that they were proud of their 'democratic spirit'; and at Yale, that they were proud of their 'traditions.' He entered in his memoranda: 'Harvard: democratic spirit. Yale: traditions.' But long before he reached Berkeley he discovered that every university is proud of its democratic spirit and its traditions, whether they are three hundred years old or three. By the time he had visited half a dozen of the 'leading institutions,' he was ready to gasp for joy and reach for his note-book when an English professor, to whom he had confided his troubles, said: 'Let me take you out to the Farm. What we are proudest of here is our white bull.'"

"But that *was* different, wasn't it?"

"Yes, for the moment. But the instant Mr. Slosson's book appeared every university in the country made an appropri-

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ation for the purchase of a white bull, and Harvard, which likes to be in the lead in all things, has been working tooth and nail, ever since, to find a bigger and whiter bull than is to be seen on any of the other university farms."

"But, jesting aside——"

"I am not jesting."

"Well, anyway, I should suppose that even if they have a white bull in Cambridge and another white bull in—wherever you come from, one of those Midwestern universities must be, in its personnel, very different from an Eastern university."

"Madam, I wish you were not so ignorant. We could get on much more rapidly. I have already informed you that all respectable universities are alike. The Midwest is full of big respectable universities. Must I now explain to you that all universities, East and West, are 'nationalized' institutions? All academic communities are made up of a fluent circulating population which now extends over almost the entire surface of the United States. If I did not dodge them, I could lunch every day in New York with former Illinois students now in attendance, or teaching, at Columbia or elsewhere in the city, or I could return to Illinois and get myself invited to a sizable Columbia dinner. As for the Cambridge atmosphere at Illinois, believe me, it was preserved by the forty-five or fifty Harvard men among my colleagues with whom I lunched monthly there. And in the teaching staff of my own department, I can recall, offhand, graduates from Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Dartmouth, Williams, Brown, New York University, Radcliffe, Wellesley, Holyoke, Vassar, Chicago, Indiana, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, California, and Leland Stanford, Jr. You will find substantially similar conditions wherever you go. No large university community is Eastern or Western or Midwestern. It is national."

"I thank you for enlightening my ignorance."

"You are welcome, Madam. It is common. And now shall we develop briefly the consequences of the facts?"

"Please do—if you think I shall be able to follow you."

"Madam, I am sure that you can follow anything to which you consent to abandon your excellent mind. The first consequence of the thorough nationalization of academic life is that within five minutes after a professor arrives at any university between Cambridge and Berkeley he is 'at home,' among friends, talking from the same long list of familiar topics, and from exactly the same point of view."

"That must be very tedious."

"No, Madam; academic talk is like a mild tobacco which one can smoke all day long without harm, though, to be sure, without much satisfaction. This second consequence of the homogeneousness of the academic world is that a professor, if he sticks to his profession, comes to believe that he is a normal person, an 'average man,' a standard individual, just like every one else, just like the hundreds of his colleagues that he knows, and, in his fundamental needs and aspirations, not importantly unlike the thousands of students that he knows, students from every State, from every economic and social background, and from every level of intelligence. As it appears to him, his opportunities for observation have been fairly extensive. He conceives perhaps that he is fairly well acquainted with young people as a class and, through them, with American civilization and its resources. As he approaches middle life without meeting any new and distinct species of human being, he may even fancy that the evidence is all in, and that the common lot closely enough resembles his own to warrant his making some critical observations upon it."

"Are you speaking of yourself, Professor? How interesting! You don't really think so now, do you?"

"Madam, I do not know. Shall I speak a little of the steps which led directly to doubt?"

"Pray do."

"Well, then, you must understand that in the voyage or pilgrimage of this life we cross two great shadow-lines. Conrad, you remember, wrote a haunting tale about the first crossing—that crucial period in a young man's life when he recognizes that his irresponsible youth lies behind him, and that the hour has come to accept 'command.' A marvellously fine

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tale, Madam, which stirs you more deeply at each rereading."

"I must read it."

"Yes, Madam, you must."

"And the second shadow-line?"

"That, Madam, falls athwart our path when, in a melancholy fit, we think the best of life is over, when we have had 'command' and have undergone the typical human experiences, when not our youth only but our middle years, too, lie behind, we seem retreating at the double-quick, and we face, for the first time squarely, The End, and coolly estimate the length of Pater's 'measured interval,' after which our place shall know us no more."

"Is there any profit in dwelling on such gloomy thoughts?"

"Not at first, Madam. Not unless one reacts positively. While I was crossing that second shadow-line—the transit requires some years, for there are weeks and months of doldrums in which one makes no headway—I had a gradual experience something like the gloom of Conrad's first officer, though naturally it presented itself to me in very different imagery. I felt that I had been 'touring' through a level land for a long time. I had visited most of the famous scenes along the academic highroad, and now I was merely going on from one filling-station to another. The novelty of the tour was over. There was nowhere else in particular to go, and nothing left to see. As I looked ahead, the prospect was 'more of the same' straight through the 'measured interval' to the end. If I could have heard a voice crying 'End of the road: all change!' I should have jumped to my feet with a cheer. But I felt like a dusty transcontinental tourist in his own car, gripping the steering-wheel of his Ford, on one of the interminable prairie thoroughfares, stretching between dusty osage and bare telegraph poles—straight, hard, and hot, as far as the eye could see. Naturally, I generalized. I said to myself: 'After one has crossed the second shadow-line, life is like that—all life is like that, to the end.'"

"Oh! But it needn't be like that, you know, if one doesn't—doesn't entirely—well, 'ossify' is what I say to my husband."

"Madam, so I have been informed. Conrad's first officer, you recall, threw up his perfectly good 'Scotch ship.' And when one is driving one's own car, there is often the possibility of a detour, and sometimes the possibility of swapping the thing for a motor-boat or a horse—and travelling down the same road on that."

"But it needn't be the same road!"

"Madam, in the neighborhood of my fortieth year, something of that sort was suggested to me, and the suggestion lived on deep in The Subconscious. Then two or three years later I received a succession of small but distinct shocks which shook my grip upon the wheel. In crossing the Atlantic a well-known American clergyman, with whom I had refused to drink a third glass of brandy, declined my tobacco, *because it was not strong enough.* I had long felt that the stuff was rather tasteless, but to have the fact brought home to me by a clergyman gave me a curious little start. Shortly after I had landed, the newly married wife of a colleague—a girl of, say, twenty-five—remarked to me, apropos of I know not what trivial literary discussion: 'But you know nothing whatever about women.' 'In that case,' I replied, borrowing the words from Isabel Paterson, 'I must have been deaf these last twenty years.' But the remark rankled. In the mail, on the same day, as it happened, came a letter containing a savage reference to me by a distinguished ex-professor, declaring that I knew 'absolutely nothing about life.' In the evening of the same momentous day a journalist, who on all previous occasions had treated me politely and even deferentially, remarked in my presence: 'You can always tell a professor wherever you see one, and usually a professor's wife, unless he has married out of his class.'"

"That was rather nasty, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Madam. No one says that about a modern clergyman. No one assumes, because a man has been a shoe clerk or a grocer or a drygoods merchant or a farmer, that he is not perfectly competent to speak about Life. No one questions the competency of professors before they enter the profession. No one questions the competency of freshmen. I doubted the alleged utter invalidity of the professional point of view. I wanted to deny it. But

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my hands were tied. It was impossible to judge the profession so long as one was a defendant at the bar. The little series of incidents which put these profoundly perturbing thoughts into my mind was of course insignificant. Yet in their united insistence that professors were radically different, a 'peculiar people,' they had an extraordinary effect upon an equilibrium which I had devoted half a lifetime to perfecting. And when, on the following morning, I received an invitation to an editorial office in New York, I resigned—I abruptly changed my profession in order to learn whether it is true, as Mr. H. L. Mencken and many others have long been contending, that the American professor is outside human nature."

"Well, is he?"

"I don't know, Madam. But you can't conceive the satisfaction I have in feeling that my decision, when I reach it, will, now that I am a journalist, be just as authoritative as if I knew nothing about the subject."

"Yes, that must be gratifying."

The Social Upset in France After the War

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

Author of "Foch: The Winner of the War," "Reconstruction in France," etc.

THERE is a saying of Napoleon: "I prefer the briefest possible sketch to a whole volume of explanations."

According to this, it seems to me that to make clear to a foreign public the violent change, the real turnover of everything, that five years of war with their moral and material consequences have brought about in French social affairs, a few examples will be more enlightening and impressive than a long dissertation.

I lunched recently at the house of a friend, in company with M. François Marsal, former president of council and minister of finance; the director-general of the Suez Canal Company, the president of the Messageries Maritimes, and several other important financiers.

While speaking of the very critical situation which is, at present, affecting our French middle classes, the high and low bourgeoisie, one of the guests gave the following example. "Take a man," he said, "who, before the war, had an income of a million and a half francs a year, which in France was considered a very large fortune; if he still has that income to-day, he begins by having 68 per cent taken away from him by the treasury. Then with the depreciation of the franc, now one quarter of its pre-war value, he finds his income of fifteen hundred thousand reduced to one hundred and twenty thousand, less than one-tenth of his former revenue."

In greater and less proportion, this example can serve to illustrate what has happened since the war to a large number of French people. All those, and they were very numerous, who lived on their income have lost the greater part of their fortune. For the young it is not so serious. By their efforts they can look for and find positions. But for those whose lives have run half the course, and especially for the old, the diminution, and sometimes the almost total loss, of their money has had disastrous consequences.

Those who live in the country, on their lands, can succeed more or less in making ends meet; even then, their farmers and laborers are much better off than the proprietors themselves. For those who are obliged to live in the cities it is poverty, even misery.

Aside from those who depend entirely on their incomes, there existed in France a

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much larger category, those whose modest bank account provided for a small part of their necessary expenses.

This category assured the recruitment of that which is called "*les professions libérales*": officials, magistrates, officers, diplomats, writers, artists, lawyers, doctors, etc. The greater number of these officials, particularly the most important, were pretty badly paid before the war. They are even worse off now, their salary having been barely doubled, while the cost of living has at least quadrupled. But formerly their small fortunes enabled them to live. An officer, a magistrate, a diplomat, in adding what he possessed himself to what he received from the government, could, thanks to the cheapness of living in France, to the ingenuity of the French, especially the French women, in getting the most out of their money, lead a very decent existence, keep up a good appearance, have a nice apartment, a couple of servants, etc.

But to-day what is the exact situation of this class of people, who form the armor, the framework, of the French bourgeoisie? The salary paid by the government has been actually cut in half owing to the depreciation of the franc. The personal fortune in most cases has diminished three-quarters. The same family who ten years ago lived in a very dignified way finds itself now in a situation no better than that of the greater part of the common workmen, sometimes worse. It is obliged to reduce all expenses, give up servants. It suffers from the most painful, the most heartbreaking of all poverties, a poverty which must be hidden.

Here are quantities of privations, of sufferings, which foreigners, especially those who pass a short time in Paris to amuse themselves, do not suspect—for that matter, neither do a certain number of the French themselves.

The other day, one of my old companions of the Latin Quarter, deputy and lawyer, was trying a case before the tribunal of Besançon. It concerned a workman in a cheese factory (the workmen who in the Jura Mountains make the Gruyère cheese) who, according to him unjustly discharged by his employer, claimed an indemnity of a year's salary. "What is your salary?" asked the president of the tribunal. "Twenty thousand francs a year," answered the workman, upon which the president fell back in his chair with a gasp of astonishment.

This factory workman was making twenty thousand francs a year, while he, the president of the tribunal—theoretically at least a considerable person in the city, a high magistrate and obliged to put up a certain show—was making barely fifteen thousand.

Contrasts of this nature, cases like this of real upset of social equilibrium, could be quoted by the hundreds of thousands. They are causing a complete transformation in the hierarchy of classes in France.

The guardian of seals, minister of justice, with whom I had occasion recently to talk, said to me: "You have no idea of the misery of the magistrates of Paris. The greater number of them have no longer hardly any personal fortune. Their state salary is not sufficient for them to live decently. They can no longer pay for a suitable apartment. Their wives are without servants. I know several who, to make a living, are obliged to take extra copy work in the evening, ordinary typist work. This is the situation," added the minister, "and be assured it is not painted too black.

"The consequence of all this," he continued, "is that none of the sons of magistrates wants to enter the magistracy. They are all attracted by trade and industry. Formerly, as you are aware, it was not like that. I knew and you doubtless knew quantities of families where since the Revolution one was magistrate from father to son."

The situation of officers in the army and navy is no more enviable. There also I could quote a flock of examples one more depressing than the other. My former chief, at whose side as aide-de-camp, I served the greater part of the war, and for whom I felt the greatest respect, almost veneration, General Humbert, died suddenly a short time ago in the prime of life (he was barely sixty years old) while military governor of Strasbourg. I had been to see him a few weeks before his death, and was received by him in the magnificent governor's palace. His sudden death left his family almost destitute: his two sons, officers, having nothing to live on but

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their salaries, his widow to whom is given a pension of six thousand francs, his two young daughters. The numerous friends and admirers of this general, who defended and held the road to Paris in the great offensive of March, 1918, immediately interested themselves in this sad case. We succeeded in finding a small situation for his widow. The two young daughters became one a stenographer and the other a designer.

Exactly the same thing has just happened in the case of General Mangin, who, also dying suddenly, left a widow without fortune and eight children, all very young. Their misery would have been so great that a public subscription was raised. A great number of Americans have very generously subscribed.

The smallest tradesman in Paris, a dairyman, grocer, butcher, makes on an average eight or ten times more than the general of an army, the rector of the Sorbonne or the president of the Court of Appeal.

This is a fact of which the natural and moral consequences will certainly be very great. It is at present introducing a radical change in French society.

Paris, as a result of the greater or less wealth of the strangers who flock to it from all parts of the world, has become a colossal pleasure resort, the greatest of all, a veritable fair of nations. Certain central districts from the Place de l'Opéra to the Place de la Concorde, passing by the Place Vendôme, form a sort of international settlement where French has long since ceased to be the popular language. English most of all is heard, Spanish, sometimes German. One never counts in francs but in dollars, pounds, and pesetas. This part of their capital is practically prohibited to the French—to the natives; that is, to all who do not ply a trade, who do not produce or sell something. They have the right to walk in the streets, perhaps stand on the sidewalks, or look in the windows, but never to enter the stores or restaurants, which are much too expensive for them. It is a state of affairs they accept for the most part with good humor and philosophy, telling themselves that, after all, the presence of all these strangers tends, in spite of certain drawbacks, to bring in money and wealth to the country.

Toward the end of the war and directly after, there was much talk about what one called "les nouveaux riches." They were watched, studied, usually rather satirically, in the theatres, papers, and novels. The "nouveau riche" was originally one whom the war had suddenly, and often unjustly, enriched. Neither was he peculiar to France. He existed in England under the name of "profiteer," in Germany and all Central Europe under that of "schieber," in Italy "pescecane." Rather a curious study could be made on the development and evolution of this type in each country.

In France it did not take long for a certain number of them to lose their fortune. Intoxicated by their too easy success, they threw themselves into all sorts of enterprises and speculation. After the boom caused by the war, there came in 1920 a rather violent depression which wrecked many of them. What was called the "nouveau riche" is now in process of transformation. He exists still, naturally, but considerably changed. He is not recruited in the same manner, his fortune is not made so rapidly. It is no longer the result of a hazardous speculation, a throw of the dice. The rise toward luxury and ease for this category of people is following a more regular, more normal rhythm. The "new rich" in France at present are principally tradesmen, those who sell something, above all in Paris, and one of the most remunerative trades is "alimentation." It is estimated that a butcher, after four or five years' business, makes a fortune sufficiently large for him to retire and give up his place to another.

This rapidity of fortune is for the greater part of tradespeople in France something absolutely new. Before the war the same butcher, instead of working four or five years, would have been obliged to work thirty or forty before retiring; that is, ten times as long. And the fortune acquired would certainly be less than what he makes now in so short a time. This is one of the direct and very curious consequences of the war. Tradespeople used to content themselves with fairly small profits. They now insist these profits shall be very large. Competition, contrary to a

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principle commonly quoted by professors of political economy, does not check this in the least. With conditions the same, the tradesmen all sell at about the same price. And, at bottom, the true explanation is that the public who formerly in France was always keen to bargain, bargains no more. They pay the price asked without discussion; the shopkeepers see this and take advantage of it.

Thus we see on one side a category of people—tradesmen, farmers, small landowners—who exploit their own lands, growing rich rapidly. On the other side another category—the middle class bourgeoisie, small officials, professors, artists, journalists, etc.—getting poorer and poorer, losing each day a little more money, and with it the social prestige necessarily attached.

There is a double movement in contrary directions which is tending toward a complete social redistribution. The effect of the rise on one hand and decadence on the other is incalculable. One has to go back to the French Revolution for an analogy. The sale of national properties allowed certain elements of the bourgeoisie to pass quickly from poverty to ease, then wealth. This social change has been copiously studied by historians. No one has explained it in so luminous, so dramatic a manner as Balzac, the Titan novelist. With the force of his genius, he has understood this profound cause of the modifications French society underwent after the fall of the old order (ancien régime).

In one of his masterpieces, "Eugénie Grandet," he shows, and with what power, how the father, Grandet, the rough wine-grower of Saumur, climbs up to fortune. Of course his terrible avarice, his commercial flair, his business judgment counted for much. But these qualities or defects would have been of little use without the favorable conditions, the cheap purchase, literally for a piece of bread, of the most beautiful vineyards belonging to an old abbey, and sold as national property.

The purchaser of national property is one of the principal types in the "Comédie Humaine." If in ten or fifteen years there rises up a new Balzac, even of smaller stature, anxious to study the changes in French society brought about by the war, the "nouveau riche" will be the type to study first of all.

This impoverishment of a certain element of the bourgeoisie, the lessening of its power, of social influence, threatens, if the movement accelerates, the French intellectuals. It is, in fact, the intellectual élite—savants, professors, artists, writers—who are the most profoundly affected.

Take the professors for example: in the last few years, a diminution, in quantity and quality, has been noticed in the candidates for the examination of "*l'agrêgation*," which in France is required for a university professor. At the period when I passed these examinations, about twenty years ago, we had on an average, among the scholars of the Normal High School and among the students of the Sorbonne, ten or twelve times more candidates than were accepted. Among these candidates, a certain number were professors fairly well along in years. At present the number of aspirants has diminished almost half, five to one instead of ten to one. As a consequence of this diminution, many positions in the lycées and secondary establishments in the provinces which were formerly held by "agrégés" are now occupied by professors of inferior education. This lower standard of teaching threatens to be seriously felt.

The *Revue de France*, which I founded five years ago, and which I direct together with Marcel Prévost, the well known novelist, of the Académie Française, has published in its last numbers a series of articles, very detailed, on this crisis in the "professions libérales" in France. The author, a young professor of the University of Nancy, Jean Laporte, has taken the pains not only to study this important question theoretically but also to get information from the people best qualified, the most competent, to express an opinion. His inquiry has reached the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergy, where the recruiting, always for the same reason, has become more and more difficult; the army, navy, universities, writers, artists, musicians, magistrates, lawyers, doctors. In almost all these branches of activity, he has arrived at practically the same conclusions.

Those who suffer the most are naturally those who receive their salary from the

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government or from some large administration. Doctors and lawyers in direct contact with the public can get along fairly well. As the cost of living rises, they can increase in proportion the tariff of their consultations.

During this inquiry, I was asked, together with two or three other editors of important newspapers in Paris, to give my opinion on a question which I know thoroughly, that of the journalist. My opinion was most decided. There is undoubtedly a crisis in journalism, so far as the quality and talent of the writers are concerned. This crisis is caused by the miserable pay most journalists receive. Many of them get barely the double of their salary before the war, while the prices of everything have quadrupled. The consequence is that many young men who could make excellent journalists seek other professions. This is the advice I myself give to those (they are fairly numerous) who seek my counsel. For example, three years ago, there came to me an extremely brilliant young secretary who wished to take up newspaper work. I kept him with me a year, thus giving him a chance to see for himself—always the best way. At the end of the year, he told me the experience was sufficient, that he renounced journalism. He is at present manager in a large olive-oil manufactory, in the south of France, and makes three or four times as much as he would have ever made with the newspapers.

Among these elements of the French bourgeoisie, impoverished by the war, obliged to reduce, without ceasing, their manner of living, to lead an existence almost miserable, there are a great many who have become soured, discontented. Is it surprising? The contrary would be astonishing. From a political, an electoral, viewpoint, this discontent is shown in the large number of votes given to the advanced parties, radical socialist, socialist, and communist. It is a cause, among many others, of the defeat of the *Bloc National* at the last elections.

If this movement of part of the bourgeoisie toward the more advanced parties continues to increase, it may have very disturbing results. The communist party in France has sufficient followers recruited from all over, principally from among the foreign labor, to which France, having so many sons killed in the war, is obliged more and more to resort. But, if there are followers, chiefs, in a great measure, are lacking. There is neither a frame nor a well organized staff. It is obliged to get its intellectual and political directing, all its organization, from Moscow, a city half Asiatic, which does not fail to shock the good sense of the French. The day when certain intellectual elements of the bourgeoisie, driven to despair, throw themselves into communism, they will bring to it a framework, an intelligent staff, which it now lacks. Communism will find itself considerably reinforced.

To fill these gaps in the bourgeoisie, one can count evidently to a certain extent on the rising movement of those who have been enriched by the war—the small farmers and small tradespeople. These will occupy the place of the others. But this replacement will take time: some decades of years will be necessary for the operation. The strength and solidity of the social structure in France are due to the development, extremely large, of the middle classes. From the little bourgeoisie, neighbor of the people from which it came, to the large and rich bourgeoisie there is an infinite number of intermediaries, which by an imperceptible gradation allows each one to improve little by little its situation, to raise itself in the social hierarchy. The well-being, the "joie de vivre," which one notices in France is greatly owing to this.

When I see so many Americans come to Paris or to the provinces, to pass part of their lives, I never fail to ask them their reasons. The greater number reply they can lead in France a much more agreeable existence, have prettier houses or apartments, better trained servants, better food, excellent wines, etc. . . . This pleasant way of living, good servants, good cooking, and all, was the product of the French bourgeoisie, which succeeded by force of ingenuity to get from their revenue, often very modest, a maximum of result. But it has taken centuries to succeed in establishing this equilibrium, which is now being so disturbed. That is why one can not hope to see it re-established in a short time.

France before the war was the country whose people, from the highest to the lowest, were the most economical in the

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world. Hardly any one, rich or poor, spent his entire revenue. A part was always reserved, either for the needs of old age or, above all, to better the situation of the children, to enable them to have a more brilliant social position than the parents. This spirit of economy, so often observed and remarked upon by foreigners, is, for the greater part, now lessening if not disappearing. Only the peasants and country farmers still continue to fill, as one says in France, the "bas de laine" (the woollen stocking). The workmen in the cities spend almost all they earn. Whereas, for the middle classes, the officials, all those who suffer the most, they no longer possess the means even if they had the will to save a cent, considering that their expenses equal if not exceed their receipts.

The uncertainty of the present financial situation, the progressive devaluation of the franc, does not encourage, one must admit, the people to save their money. Each one applies himself to spending all he has, sometimes more. It is a state of mind which continues to develop and which partly explains many things otherwise obscure, for instance the very marked diminution of the Treasury Bonds of National Defense, from which M. Caillaux, the minister of finance, is at present suffering. There exists certainly, as a cause of this, the lack of confidence provoked by the menaces of the Socialists against capital. But there is also, without doubt, a weakening of the spirit of economy.

When formerly one of us, one of those who have always lived in Paris, entered a restaurant or a theatre he would always meet a number of acquaintances and exchange greetings to right and left. Now if I go into a theatre or restaurant, nine times out of ten I know absolutely no one. It is the same with my friends. The places are filled either by foreigners or by French people among whom there are no familiar faces, belonging to a social class who before the war did not meet in theatres (or not in the same seats) nor in the restaurants.

Nothing emphasizes more plainly than this simple fact the importance, the magnitude, of the social changes produced. While some get poorer, others grow richer. The first, having become poor, have no longer the means to go to theatres and restaurants: the second, on the contrary, throw themselves with a sort of frenzy into pleasures new to them.

It has been asked, for example, why in the three or four years following the war, the Parisian theatres did not produce any new plays. They were satisfied to give to their public revivals of old plays, sometimes ten or twenty years old, former big successes, which should therefore be well known and more or less old stories. These pieces have had long runs, sometimes several months, which is long in Paris. This apparently astonishing fact is really easily explained. It is simply that the theatregoers have entirely changed. For these newborn spectators these pieces have all the charm of novelty.

As for the literary merit of the new plays produced, one can not lay claim to a very brilliant period for the French theatre since the war. With a few exceptions (one could count them on one's fingers), the plays have been most mediocre. This mediocrity can be partly explained by the quality of the audience which sees the plays and applauds them. Authors and managers arrange to give their public what suits it and is agreeable to it. When its taste is not difficult and it devours with appetite everything put before it, why should they worry?

The music-hall, which has increased considerably in Paris (instead of the two or three big ones existing before the war, there are now at least ten), is also an effect of the same causes: affluence of foreigners, and appearance of the social new-born, rather uncultivated and not difficult as to the diversions presented to them. A brilliant, sumptuous "mise-en-scène," expensive actresses, Mlle. Mistinguett, for example, head-dresses of feathers, hats a yard high, clowns, funny men, a crowd of young pretty girls lightly clad, if clad at all, swarms of English and American dancers, and there you are—sure of hundreds of performances.

The cultivated, intelligent, and now very poor public which went formerly to the theatre, which demanded plays of a certain quality, a certain merit, stay chiefly at home. They devote to reading

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the time formerly given to the theatre. The result (one of the most curious and indisputable) is that never in France have there been so many books sold as at present. This is a phenomenon that every one, beginning with authors and editors, agrees in affirming. At no other time have there been so many books published and never before have certain books sold so successfully. Twenty years ago, when a French novel reached one hundred thousand copies it was a sort of miracle. Only Zola and Daudet, once or twice, reached these figures. But since the war, quite a few authors, even young authors, Pierre Benoît, for example, Dorgeles, without mentioning the celebrated ones—Anatole France, Loti, Marcel Prévost, Bourget—have sold these large editions. Many books sell thirty, forty or fifty thousand copies; this before the war would have been considered enormous. There has been in fact a considerable growth in reading; never has the book trade been so flourishing. It is because many people who hesitate, not without reason, to pay twenty or twenty-five francs for a theatre ticket, do not hesitate to pay seven francs for a book. They consider that, after all, the book is really worth more than the show.

The great changes which I have been pointing out, in the social classes in France, are leading to a sort of loss of equilibrium, very apparent to an attentive observer. Every one sees the consequences, which are of every description, material and moral, intellectual and economic. We find ourselves in an intermediate stage, a sort of balancing between two stools. We have lost or are in the process of losing something, and there is nothing to take its place. We must not, however, look too much on the dark side of things, nor refuse to believe that this void will be filled. It is the same with nations as with individuals. When the constitution is solid, when there is plenty of reserve force, nature works, silently, slowly, to cure the ills from which they suffer, to replace what is lacking, to restore the health and strength temporarily lost.

France is in the clutches at the present moment of one of these social maladies. A too bloody and too prolonged war has shaken her, led to profound disturbances in her society. Little by little, all that will arrange itself. But we shall never see, and no one will ever see, the France of before the war, with her organized life and her society. It has gone like the "ancien régime" after the Revolution and Empire. It will be something quite different born of these new classes who are taking the place of the old. But a certain equilibrium, and order, is sure to be established in the end.

Gifts

BY CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

I LIFT my head when taking gifts from you:—
This lace spun of a convent's quiet art,
Persian enamels of disturbing blue,
Strange little stones that goldsmiths set apart,
Fruits you have chosen for their tropic hue,—
And I accept them, dear, with all my heart.

But could you never think to come to me
Bearing the witless gifts I'd treasure so? . . .
A bit of glass smooth-polished by the sea,
Milkweed at night, with fire-flies aglow.
Oh, bring me apples from some twisted tree,
Or just a handful of new-fallen snow!

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"Every flatfoot in the city has been in here askin' for him."—Page 618.

Twelve to Eight

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS
Author of "Smile and Lie" and "Pete Retires"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

ONLY the city's scene shifters are working between midnight and breakfast-time.

Behind the curtain of night, these back-stage men set the properties for a new day. As they toil, the orchestra plays an overture. The staccato movement is the rattle of milk-bottles; the crescendo, an owl surface-car; that solemn minor theme, a swish of water as the pavement is flushed.

Streets and buildings seem to change

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their physical appearance as the night drags on. Dirty little alleys grow longer, more forbidding and mysterious.

Upon a page of the complaint book in the Detective Bureau at Police Headquarters the history of the night will be written:

"12 *M.*—8 *A. M., Detective-Sergeant Shannon in charge. Clear and cool.*"

There is a note from the police commissioner lying on Sergeant Shannon's desk:

"*Tony Libertore, a contractor, was shot yesterday morning. He is unconscious in the City Hospital and will die. No arrest has been made. This neglect has caused a considerable criticism of the department.*

"*I understand there is reason to believe a taxi-driver called 'Fat George' fired the shots. If he is still in the city he must be apprehended immediately. Officers of the department will make every effort to accomplish this.*

"*By direction of the mayor.*"

Shannon closes his desk and turns to his squad of detectives. He stretches lazily at the prospect of the hours before him. He tucks a revolver into one of his hip-pockets, a billy and pair of handcuffs into the other.

"I'll go out after Fat George," he announces. "Michaels, come with me." He names five operatives who will stay in the office to doze and wait for an emergency call. The others pair off and disappear down the stairs.

In appearance Shannon is no stage detective. He looks like a successful physician or lawyer. He is fifty, with iron-gray hair and deliberate, confident movements. He has been an intimate friend of two Presidents of the United States, whom he guarded when they were on campaigning tours. For twenty-eight years he has associated with clever men; in business, in society, and in the underworld. He understands human nature as a college professor knows his textbooks.

As he stands in the doorway, it is startling to reflect that this man is responsible for the lives and property of a half-million sleeping persons. His pay is $237.50 a month. Somewhere in the miles of streets is a house where Fat George is hiding. Sergeant Shannon is considering a little problem in selective mathematics: 1 : 500,000 : : Shannon : X. Time for solution, eight hours.

Shannon and Michaels swing up the street. They cut through an alley. Ahead of them is a figure slouching close to a building. They see it is a youth and that his hands are in the pockets of his coat. Shannon nods to his assistant. Michaels loosens his revolver in the holster and hurries ahead to cut off the youth's retreat in case he should run. The sergeant grasps his billy in his left hand, walks quickly to the prowler and seizes him by the shoulder.

"What's your name?"

"None of your business."

"I'm an officer." The sergeant flips back the lapel of his coat and displays his gold badge. "What's your name?"

"None of your business. I ain't done nothin'."

Michaels runs his hands over the prisoner's clothing, searching for a pistol or a burglar's jimmy. He finds nothing.

"What's your name?"

"Mike Cox."

"Your right name?"

"Mike Chuchofski."

"Where do you live?"

Slowly, resentfully, Mike tells his life history.

"All right." Sergeant Shannon releases him. "Go home. Find a job and go to work. If you hang around these warehouses at night, you'll be shot for a burglar, most likely."

The detectives saunter on. They are silent; Michaels because of a healthy deference for his superior, Shannon because he is thinking of Fat George. The sergeant leads the way to a corner lunchroom. The counter-man, a slight, nervous individual, welcomes them.

"Hello, gents. Glad you come in. Have a cup of coffee. Here's a hot tip for you on the second race to-morrow."

Shannon winks at Michaels. "How did you come out to-day, Red?"

"Oh, that goat quit on me and didn't even show. It cost me fourteen skins. But here's a real one for to-morrow. Listen. I had it off Nigger Joe and he's a porter up to the hotel where the steward of the Jockey Club lives when he's in town. . . ."

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No babe in the wood has a nature so trusting as a race-track follower's!

"We're in a hurry, Red. Remember Fat George, the taxi-driver?"

The counter-man waves his towel and reaches into the pocket of his soiled white coat for a cigarette. "Sure. Him that shot the grease-ball yesterday. Sure. I know him."

Shannon starts. "How do you know he shot Libertore?"

"Every flatfoot in the city has been in here askin' for him. Yes, sir. Every kind of a flatfoot, from the harness bulls (uniformed policemen) to some of them duds in the brains department (Detective Bureau). The only one that ain't lookin' for Fat George is that mule-faced spit-cop (sanitary officer). I didn't think they wanted to hire his cab."

"Who is Fat George's girl?"

"I dunno that." The counter-man lowers his voice. "But afternoons he used to hang out in Big Mike's place. I seen his car there, a hundred times. Maybe Big Mike would know the woman. When the other bulls was in here askin' about Fat George, they didn't say nothin' about the girl and I didn't think to tell 'em. Try Big Mike. I'll bet he can give you a line if he wants to. . . ."

That is the reason Shannon is a detective-sergeant. He always remembers to inquire about the women.

On their way to the tangled alleys of the Italian section, the detectives pass a hotel. They crowd into a telephone-booth and call the office.

"Sergeant speaking. Anything new?"

"They just called you from the City Hospital, sir. This Libertore is still unconscious. There's a pressure on his brain, the medic says. They're goin' to operate and see if he'll regain consciousness. The papers called. They want to know if there's anything new on the shooting."

"Tell the papers about the operation and say we're looking for a suspect."

"They know you're lookin' for Fat George. They're goin' to print his name."

"Oh, hell!" Sergeant Shannon is distinctly annoyed. "They might just as well get out handbills telling him to screw out of town. There's co-operation for you." He bangs the telephone-receiver upon the hook.

Outside the hotel, a repair crew is working on the trolley tracks. A canvas is stretched around the spot to shield the eyes of chance pedestrians from the glare of the electric welding. The workmen wear colored goggles and hoods and might pose as deep-sea monsters. High up on the buildings, dark windows reflect the light. An ornate fresco is thrown into sharp relief.

Sergeant Shannon sees no beauty in the barbaric splendor of the scene. He grasps Michaels's arm.

"Between the noise and the light, yeggs could blow every safe in the neighborhood and no one would notice it."

Michaels nods gravely. "Ain't it the truth?"

Shannon resolves to cover the district with plain-clothes men another night. They walk on.

Two o'clock strikes in the City Hall tower. Shannon leads the way to The Cave, fastest of the all-night key clubs and dance-halls.

A doorman passes them in. A saxophone orchestra blares a welcome. The owner comes forward. Big Mike Pulmicino, fat, expensively dressed, and Italian, waves his hand to them. His diamonds sparkle as he greets them.

"Anything I can do for you, gentlemen? Have a bite to eat? Have a drink?"

"Thanks, Mike. I'll take a glass of wine."

"What's yours, Mister Michaels?"

"The same."

Pulmicino signals to a waiter. "Three wines and some cigars, quick."

The dance-floor is crowded. A high-priced interior decorator has made the room a work of art. Walls and ceiling are rough, tinted stone, with lights concealed in the crevices. Waiters in Bohemian costume hurry about with trays of drinks, as if the world had never heard of prohibition. Here "members" of the club can dance until morning, behind a steel door, safe from police interference. But, so contradictory are our governmental institutions, the police are welcomed, if they pay a social instead of a business call upon the owner!

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Sergeant Shannon names the patrons as they wriggle past the table.

There is Rose Story—christened Rebecca Solomowitz—who is technically a dancer. Her partner is Baldy Izzo, who beat the case when he was tried for shooting a customs inspector. The jury, by some quirk of collective humor, found him not guilty of the charge. Following them is a pretty little bobbed-haired girl who lives on *The Drive*. Her grandfather was a vice-president of the United States. The youth with her is Buddy Rand. His father is *The Rand*. You know. He invented the synthetic salad oil and transformed the lowly peanut and cottonseed into the American olive.

That tall, dark woman is Daisy Howard. Remember her? She was the other woman in the Williams divorce suit. She was his stenographer. There was more to that than was ever published in the papers. She's with Danny Wilson, the fight-promoter. There's Tommy Rogers, son of President Rogers of the State University. His girl? She's Dorothy Hunt. Her father is the typewriter Hunt. They have the show-cattle and that big place up the river. . . .

Sergeant Shannon names the patrons as they wriggle past the table.

Over in the corner is Dago Pete, the dope-peddler. He keeps his stock of morphine in a safe-deposit box at the Traders' National Bank, and sells it from an office with as bold a front as if he were a rug merchant. He's no addict himself. Too smart for that. His girl is leading woman of that burlesque company that's playing at the Garden Theatre.

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These characters and many others rub elbows on the dance-floor, enjoying the democracy of lawbreaking.

Shannon, Michaels, and the café owner sip their California sherry.

"Th' mayor send for me to go to City Hall," says Big Mike Pulmicino, blowing upon the diamond in his ring and then polishing it with a silk handkerchief. "So I go up. I see mayor. He tell me he got plenty trouble about this place." Big Mike waves his arm, pointing about the room admiringly, as if the complaints were an advertisement of his business sagacity. "He say I gotto be careful, or I get raid and they shut me up."

"What did you say?"

"I tell mayor he gotto be careful or he don't get elect' next time. He say reformers is busy like hell. I say Democrats is busy like hell, too. He say he hear nothing except kicks about me. I say I hear nothing except kicks about him. He say women's clubs wants me out of here. I tell him the Italian-American Republican Club won't support him no more. He say: 'Well, have cigar.' I say: 'Well, thanks.' That's all. I come away."

Shannon smiles as he grasps the humor of the situation. "I guess you stand pretty high down in this part of town," he remarks easily. "You must know Fat George's girl."

Big Mike is deceived by the casualness of the tone. "Sure. Betty Yonick. I know her fine."

"Yes. Betty Yonick." Shannon repeats the name to engrave it upon his memory. "I thought Betty would be in here." Upon this information depends the policeman's success or his failure. If he can make Big Mike tell, he can capture Fat George. If not, another more sarcastic letter from the police commissioner will be lying on his desk to-morrow.

Sergeant Shannon is a diplomat. His manner is careless. He might be asking politely about the health of a friend's relative.

"Betty is a good gal," says Big Mike with a patronizing air. "But, what you call it, she always talks out-of-turn. Yes. Twice she talk out-of-turn in my place. She make the trouble with her mouth, so I throw her out on her neck. Now she hang out in Polock Minnie's dump. I know some of them people ain't none of the best"—the café owner makes a sweeping Latin gesture toward his customers—"but they gotto act swell when they're in here. Taxi-drivers an' college boys an' roughnecks like them has gotto go somewhere else."

Big Mike would have cut off his tongue before he would have been bullied into giving information. But so adroitly is he questioned that Sergeant Shannon secures a complete biography and excellent description of Miss Yonick. Then the detectives shake hands with the café owner, thank him for his hospitality, and leave the smoke-filled room to the regular patrons. The orchestra is murdering "Charlie, My Boy," as they pass the steel door.

Through two alleys, down a dark street, and across a railroad-yard the men hurry. They pass a switchman's shanty, where they see a uniformed policeman sleeping. Both men smile at the thought of the many times they "crawled into a hole" for a smoke and nap, when they were working on a beat. In the middle of another alley, they pause. The sergeant taps on a window.

A woman peers out, recognizes them, and opens a door.

"Mister Shannon and Mister Michaels. Come in."

Shannon shakes his head. "Who you got inside?"

Polock Minnie shrugs her shoulders. "I dunno. Three or four parties. Young fellers."

"Any women?"

"Oh, Mister Shannon. You know I don't let no women in that settin'-room since you tol' me . . ."

"I saw two come out of here last night."

Minnie smiles. "They was only my sister-in-law and her . . ."

"It was Box-Car Annie and Baby Girl."

Polock Minnie, whose house is under a dark cloud of suspicion and who is not invited to call upon the mayor, is silenced. "God Almighty, Mister Shannon! You see everything, you do."

"Any women in there now?"

Minnie is doubtful. "Well, you know

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"I ain't paid my last fine yet. And I owe four hundred on my car."

how it is. One or two might have snuck in while I was standing here."

"I'm going to call the wagon, Minnie."

"God Almighty, Mister Shannon! Don't do that. Honest to God Almighty! I ain't paid my last fine yet. And I owe four hundred on my car. So I do. You wouldn't drive me to the poorhouse, you wouldn't. You used to have a good heart, you did."

Sergeant Shannon is silent for a minute.

"Is Betty Yonick in there?"

"She . . . she might be."

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"I'm not promising anything. But if you could find out from her where Fat George is staying . . ."

Polock Minnie takes heart. She knows now that the detectives have come only for information. She grins with pleasure. "Sure, I can find that out for you. You mean Fat George, him that rolled the drunk travelling-man and boosted the taxi?"

"Yes."

"Come in and set down."

"We'll wait here."

Minnie, beaming and cordial, disappears. The men smoke in silence. Then the woman returns to whisper her message. "Fat George is up to his uncle's house, corner of Central Avenue and Pitt Street."

It is after three o'clock. Newsboys are gathering in an all-night lunch-room, near a printing-office. A truck and trailer jolt through the street, hauling a steel girder to a new building. A group of taxi-drivers are huddled in the body of a cab, rolling dice. Almost everybody on the street knows everybody else. There is a certain occupational fraternity about night-workers. They might be residents of a small village, set down in the centre of a city.

Shannon finds a telephone. He calls Headquarters. "Sergeant speaking. Anything new?"

"Quiet, sir. Just a few burglaries. They want you to call the hospital."

Shannon gives the hospital number to a sleepy operator.

"Sergeant Shannon speaking. The superintendent wanted me to call."

"Just a minute. We've been trying to locate you. . . ." Then comes the voice of Miss Howard, night superintendent. "This Libertore shooting case, sergeant. The bullet lodged in his brain. He did not regain consciousness. I was unwilling to order an operation, without the consent of the coroner. So the coroner has come and made an ante-mortem examination. We'll operate at once. The coroner will wait to see the result."

"How long will he be on the table?"

"Half an hour, possibly. They're in the surgery now."

Sergeant Shannon considers. There is a chance the man will regain consciousness long enough to identify the assassin. "Well, I'll be there by the time the operation is over."

Then the officer rings his office. He gives the desk man his location. "Send the touring-car and two men down here immediately."

Shivering, Shannon and Michaels wait on the curb until the police machine rolls up. Two detectives are inside. "Drive to Central and Pitt Street. Stop away from the corner," Shannon tells the chauffeur. "I've found Fat George." His assistants look at each other, genuinely pleased. They have triumphed over the day platoon.

The machine stops. Shannon sends the office men to the rear, while he and Michaels try the front door. They pound on the panels.

"Who's there?" comes a sleepy voice from inside.

"Open the door."

"Who's there?"

"Police. Open the door." Each of the officers has his hand upon his revolver. One never knows when a panic-stricken fugitive will begin a gun battle.

"What do you want?"

"I want Fat George, the taxi-driver."

"He ain't here."

"Yes, he is. Open the door or I'll smash it in." Michaels kicks the panels.

Sounds of a scuffle come from the rear of the house. "Serg! We got him."

"All right. Never mind opening that door." This is addressed to the relative inside. It is an ironical comment.

Fat George, frightened but not repressed, is led to the automobile. Michaels handcuffs himself to him.

"I ain't goin' to say nothin' until I see my lawyer," Fat George announces.

"What do you think we pinched you for?" asks Sergeant Shannon mildly.

"For drillin' that Wop, but I didn't do it."

"Why do you think we picked you up for that?" continues the sergeant.

"Because him and me had trouble. But I didn't do it."

Sergeant Shannon smiles grimly.

"If you hadn't done it, son, you'd have asked us what we wanted you for, instead of telling us."

In the hospital office stands the coro-

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A frisky little student nurse from the maternity ward pins rosebuds in their buttonholes.—Page 625.

ner. He is a gruff, kindly, profane man, famed for his knowledge of medical jurisprudence and his rough-and-ready surgery. He leans upon Miss Howard's desk to deliver his opinion of foreigners who are responsible for his being called out at night.

"Why don't they have their killings at a reasonable time?" he demands. "White people usually do their murders

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during office hours. But these Wops! It takes 'em until midnight to make up their minds to it."

Miss Howard is quick to apologize. "I'm sorry we called you, doctor. But I explains. "Libertore will recover consciousness in a few minutes. The bullet lodged in the front of the brain. They located it without difficulty. It was in that part of the brain that contains the

"It would serve you right if you did die."—Page 625.

felt you ought to be here when they operated." She tucks a strand of gray hair under her cap. "Here's Sergeant Shannon, just too late."

"Is Libertore dead?" asks the detective.

"Dead? Huh!" The coroner grunts his displeasure. "The only way to kill such people is to cut off their heads and hide 'em for a few days. Dead? I should say not. They'll do everything but die. Good night. I'm going home and get some sleep."

Miss Howard laughs at the outburst. "The operation was very successful," she higher-thought processes," she explains naïvely. "I don't believe it would have inconvenienced him if we had allowed it to remain there."

Sergeant Shannon's face shows a keen disappointment. "Ain't that the luck," he complains bitterly. "I thought this was good for a murder, first-degree charge. But if this cuss doesn't know enough to die, the best I can do with Fat George is to charge him with assault and intent to kill."

"Have you got the man?"

"Yes. He's outside."

"Bring him in," the superintendent

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suggests. "As soon as the patient recovers from the ether, we may be able to get an identification. In the meantime, you can have supper with me."

Michaels leads in the prisoner. The detectives leave the police chauffeur to watch him and follow Miss Howard to the diet kitchen, where they eat poached eggs, toast, and coffee. Their hostess makes it a social affair by calling down a head nurse and sending for a waffle-iron. The men light cigars, in brazen defiance of the hospital rules. A frisky little student nurse from the maternity ward pins rosebuds in their buttonholes.

The telephone rings.

"Libertore is conscious now," Miss Howard explains. "The intern says it will be safe for us to talk to him."

"I want three witnesses to the confession besides Michaels and myself," says the sergeant. He mentions it as a personal grievance. "That new judge threw out my testimony in the Briggs case."

It is arranged that Miss Howard, the head nurse, and the intern shall be present when Libertore is questioned. The office stenographer is called to take the statement. Leading Fat George, the little procession troops through the corridors, as the dull, gray sky lightens outside. They reach the surgical ward.

One of Anthony Libertore's eyes peers from a mass of bandages.

"Did Fat George shoot you?" demands the sergeant.

"Yes, Mister."

"Then this is the fellow who shot you?" Fat George is led around within Libertore's range of vision. "You two had trouble and he shot you? Is that right?"

Fat George's face darkens. He glares at the wounded man. He shows his teeth in a mean grin, and, with a quick movement of his free hand, bites his forefinger at the first knuckle. It is the Sicilian death-sign.

The effect upon Libertore is remarkable. The eye blinks. "Oh, no, Mister. That ain't the feller who shot me. This feller and me is good friends. I don't know the feller who done the shooting."

"Sure we're good friends," growls Fat George, in a tone that would cow a mountain-lion.

Libertore is quick to agree. "Yes. Him and me is good friends. He didn't shoot me."

Sergeant Shannon shakes his fist at the man on the bed. "It would serve you right if you did die."

The detectives lead Fat George to the outside door. There is nothing for them to do except turn him loose. Michaels removes the handcuffs from the man they know is guilty, then relieves his feelings by kicking him down the front steps of the hospital building.

Fat George picks himself up, lights a cigarette, and thumbs his nose to the officers.

"Raspberries," he calls back.

It has become light. The shadow mysteries of the city are now revealed as homely, every-day objects. Cleaning women bustle through the hospital corridors. The detectives climb into the police car. The streets are crowded with the seven o'clock rush of workers. The machine speeds through traffic, with its gong ringing. It stops at Police Headquarters.

Sergeant Shannon hurries to his desk. He has two reports to make out. As he writes, the 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. squad of detectives begins to appear. The building is suddenly filled with confusion. Prisoners are led through the offices, on their way to the Identification Bureau, where they will be photographed and measured. A clerk appears to warn certain detectives that they must appear in Supreme, County, or City Court as witnesses for the people.

At three minutes before eight o'clock, Sergeant Shannon has finished.

"*James H. Halloran, Inspector.*

"*Acting Chief of Detectives.*

"*Sir:*

"*I have the honor to submit the following report of activities between* 12 *M. and* 8 *A. M.:*

"1. *See special report on Libertore shooting.*

"2. *It was a very quiet night.*"

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Autumn Roses

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Illustrations by H. van Buren Kline

"OLD maid!"

She leaned forward, brown hair streaming over shimmering rose brocade of her dressing-gown. She scrutinized the face which scrutinized back from the oval mirror of a bandy-legged French dressing-table.

"Ugly old maid!" she repeated aloud, screwing the face into a gargoyle. A delicate tap at the door.

"Come in, Yvonne." The door opened and the smartest of gray-clad and white-trimmed maids appeared. "Yvonne, what do you mean by bursting in on my meditations with your awful, noisy, brutal tramplings? I was saying my prayers."

"Mademoiselle—pardon!" Yvonne backed off with a pretty horror. And a smile behind it. "Mademoiselle's prayers!" She understood her mademoiselle. "Perhaps he will wait."

"Wait? Who? Yvonne, I forbid you to talk conundrums." The imitation rage, which was one of the discreet games between this lonely woman and her devoted servant, dropped off like a top-coat. Mademoiselle laughed. "Not prayers; I meant swears, Yvonne. Who is it? The iceman for a check? He always comes in the middle of the night." The time was 4 P.M. of a June day.

"*Mais non*, mademoiselle. Not the iceman. It is *m'sieur le capitaine*."

The light chair rolled over as mademoiselle sprang up. "The captain! Of course I'll see him. Bring him up. *Toute-de-suite*."

Yvonne sprinkled a glance about, picked up the chair, gathered rosy silk somethings and retired them to cover, and advanced on her mademoiselle. She laid gentle but firm hands on the pink swansdown which edged the brocade, and the touch drew it together, fastened a ribbon.

"Yvonne, let me alone. The captain's used to my rags. Don't I look nice anyway, Yvonne?"

"Mademoiselle is *ravissante* in the new *robe-de-chambre*," Yvonne assured her. "But——"

A bass note lifted down the hall. "Fifi!" called the young, deep voice. "Aren't you ever coming to? I've got a date."

"Oh, Adorablest," reasoned the woman one half moment later. "Why are you cross? It was Yvonne dolling up. I didn't care if you saw my Paris silk undies. You can, in shop windows, any day, only not as pretty. Why are you rip-snorting? And why here?"

"Prr!" answered Adorablest. "Nasty red fur got in my nose. Prr!"

"Oh, Rudy," reasoned the woman. "Don't you like me in it?"

"Rudy," six feet two and powerful, grasped her by a wrist, shaking her considerингly as if testing a fish-rod. He suddenly smiled, and one perceived why she called him "Adorablest." He was. "Fifi," he announced, "you look great. I like it. Good stuff, too, isn't it?" He fingered it in an ignorant, masculine, winning manner. His glance roved.

"Everything about you always looks shipshape and gay and expensive. And you smell delicious." Sniffing.

"Vervaine," she answered. "Lemon verbena. I got it at Guerlain's. It's hard to find this side."

"*Don't* put it on *me*, in the name of the Board of Health! Gosh, they'd run me out of the mess. But it's nice on you. Now, Aunt Maria——"

"Rudolph, why suddenly 'Aunt Maria'?"

"It's good for your soul. If I Fifi you all the time you get uppish."

"If you knew how unuppish I am—how downish I was when you came!"

"What for?" demanded the boy. "No

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reason. Whatjer mean by it? I'll beat-jer."

"Oh, Adorablest! I'm all alone, and I'm so old, and there's nobody to hold my hand if I die, and I'm not so very good-looking, and I'm a poor working woman——"

"Truck. You know it's truck. Nobody—what t'hell Freddie Miller? And me. I'll hold your hand when you step off—be delighted. And you're no gorilla, Maria. No beauty, maybe, but easy to look at, and a shark on clothes."

"I spend oodles on them because I will *not* be a badly dressed woman with my job. Owning a newspaper! Running it! I have to be a little pet to make up."

"Don't talk drool," the tall boy ordered. "The job's your salvation, and you're a wonder at it. Every woman should have a job, excepting she can prove ten kids under six. Where'd you be without *The Daily Dullard?*"

"Rudolph, if you keep on calling my paper that it *will* get around and hurt business."

"Not as much as it hurts me to be called Rudolph."

"Rudolph is your name," she stated. "Your baptized name."

"Worse luck. What struck 'em—but it's too late now, by twenty-several years. Only, Aunt Maria, I do loathe the German flavor. Nearly everybody calls me plain Tommy Ferguson. Why should you elect——?"

The rose sleeve was climbing his neck. "Because, Adorablest, you're the thing I love best, and if I didn't badger you sometimes I'd be soft and gummy. And your name is Rudolph. Christened. I saw 'em do it."

"Why in jinks didn't you stop it with a shotgun?" growled the lad. "But, Fifi, I can't stay while you babble. I'm a hard-working marine officer, and I've got to collect a distinguished colonel and drag him to the strawberry festival for a bunch of generals at the governor's. Aren't you coming?"

"Of course. If ever you go away and let me get dressed. That's why you're in uniform. What colonel? I wish you'd always wear uniform, Adorablest. Why don't you?"

The boy looked down at her with the expression peculiar to an officer's face when asked that question—hopeless of explaining; incredible that it should need to be explained. "How anybody could think anyone would ever like to wear a uniform!" he murmured. And, letting it go at that: "I'm to call for Colonel Warrington, whom I served under in the Argonne. He's the first colonel to be secretary of war, ever—ever. One or two generals, long years ago, and just for a spell. He was a West Point man, and dropped into civil life years before the war, and went back in 1918. He was a power in his civil job, and so they made him secretary of war. Hope you have the luck to meet him. He's a very big bug and you may not get a look-in. Tag me; I'll try to snitch him a moment. The biggest man to-day—a peach too. You'd be crazy about him. I stopped to see if it was a date for your dinner and theatre party."

"Yes, darling. Don't dare forget or slide out. And I wouldn't lift a finger to meet the Archangel Michael. You snip."

The boy grinned. "Haughty lady." He kissed her, with a hug of an affectionate bear. "'By, my Fifi. Wear the red fluffy-doodles and the men will scramble for you. It looks nice. Now I must beat it." He was gone.

Certainly the adorablest nephew; too old for a son, too young for a brother, he fitted between and was comrade and playmate incomparable. "It's so astonishing that he wants to be with me," Isabel Barton addressed herself in the mirror; and reflected how youth didn't bother; and went on to reflect that probably nothing was worth bothering with that was not young; then to consider how she was forty-some; following that, she wondered what good it was, being so aged, to have beautiful clothes; the next step was a jerk. "Stop," she addressed the face in the mirror. "You're an ugly old maid; maybe you'll never have any fun again; all the same, you'll play the game—yes, now you'll go to that party and be nice to everybody. That's your knitting, and you'll attend to it."

She then proceeded to do things efficiently with cold cream.

It was rather perfect at the governor's garden party, given for a great English

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general who had stopped on his way West. The executive garden was at its loveliest that day at the end of June. Men in the governor's quiet livery met the cars and led guests across a lawn and through an arch in a high hedge. Passing under, glory was spread. Masses of peonies rimmed a walk on either side; borders of pink peonies backed stone benches; pillars of roses, pink Dorothy Perkins, golden ones, crimson ones, sentinelled the far end; larkspurs, pale and deep and piercing azure, stood like blue lances back of white June lilies; everywhere was color and across the gravelled gray of walks and green of lawns a tent rose, covering food and drink; a band played, hidden somewhere; women in gay dresses, men in uniform or in summer clothes, strolled through the paths. It was like a sudden joyful shout, to leave the subdued glimmer of the lawns and trees, to come at a step into this brilliancy.

Isabel stopped in the arch. Color was her music and wine. She stood, drinking it, and as she stood the cream of her floating dress with its gay printed flowers, set into the green, seemed a sudden blossoming of the hedge. She was the high note of the kaleidoscopic picture.

"Who's that?" It was asked of the governor's wife.

"One of the people I like best," said Mrs. Seymour. "I want you to meet her."

Isabel was looking about for her hostess now, and she brought up in front of the First Lady, standing by the man who had asked the question. Isabel didn't hear his name; it was all the same; to-day she was out to be nice to everybody. This man looked distinguished, looked thoroughbred, but he didn't look easy to be nice to. His mouth was grim; his eyes, gray in a lean face, met hers with a glance like a blow. Never mind; that wasn't her affair; she "aimed to please" for the good of her own soul. Quick now—a remark.

"It gave me a shock," announced Isabel, all friendliness, and regretted it. Who would know what she was talking about!

The keen eyes were serious, investigating. Suddenly: "It might," stated the man. "It's shockingly lovely, this garden." And his whole face had broken into a smile, a grin of abandoned boyishness.

Her pulse jumped. He was of the initiated, who didn't need explanations. When you meet somebody in general you begin: "Isn't this an ideal place for a party!" or: "Aren't the flowers beautiful to-day!" Else, if one takes platitudes for granted and starts farther along, one has to back up and begin over. But this man——

They were off. Never did she remember what they talked about. "Happy nations have no history." The talk did itself and was absorbing. They strolled, they also, among flowers, and chuckled over a common lack of botany, they passed the time of day with the governor, who came up and frivolled, as always, with Isabel, and who glanced at the stranger searchingly.

"I was coming for you," said the governor. "But you seem contented. I'll leave you a minute longer."

Then she saw her boy across flowerbeds, who waved at her and glanced at her cavalier as if surprised. The cavalier nodded at him.

"Nice lad, Tommy Ferguson."

"Why, he's mine," spoke Isabel, delighted. "My nephew. He's—he's adorable." And that reminded her. "I want to see just one of the great men to-day. My boy thinks he's the greatest. You know them all?"

"Mostly," agreed the man without a name. "Who?"

"Colonel Warrington," said Isabel. "I ought to say Secretary Warrington, probably."

No answer. Isabel had bent to touch a shell-pink, too-lovely-to-be-true peony. She looked up. The gray eyes were a knife-blade. "I asked you to show me Colonel Warrington, the new secretary of war," she repeated.

The grim mouth, which seemed to have other expressions, suddenly grinned.

"You didn't get my name. It's Warrington," he said.

One is not always conscious when happiness is holding one's hand. When the engine knocks or a cylinder skips one notices, but let the machine run perfectly and nobody thinks about it. Possibly

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that is an argument for the natural right of humans to smooth living; possibly there are opposing arguments. Isabel Barton drifted lightheartedly through the afternoon without a thought about enjoying it. She had come with her teeth set to disregard her own pleasure, which is an almost sure prescription for a good time. But the good time came and went as unemotionally as a butterfly in sunshine. When the great man was discovered to be himself she took steps, like a respectable woman of the world, not to keep him tied. There were younger women, prettier women—she looked about without bitterness and so decided, and gave him a chance at half a dozen.

"Good-by, Mr. Secretary," she nodded cheerfully. "Come and talk to me again if you're not too busy."

Within ten minutes he was doing it. She put that down to accident; but she was glad. Shortly they were back on the gray stone bench behind the pink, tall peonies. Then the governor carried him off; in ten minutes again she looked up to see the erect figure, the lean strong shoulders, the gray unsmiling eyes that smiled suddenly, the mouth that was set as if it had often shut in pain.

"Mr. Secretary! I know the name of another flower. That makes three. Two ahead of you."

The afternoon went, and except for short intervals she spent it with "the biggest man there," and he went with her across the shadows of the lawn and put her into her car.

"Good-by," he said, standing by the door. And, with a grin: "I hope it won't be as long before I see you again."

And they both laughed, and her faultless Jennings at the wheel stirred a foot and a hand and she was speeding away. Speeding away. With a stab beneath the dress of the gay flowers. Why—every minute—happy to the brim—she had not noticed. He had had chances to be with Mildred Marston, and Emily Freemont, and Elizabeth Browning, and Mrs. Jack Bullard, the youngest, the belles and the beauties.

"Have to see him! *I have* to see him!" Soundless, insistent, the words repeated.

Out of the blue pounced a gorgeous idea; if he would come to her party tomorrow night! Would he be tied up; would he care about it? Horrid to be refused with perfunctory civility; she remembered that the main banquet was Wednesday night in the arsenal. Also her number was full; her dining-room held ten only; then the spread of the wings of another magnificent thought—ask Adorablest to stay away!

All the way home the scheme wove and interwove, and she knew she was going to do it, and glowed with hope that he might come and shivered with fear that he might not want to. Then, as the car turned into the court of the Ruthven-Stuart Apartments, a last idea sprang at her, and she cried out:

"Oh, my heavens!"

Jennings jammed his foot on the brake; the machine came to a stop. "Madam?" asked Jennings reproachfully.

"Oh, nothing, Jennings," Miss Barton answered. "You didn't see—a cat?"

"Oh, my heavens! I'm engaged. Engaged to Freddie Miller." She murmured it as she marched to the elevator through ultra-sumptuous tapestried walls, over inlaid floors and Oriental rugs. But by the time the elevator was at the twelfth floor the murmur changed to: "Pooh! The man may have a dozen wives. I wonder—" A stab. Of course he had a dozen wives. Or one—worse. In any case what was it to I. Barton?

"Yes, Yvonne, I did have *de plaisir—beaucoup, beaucoup*. Oh, *beaucoup*, Yvonne! You're a sweet thing to ask. And you're pretty as a picture in that gray, and the new tucked organdy apron and things."

One could say anything to Yvonne and she never presumed; it suited Isabel Barton's ménage, for she needed some one to explode to as much as some one to make her bed. Yet one could hardly discuss Freddie Miller with Yvonne. And he was, in a flash, in the foreground. She had forgotten him whole-heartedly since after lunch. When his letter came. Dear old beautiful Freddie. How had she ever happened to get engaged to Freddie? After these years; the first time he had proposed to her having been at her coming out party. And her father had rather thought well of it.

"He's a nice boy and a gentleman, and

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sweet-tempered and good looking," her father had reasoned. "And rich."

All of that. A mild recommendation, however, from an eminent journalist for his only child's husband. And the child knew, even then, that she was not and could not be in love with big, handsome Freddie Miller. And now, after the years, a month ago, in an impulsive, lonely, affectionate moment she had accepted him. It meant home and somebody belonging, and she didn't love anybody else more. It came to her to-night that she had never yet let Freddie kiss her. She couldn't. Something about his mouth——

"Yvonne!" Yvonne was there. "I want that lavender and jade mink-edged thing. Yes, the very best, newest tea-gown. I want it to get back my self-respect."

Yvonne hadn't the least idea what that meant, but she often hadn't. She didn't wear down her brain trying to follow mademoiselle. She only worshipped her and took care of her.

Dinner alone on a small table by the fire, for it was cool to-night; the mink-trimmed tea-gown rainbowing languidly about her slimness. Then, after dinner, her cigarette burning to ashes in her fingers, and her coffee getting cold, she thought profoundly. She looked at the clock, picked up an evening paper.

"'The distinguished strangers'—m—nn—'in town for two days—entertained at dinner—Forward Club this evening—eight-thirty. General Harries-Redding, of England—guest of the Governor—Executive Mansion. General Simpson, General'—m-m," she read it aloud, freely skipping. "'Also stopping with Governor'—Oh! 'General McLennan and Secretary of War Warrington, who was a colonel in France and was—' We know that, old top. Oh, *he's* staying at the San Antonio? Oh! That's simpler."

The clock. Eight-five. He wouldn't be gone quite yet. The psychological second. "Oh!" Being alone with her cold coffee and her galloping cigarette, she tossed out arms and drew in a breath. "I hate to be turned down," she remarked. "But I want to ask him, and why shouldn't I, and I will."

The many-splendored tea-gown dropped in front of a telephone-table. "University—3300," she remarked. "San Antonio Hotel," came back in a thin, bitterly displeased voice.

"Will you please give me Secretary of War Warrington?" Isabel continued, and made faces at the wall. "That can't be the way to ask for him over the wire. Sounds sub-half-witted," she reflected. The usual desperate duel with the usual telephone-girl determined on outwitting subscribers; then a cold shiver of apprehension as a crisp, deep word or two dropped across space. Then:

"Mr. Secretary, this is Miss Barton whom you met this afternoon at the governor's. Do you remember?"

A breath of pause. Then: "Yes. I remember."

Oh, my Lordy! Was *that* the way he took it? On she plunged. "I expect you're deep in dates and you'll think me quite mad, but—would you dine at my house and go on to the theatre to-morrow night?" Silence. *Silence.* Would he never speak again? At least he might—Ah!

"Thank you very much, Miss Barton. I'd be delighted."

The world flopped up and down.

Quiet tones continued: "There's a large affair on at the arsenal, but I only have to put in my nose during the evening, and if you'd allow me, I could jump into a taxi and drive there between the acts."

"I'll have my car waiting. I'm so glad— Awfully nice to get you—Oh, seven-thirty!"

It was done. "I give you my word," remarked Isabel to nobody, "I wouldn't go through that strain again for a button." She tossed off the cold coffee. "Now for Adorablest."

"Who?" inquired Adorablest peevishly down the wire. "Oh! Want anything? I'm off to the club this second." Rapid remarks for a moment, then:

"My breakfast is at seven-thirty."

"I'll be in for breakfast," said Adorablest. "Real food, now. 'Night Fifi."

The lamb! And he wanted to see the play. She almost wept at the thought of inviting her best beloved to stay away from her house.

Adorablest for breakfast! In he sailed, radiant. "What's the game, Aunt Maria?"

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With stammering and apologies she told him. And he mingled the news with iced melon, with pints of double cream on shredded wheat, with slabs of fresh butter on hominy muffins, with three cups of dripped Porto Rican coffee and curls of bacon and shirred eggs and marmalade, and things that Isabel Barton never thought of eating for her own breakfast. So mingled, the news did not affect him seriously.

"Of course I'll drop out. I told you he was a peach. I saw you gunning for him yesterday."

"I did *not*," indignantly. "It just happened. But I had a bee-yutiful time," she conceded; "and he's full of charm down to his finger-tips. And in 'em."

"What do you know about his finger-tips, woman?" demanded the captain suspiciously, taking two more muffins. "Look here, Aunt Maria. You've had beaux all your days, and you're forever gleaning a new one. If that's all, so be it. But there's a drunken light in your left eye as of the great god Love——"

"Disgusting," interpolated Isabel.

"There is. Someth'n' fierrce. Maybe I'll telegraph Freddie to come on. He could make it by six. You're a betrothed woman, Maria. A chattel—Freddie's chattel. Bound, chained, tied up for life."

"Rudy," moaned Isabel, "Rudy, don't! You'll make me break it by telegraph this second."

"Well, I always told you *I* wouldn't be engaged to Freddie Miller. He's too soft around the chin," set forth Rudolph remorselessly. "But you would do it, and now you've got to behave. All right to play around with Colonel Warrington, and I don't blame you for falling for him. He's corking. Wonderful officer and a bully man. As you say, he's got a twist on him—you'd call it charm. Maybe. The men all like him, and the women—oh, my!"

"I don't believe he's a lady-killer," considered Isabel.

"Oh, you don't? More bacon, please. In a way you're right. Not strictly a lady-killer." Munching. "He could be, only he doesn't give a damn. He's had a hell of a life, anyhow. Coffee, please."

"'A hell of a life?'" Isabel repeated it.

"Here! Give up the marmalade, can you?" demanded Rudolph.

Then he stood up. "Full," he stated. "Can't do with the marmalade. *Rempli. Complet.* You've given me proper eats, Fifi, and I love you for it." He took her by one ear to be kissed.

"Rudy! You can't go till you tell me what hell of a life he's had."

"He? Who?" Rudolph's soul without reservation was on food. "Oh, the colonel? Why, he— Oh, it's too long. All you need to know is that he's worried through his hell creditably, and now he's alone in the world, and a good thing it is. Fifi, why are you standing on your toes lapping up that stuff? It's none of your business, woman. Freddie's your business, and you leave the colonel alone. Be faithful. How full of food I am, Aunt Maria! Kiss me. I hope you have a horrid time." He was gone.

The dinner was like other dinners, but the guest of honor made it a more brilliant little dinner than it had dreamed of being. He fitted into the combination of the Jack Ballairs and the rest, and appeared to like them all. In fifteen minutes they were all quite mad about him. Isabel was bursting with pride.

"You don't seem homesick for the arsenal party, Mr. Secretary."

And the very sufficient answer which she got was a straight, hard look from gray eyes. There was apparently, with this man, a small proportion of words to the amount of things he said.

The lights went low in the theatre; the play was on. It was one of the few wonderful plays of late years.

There was not a syllable from the man in the chair next her whose broad shoulder touched hers. The play went on. She was in a world more real, infinitely more important than her everyday world; was he there with her, the man whom she never saw till yesterday? Did this play stir him as it did her? The curtain went down on act one. Lights rippled up. She turned her head.

"Did you like it?"

"Like it! What a word!" He shot it at her with narrowed eyes. "It's tremendous."

The universe, which had held its breath,

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hummed along. He was himself. She had guessed right the riddle behind the screen of his face.

That was all that there was of the evening to Isabel. Most of us live in salient points; one doesn't remember the unimportant in-betweens. But as he said good night he grinned a little, not mirthfully, rather perfunctorily. "I'll be in Washington a while now—till they elect a new President, anyhow. Let me know if you come there, won't you? Maybe you'll take it in on your wedding trip. People do."

Again the queer, forced grin. So he knew. Mrs. Seymour had told him, probably, or maybe Rudolph. In any case he knew. And he was gone. The incident was closed.

So she believed. Why then should a ship which, supposedly, had passed in the night, anchor close by and stay there? For so it happened in her memory. She set her will against it, and her will was a feather in a gale. One might as well be in a forest and decide not to smell balsam. Likely he forgot, the next day; she knew that; she repeated it in a number of forms a number of times.

Till at last, months later, when the obsession did not stop, and when Freddie Miller, plunging into her dream, as he had every right to plunge, had come to be a daily agony, she finally wrote a letter. As kindly, as affectionate a letter as one can write to break with one's fiancé. She told Freddie with a very real ache that it had been a mistake. The doing was not pleasant, and the aftermath was wretched, but yet it was a huge relief. She was not, at least, living a lie. For the rest of her days now she would be alone, but there are worse fates, and Yvonne was a Rock of Gibraltar, and Adorablest a spring of fresh water in a dry land. But —tragedy of an officer's career—Adorablest was going away; ordered to the ends of the earth; hardly could she face it to carry on without him. Very little had been said of the broken engagement, but Adorablest approved, and in some unspoken way she gathered that Adorablest understood. A boy who loves one and who understands is one of the outstanding best things. And with that, about two weeks before he was due to leave, she was ill. Not particularly ill to begin with, and quite unregenerate as to seeing a doctor.

"Don't be a darned little ass," counselled Adorablest affectionately. "What do you think you know about your works? Plain nothing. Suppose you're mizzable like this, or worse, when I go—I'll be comfy, won't I? Have to go just the same, you know. If you're dying I'll just trot along; that's the charm of naval life. Can't stay to hold your fist, as we arranged."

That evening, alone in her apartment, feverish a little, restless with a queer restlessness which she had never before known, the boy's words came back. She really might die. People did. And if she did— "Oh, he's got to know. I can't leave it at loose ends," she whispered.

An old delightful mahogany desk, her great-grandmother's in Virginia, faced her with just the right low light for writing, with orderly pigeonholes of engraved paper—brown and blue and gray edges, every sort of lovely paper. "Not to be delivered till after death," she began addressing an envelope.

Two weeks later, on his last evening, Captain Ferguson stood in the living-room of the apartment with the color gone out of his face and his blue eyes wild.

"I don't believe a word of it," he gasped at the nurse. "It can't be. Last night you told me she was better."

The nurse shook her head. "Not better. I said she wasn't worse than at noon. She was very ill last night, but to-night—" The nurse stopped.

"I don't believe it! You don't any of you know a thing. Isn't there any typhoid expert? Can't I get some more doctors? My God, somebody has to save her. It's all dumb stupidity to let her die, I tell you. Nobody does so much for everybody else; she's *the* woman who can't die; she means everything to bunches of people; she's—all I've got." The deep, fresh voice trailed into a sob unashamed. "She *can't*," whispered Adorablest defiantly.

"Here's the doctor coming from her room," spoke the nurse, shaken by the boy's despair. "Talk to him, captain."

"She can't die, doctor." The lad faced him wrathfully. "She's too game. And too necessary. And too full of life." He choked; went on. "I've got to leave with

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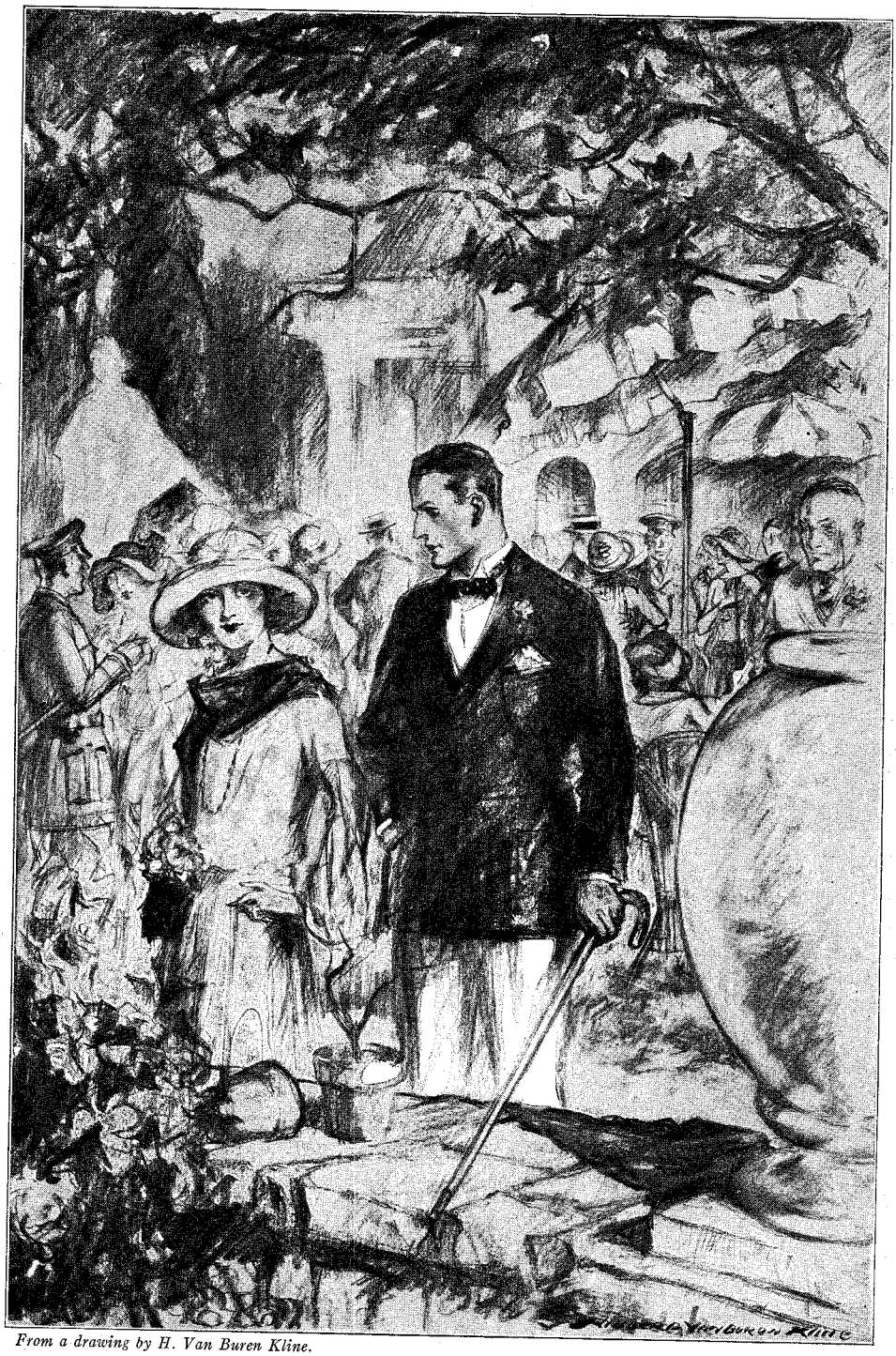

From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

"I asked you to show me Colonel Warrington, the new secretary of war."—Page 628.

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my ship at midnight, doctor. I can't, by any means, stay on. I've got to be out of here in ten minutes. Won't you give me hope to help me leave her?"

The doctor, his wise, kind eyes on the distracted face, only laid a hand on the boy's arm.

"You won't? You won't?" Adorablest cried. "Oh, damn everything." He dropped into a chair by a table and flung out his arms, and his head fell between them, and he cried out loud like a little child.

The doctor put an arm around the broad shoulders. "My dear boy," he said. "My dear boy, I wish I might give you hope. She may live a day possibly," he said, "for her vitality is amazing, but I think—I think to-night."

Rudolph got up, mopped his poor face with no attention to doctor or nurse. He swayed, standing before them. "I've got a letter of hers," he began, stammering with the effort for control. "It's to be sent if—when——"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"I'm off in three hours. I'll be heaven knows where. Shall I send it to-night, d-doctor?"

"Yes," nodded the doctor.

"I'm g-going in there?"

The doctor nodded again. "It can't hurt her, now."

Five minutes, and the boy stumbled out half blind, dazed, to meet Yvonne with scarlet eyes in the hall, who kissed his hand and gave him his hat. And then somehow the officer of the United States went back and did his duty.

The secretary of war had been away on the President's yacht. There was mail when he got back to his office which had not been sent on. An envelope was addressed in a handwriting which he did not know, but he caught the circle of blotty letters of the postmark and opened it quickly, flapping over to the signature. Copperthwaite, his secretary, attentive, waiting, saw without looking that he slid the sheets back into the envelope and put the letter into an inner pocket; he saw also, being observing, that the secretary of war was agitated. Which was not his affair. The special letter did not get to be taken out of that pocket for half an hour, and then a hard-pressed official might count on fifteen minutes alone. What he read was as follows:

"*Dear Mr. Secretary.* If you ever read this I shall be dead. So I'm as free as a bird to say what I choose. I'm ill, and I have a something-tells-you by which I think that I'm to be very ill. I couldn't settle comfortably beyond without your knowing what you meant to me. Maybe you do know. Maybe it isn't possible that one personality could so draw another and so hold it without knowing. I know nothing of your life; I was tied. I hadn't a right to that state of mind. I put you outside my thoughts. And found you at the core of them. As if you were the air and I had to breathe you. You were there. Before I opened my eyes mornings. In the middle of business— At night. Your big shoulders—the right one against mine at the play. I was conscious of it all the time. What am I writing? But I'm dead, you know. Dead as Cheops when you read this. I can say what pleases me, and it pleases me to tell you. You'll see I couldn't be engaged to somebody else with you— So after I'd clawed and bitten to be free of you for months and you wouldn't budge, I broke my engagement. I'm free now to dream. Do you remember the people in that play—'Outward Bound'? How real they were, how exactly as they had made themselves to be year after year on earth? I've insisted that I'll be dead, but I won't. I'll be like that, going on much as I am now, so that, however things are, you'll be in my heart. And I'm guessing that some day out there I'll look up and see you standing by me, with the held-in-leash smile and the grim, wistful mouth, and, somehow, inscrutably, it will be all right. The Bon Dieu will manage. So in this letter I come to you out of the shadows, not dead, only outward bound."

The signature.

Three months after this letter was received there was a meeting of governors of many States in Washington. The great of the land were asked here and there to meet the visiting dignitaries, and on an evening, in a drawing-room, Governor and Mrs. Seymour found the secretary of war. Polite and bromide remarks were made, with, however, a feel-

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ing not bromide, for these were real people and thought well of each other.

"Aren't we going to lure you to our country soon again?" the governor inquired. "If I cook up a political crisis won't you come and toboggan about it? Our garden's quite as nice in winter as in summer. Mrs. Seymour does bonfires and lanterns and hot food in it. Also drinks. On top of a bit of stiff exercise. But I can't hold out hopes of Miss Barton this time. I remember you liked her."

The face of the secretary of war was a controlled face. Mrs. Seymour wondered if he really went pale. And why.

"She's gone, Miss Barton," the governor went on regretfully. "We miss her."

Warrington's eyes flashed angrily. He stared at the governor.

"You know," Mrs. Seymour took up the thread, "Isabel Barton had a severe illness. They thought she was dying; gave up hope. And then, in a surprising way, she rallied. But the minute she was able she went away, with only her maid, and left no address for anybody. She's simply dropped out. She'll come back sometime, but meanwhile it's a grievance. She ought to let us know."

The secretary was staring at Mrs. Seymour in a queer way. It was embarrassing, almost rude. She had said nothing out of the common; merely she had told him casual news of a casual acquaintance of his, a friend of hers. She decided, not being an inquisitive person, that the secretary was tired and could not focus on small talk. "How are you, yourself?" She spoke with friendliness. "Not working too hard for your country, I hope?"

Warrington certainly was odd. "She's alive," he said in a hard voice. And said no more.

"Alive? Oh!—Isabel. Yes indeed, but I wish I knew where," answered Mrs. Seymour. "Nice of you to take an interest. I'll tell her when I see her." The waves of the sea of society swept them apart.

Three weeks later. Venice. Hotel Europa. The old Palazzo Giustiniani sitting where it has sat for a thousand years, dreaming into the glitter of the Grand Canal. Outside, sunshine and rippling water; gondolas and launches and water craft by the hundred gliding past; inside at a corner table in the dining-room Isabel Barton poring over the bill of fare for lunch; Amadeo, the head waiter, by her side, recommending.

"*Si, si, signora. La signora parla ben' l'italiano. Oggi il piatto speziale è—*" and the rest.

A shadow across the printed card; some one halted close by her table; this hotel was getting too crowded; tourists standing about waiting for a table! The shadow did not move. Isabel tossed up her head, her eyes. And her eyes were clamped as if by a vise to gray, unstirring eyes, which held them as if never, never were they to be let go. Amadeo glanced from one to the other, and slipped out of the picture.

"Go home!" whispered Isabel, turning a slow red. "Oh, go home!"

Warrington sat down. "I've just arrived," he said. "I can't go home yet. When I do you're going with me."

"No!" She flung it back with an effort at conviction. "I won't *have* you chivalrous. At me. Sacrificing yourself. I came six thousand miles—I mean three. Or ten. I came millions of miles. I didn't leave any address. Why should you hunt me to earth, when I don't want you? When I tried so to lose myself?"

"On this planet," remarked the quiet voice, "you won't lose yourself so I won't find you."

Isabel tried to hold her face quiet, to be decent and possible to the view of the interested Americans at the next table. Warrington went on, giving not one continental for the Americans at the next table.

"Don't you want me?" he inquired. There was no answer. "'Chivalrous at' you!" He shook with sudden low laughter; his whole face lighted the way she remembered. "'Chivalrous! Sacrificing!' The last way I am is chivalrous. I'm a lot of other things, if you want to know. I'm happy, happy. I've been looking for you all my life." His eyes were rivets of gray brilliancy. "I knew I'd found you the first day; that play, 'Outward Bound,' settled it. Your shoulder— Your mind, catching thoughts by the same handle as mine. Then—Tommy told me you were engaged. But—now if you think you're going to lose me, knowing what I know, you're mistaken."

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"You don't know a thing. I was dotty. I didn't mean a word of it. I had typhoid and was raving. And you taunt me!"

"Taunt—!" Delighted laughter caught him, lighted him, once again. "Raving! You've raved once too often. I've got the letter. It hasn't been three inches from me since it came. I'll hold you to the last word. I'll——"

"Don't. You can't talk that way. People are looking."

"Perfectly true. No place for us." He stood up and his eyes of a soldier shot orders. Amadeo was on the spot.

"The signore has not lunched?"

"Yes. No. I don't know"; the signore considered; an astonishing bit of paper slid to Amadeo's not reluctant fingers.

"*Grazie. Mille grazie!*" So Amadeo.

"I'll be—we'll be back here for dinner. Save this table. We like it." The signore, with that, grinned at Amadeo out of all proportion, and stood back to let the signora pass.

"Why should I go without my lunch?" demanded Isabel in the hall. "Cave man. Bully. Never was I held up and beaten down like this before."

Warrington stopped short, laughed a little. "I'm a brute beast," he said penitently. "Go back; you're hungry; I'll wait."

Isabel was helpless before the sudden humility. She shook her head. A touch, light and strong, was on her arm. She caught her breath and stood trembling. His shoulder at the play; his hand now, guiding her as they came out. All that had happened over and over in her dreams, but here, now, real, always. His eyes answered her thought; he understood.

"Good for your lines to go without lunch anyhow," he remarked cold-bloodedly, pulling up emotionalness with a strong hand. "Come out in one of those gondola things; dozens outside."

Isabel, dazed, proceeded rather unsteadily through the old, high doorway of the Giustinianis, and down steps of which the last two were awash, and, not noticing such small matters, set her gray-shod and silver-buckled feet before her and walked straight into the Adriatic Sea. Not very far; only the buckled gray shoes. An exclamation from the liveried boat-porter, then a quick grip, a grip of a strong hand already familiar and dear; she was back on terra firma. As firm as it grows in Venice. The porter was the only person who said anything, and that was in Italian; till, after a gondola was backing out of the anchored fleet on its tortuous way to them, there was a tentative murmur about "dry shoes."

"Just one more bullying word—" Isabel looked up with a quiver of laughter and then: "I *never* wear dry shoes. I *always* walk off the steps. I *prefer* my feet wet."

The distressed porter was holding the dressy little gangway with particular care from the steps to the long black craft for the feet that had just been in the sea, that were preferred wet.

"I like 'em wet too," agreed Warrington, staring down with appealing masculine helplessness.

Isabel's pulse executed one more jump. Only Adorablest had ever known, before, the moment to stop coddling. It was a miracle; this strange man understood all around the clock. Understood how it tickled her sense of humor to have him disregard her lunch; how it pleased her profoundly to have him become cold-blooded when emotion was getting too thick; how big tips, if tipping must be, seemed to her comfortable and seemly; and now—not to bother if she did catch cold; not to nag! Everything he did was startlingly right. So:

"What did you come to Europe for?"

The gondola was sliding out into the incredibly vivid traffic of the Grand Canal. They were side by side on scarlet cushions of carved and gilded tall black oak seats; a red carpet lay beneath their feet, and a strip of lovely black carving ran along the inside of the boat. This had been evidently the water-car of some great lord before it descended to business; the finishings were exquisite and it was still well kept. The cushions were clean and the gunwale brass shone like gold.

"What did you come to Europe for?" Out of depths of joy she asked it with reprehensible rudeness, as a woman will do sometimes when she isn't sure. And yet is sub-sure. But can't, for her life, let down all the barricades, not knowing—not knowing if it is indeed the king about to enter. "What did you come for?"

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And she got her answer as straight as he could fire it at her.

"I came to ask you to be my wife."

Silence. All the world holding its breath. Around them the stir and the joyousness of a thousand boats going up and down past the long rows of immemorial palaces; voices calling; bustle and bedlam of an excursion steamer drawing into a wharf; plashing of waves under great oars of gondolas; long weird cries of gondoliers as they passed or turned into *piccoli canali*. All this stir and tumult of the world's sea-city of a bright afternoon. Yet silence. All the earth keeping silence before the supreme moment of these two. With a thousand eyes around, his hand held hers on the red cushion between them; the strong grip hurt her fingers, and she loved the hurt. The low, wide seat of a gondola, backs to the gondolier, is as safe a place to make love in public as ever has been arranged. Quite accustomed, the Italian at the oar took no interest in what was not his business, and somehow forbore to tell them, in gutteral Venetian, which one was Browning's palace, and which the Spanish ex-king's, and where the Princess de Polignac spent her winters. They were as alone as in a forest. The deep tones of the gondolier sent out a heart-rending call, which probably meant "left," or maybe "right." It was a gay boatload of the interested Americans, now still more interested, who passed close; the two did not see them.

The low, wide seat of a gondola, backs to the gondolier, is as safe a place to make love in public as ever has been arranged.

"Will you?"

His voice seemed to have been familiar and dear all her days. Out of a reeling brain she fished up stammering words. "You don't—don't know me," she whispered. "You're quite mad. You've never seen me but twice. I—I may be a devil. I am," How could a man look so hard? "And anyhow you're doing it to—to be noble. Because—you're chivalrous. And —I'm in your power."

An impatient jerk of the proudly set head. "If you say 'chivalrous' again—" Then: "It's too silly. As for being in my

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power—I wish you were. Do you know what would happen? I'd carry you off in this very boat to the American consul, and we'd be married in an hour. Will you?"

She disregarded that, for all the cold shiver of happiness that caught her. "How did you know I was here?"

"Tommy Ferguson, of course. The department got his address. I talked to him in California."

Her eyes widened. Talked to Adorablest—California! "How did you know I wasn't dead?"

"The Seymours; I ran into them. Any more information needed?"

"Yes. How do I know—you'd be—Himself?"

The entire traffic of the Grand Canal, of Venice, of the world once more halted for a second. Then Warrington spoke very gently—and the cosmos swung on. "My belovedest," he said, "you're taking a risk. But I'll give my life to keep you from regretting it."

Suddenly—barricades all down—lower the flag—clear the way for the king! She turned her face, and the look in it was such as all the populace of Venice could not mistake, and she neither knew nor cared. "Don't you know," she asked softly, "don't you know, O you stupid, that there's no risk for me? That you've been the only man always—only—I didn't know you were there. And if there's anything you want me to do—any little thing like dying for you or marrying you—I'd rather—rather—" The stumbling words stopped.

"Say it," the man ordered. "I can't do without it."

"I'd rather—do anything—you want than—eat," finished the passionate sentence with a bump.

Warrington, almost crying with sudden suppressed laughter, caught up her hand, before Venice, and held it against his mouth.

"Then," he said swiftly, "since you'll do"—his voice broke a little—"anything—I want—will you let me tell this blessed Italian to step on the juice and make for the consul's?" He turned his head toward the gondolier, holding her hand fast.

But: "Oh, no," laughed Isabel tremblingly. "'This is so sudden!' I won't. I want—to be engaged—to you—a little. I want a new dress. And we couldn't do it like that, like a shot out of a gun. I don't believe."

"Likely not," agreed the secretary of war. "But we're not youngsters; we ought not to delay and delay. It's quite a while now we've been engaged." And they broke into happy laughter. "It's not so bad being engaged a day or two," he conceded.

"A day or two nothing!" She went on in a halting, breathless way. "You know—Christmas roses? They come—out from under—dead leaves. Snow, sometimes. They're lovely—more than—fat June flowers. White—unexpected—pink flame tips. They thrill—you." She stopped, her eyes questioning.

"Yes," the secretary of war answered attentively. Then in his controlled, quiet voice, but halting a bit, he also: "From under—dead leaves. White flowers—flame-tipped. Love. Ours."

"Maybe blooming through snow, even?" whispered Isabel.

"They will," he assured her. Christmas roses. "Ours will, always."

It was two weeks later when the little *Taormina,* the only boat on which they could get passage, steamed out of Naples Bay. On the strip of forward deck, whatever its name may be, stood Mrs. Warrington, of three days, waiting for the central personality of the solar system, gone now to see about deck-chairs and dining-room seats. There were only a dozen or two first-class passengers; it was like crossing on one's yacht. And in a moment he was there beside her, the central personality, and they were silent a breath of time, searching each the face of the other for an assurance that this thing, beyond earthly happiness, could be true. It was hard to adjust to it as a commonplace.

Then: "Yvonne is unpacking," he said, "and we're not at the captain's table, and the chairs are in the corner you specified. Everything's right; we're passing Sorrento; Capri's close; we're sailing out fast." He stopped for a second, then caught her fingers in his hard grip, and the grim, wistful controlled mouth twisted with difficult words of emotion. "Everything's right; we're sailing out fast; together; outward bound."

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Mrs. Arnold's Smile

BY McCREADY HUSTON
Author of "Wrath," "Dottie," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN S. CURRY

THE peace boom was at its height when I went to New Manchester, so one of the under-secretaries of the Chamber of Commerce drove me over the city to show me what it offered as a place to live. That first afternoon I saw the new pumping-station, the new high school, the new boulevards, the new motor works, the new hotel, the new theatres, and many other marks of growth and prosperity—all new. But when I sat down that night in my room in the new hotel to write to my wife and prepare her mind for moving to New Manchester, of all the things I had seen the only one that I remembered vividly and with curiosity was the smile worn by a woman sitting on a porch on a street the name of which I had forgotten. I sat over the page of hotel writing-paper with that smile before me. It was that kind. On the face of a woman of middle age it demanded an explanation.

As finding a suitable home in New Manchester immediately was out of the question, so rapidly had the thriving industries attracted new families, I decided to ask my wife to spend the summer at an Eastern resort with the children. Looking about then for an agreeable place to stay, and pursuing the address of a possible rooming-house, I had my second contact with that smile. It was the woman herself who received me and led me to the room in which I slept for the next two months. I recognized her instantly by her smile. Her name was Mrs. Caleb Arnold.

Mr. Arnold was an insurance salesman, a man of about fifty-five, tall and spare, who seemed to spend most of his time slipping in and out of business places in which he buttonholed clerks and minor officials with the contents of a bulky, frayed pocketbook from which pamphlets and tables of figures were forever falling, to be pawed at on the floor and recovered by clumsy, large-knuckled fingers that were never clean. He seemed to belong to all of the town's luncheon and dining clubs, and there were a great many, for the popular passion for speeches which swept the nation during and just after the war had caused a weedy growth of societies the principal object of which was to meet, eat a hotel luncheon as quickly as possible, and listen to some local or visiting celebrity declaim a message. This was the heyday of boosting; and Caleb Arnold was a high priest of the new cult of exciting civic pride. That he was a failure in his personal endeavors was not a hindering inconsistency; successes and failures alike could and did boost. It was numbers that counted, and nobody was barred because he himself had not found New Manchester profitable.

If Mrs. Arnold was eating a slice of bread and butter at the kitchen-table while her husband was down-town consuming with marked gusto a chicken-and-mushroom patty and clapping his soiled hands after a prominent bore, she did not show that she resented the situation. She smiled all the time. She had the most beatific smile I had ever seen; and it lighted her face, the matured, experienced face of a woman of fifty, to something suggesting beauty. People I came to know in the neighborhood talked about Mrs. Arnold's smile. She was the model wife and the contented woman.

"There's an ideal couple for you. No frills; no extravagances. Don't even keep a car. Good church members. And Mr. Arnold is a great booster for New Manchester. Now, if everybody was as loyal as Caleb Arnold——"

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Talk ran like that among the men. Women would say:

"Dear Mrs. Arnold is so happy; she just radiates it. Now, if some of our younger women were as contented and as faithful as she is; just stays at home and goes to church. She doesn't even belong to the Centennial Club. She's an example to us all."

New Manchester was a large town of many communities that had been formed as divisions were added by real-estate promoters—realtors they were beginning to be called when I first knew the place. Each community was organic, with its own society and usually its small trading centre, with a drug-store or market that as often as not was the clearing-house for neighborhood information. In Aster Place, where I roomed, Mrs. Arnold and her smile were topics of conversation among all the people, as was Caleb's zeal for his native city. Both Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were definitely classified and catalogued as excellent citizens and happy folk, and any other version of either of them would have brought instant resentment.

After my original acute interest in Mrs. Arnold, finding no substantial ground for a certain scepticism that I had felt upon moving in, I accepted the neighborhood estimate of the couple and speculated no more about them, even though when I passed through the darkened hall unexpectedly one day I saw Arnold turn from his wife rudely and heard his curt refusal of a petition for money. She suspected that I had registered an impression of a family scene, for as I went up the stairs she turned toward me from the shadows below an almost roseate glance, intending, I knew, to disarm me of my suspicions. I concluded that I was too inquisitive and decided that the New Manchester people, having known the Arnolds for years, were correct in their appreciation of their virtues and in their conclusions about their congeniality.

It was not until well into the summer, when my stay in the house was almost at an end, that I had anything definite on which to base a new estimate of the relationships existing in that house. It came at half past two one morning and found me sitting up in bed listening strainedly as one will when sounds are defeated by walls and distance, yet carry the foreboding note of piteous human suffering and dark danger.

The room where the Arnolds slept was down a narrow hall from mine, three doors distant. They were, evidently, having a hideous quarrel, which Mrs. Arnold was hoping to suppress, stifling her own crying and trying to still the abominable abuse of her husband. Stillness ensued suddenly, to be broken presently by two unmistakable sounds, a blow and a fall. I was out of bed and down the hall instantly, trembling with fury. I seized the door-knob and twisted it to enter; but it did not turn, and no further sound came from inside the room. Then I heard a snore, obviously simulated by this brutish man, but a snore nevertheless. He had detected my hand on the door-knob. The pretended snore stopped me, giving me time to visualize the disadvantage of my position, outside the locked bedroom of two whose private concerns were not mine. Besides, I could not prove my convictions. The episode evidently was over; and I might have been mistaken.

I saw myself standing there with my hand on the knob—a rather silly picture. There was nothing for me to do but go back to bed and try to forget the incident.

Arnold appeared below when I did next morning and ambled along beside me under the maples toward the street-car line; and as we walked he talked piously of home life in New Manchester, hoping that I would soon find a vacant house and bring my family to stay.

"It's a great city for homes. Sixty per cent of the families here own their houses. We're a great church town, too. You wouldn't believe there were sixty-eight churches here, would you? New Manchester is as strong on schools as any city in the State, too. I want you to come to our Bible class some Sunday soon as my guest. We've got a contest on; every member bring a member with the losing side buying the winners a dinner. We're out to double our enrolment. You'll like our teacher; he's a great talker. I've been a member sixteen years now. I hope you and your wife'll join our church."

He was still talking about the moral

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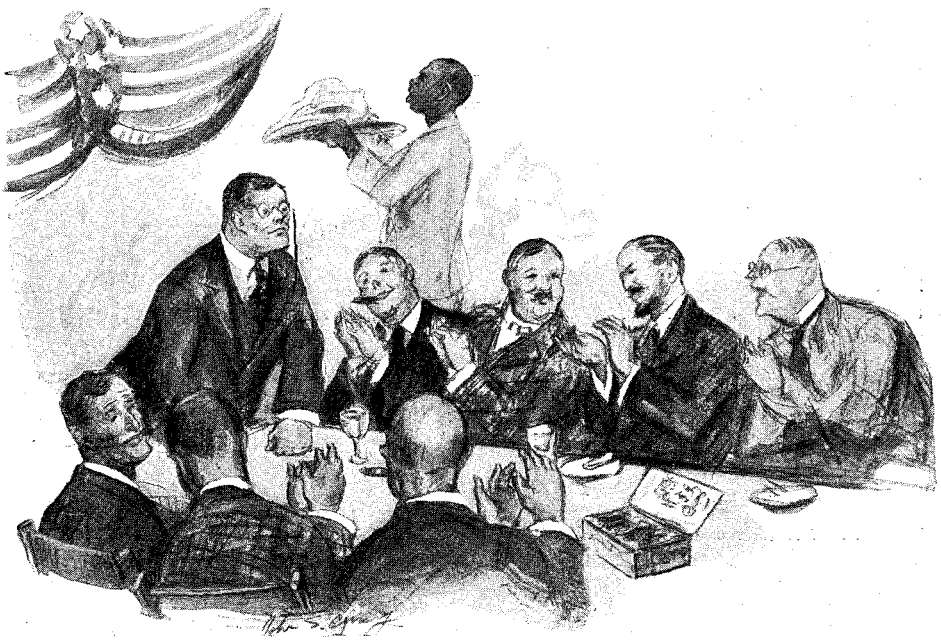
benefits of life in New Manchester when my car came along.

I was impatient to see Mrs. Arnold that day. I was certain that she would show the marks of cruelty; but when I went up the porch steps late in the afternoon she was sitting in the swing, placid

when he learned where I was staying. "Did you ever see anything like that woman's smile? Arnold isn't any whirlwind at the insurance business, but he's devoted to his wife and he's a loyal booster for the city. It does a fellow good just to see her and realize what she's been



The principal object . . . was . . . to eat a hotel luncheon as quickly as possible, and listen to some local or visiting celebrity declaim a message.—Page 639.

and contemplative. I had intended to talk to her, to give her a chance to explain, if she suspected that I had overheard her weeping in the night; but her look of composure and content as she sat there in her blue gingham dress, the evening paper on her lap, sent me on up to my room disturbed and puzzled.

It developed that the two Arnold children were dead. The son had been killed in action the year before and the daughter had been a victim of the great epidemic within a month after the arrival of the War Department's telegram. Knowledge of those devastations in Mrs. Arnold's life gave her habitual mien a touch of the heroic to the neighbors.

"There's a case where the husband and wife save each other," one of the New Manchester bankers said to me one day through, with the loss of her children and all. Makes a fellow think better of marriage."

She had the photographs of the children side by side on an oval marble-topped table in the front room down-stairs, one of the few parlors that survived the era of living-rooms bulging with stuffed tapestry davenports and armchairs. The room was kept shaded—Mrs. Arnold told me the sun would fade the carpet; and I penetrated it only once. That time I blundered in, having taken a parcel at the door; and there I found Mrs. Arnold in the twilight, with her children's pictures in her hands. She was gazing down at them fixedly. She heard me and turned around, and at that moment I was sure I was about to see her face in repose or desolation.

She was not to be surprised, however,

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for whatever her expression in contemplation of her dead children she turned to me, over her shoulder, her famous smile. I laid the parcel on the mantel and backed out, wondering.

That very night I was roused again by her low moaning, and again I started up, only to return, angry and puzzled, to my bed when the sounds of distress ceased. I was so disturbed by the situation that I made up my mind to leave the next day and go to a hotel for the month that was left before my family was expected. I decided I could not endure the baffling and sinister contradictions of the situation any longer. The household was becoming too much a part of my daily thinking. I was impelled toward breaking through to a solution, and when I was away from Mrs. Arnold I imagined it would be easy to do so. Then, when I came within her range, I was repelled, held at a distance. The affairs of the Arnold house were, flatly, none of my business. I was justified on my own account in leaving.

I had a hard time finding Mrs. Arnold to tell her I was about to go. I groped around the house for some time before I discovered her. The place was larger than it looked from the street, running back through a series of rooms which evidently had been tacked on by some owner or owners as they were needed, without regard to co-ordination with the original building. The house had been the home of Mrs. Arnold's father and it had passed to her. I felt her husband had never acquired such a place by his own efforts, and so I had gratified my curiosity by inquiries. When I came upon her in one of those rear rooms, in which the furniture and fittings seemed to have decayed through lack of care, she dropped her smile for the first time in my experience with her. I paid her two weeks' rent in advance, and she stood there with the check in her hand—soiled, for she had been trying to clean the room. But her smile was gone only a moment, and when I said something about how easy it would be for her to get a new roomer, she assented brightly. Then she added in a moment:

"But they all leave. They never stay much longer than you have."

She looked at me steadily as if challenging me to speak, to allude to my reason for going; and as I returned her look I felt pity and shame for moving. I knew that she knew why I was leaving. What I gathered from her surroundings in those lower rooms that had once been devoted to the pleasant occupations of living was that her life had stopped some years before. She was in the control of the habits of a household drudge, cooking, dusting, moving furniture and old ornaments about; but she had ceased to feel what she was doing. What she did was without significance.

I guessed that her reason for being had departed with her children, and that she was actually operating a kind of treadmill that moved the machinery of a home for Caleb Arnold merely because he was labelled her husband. That was what I was sure of in the moment she was off her guard, without her smile.

I turned and went out, leaving her standing there with my check between her fingers, a dusting-cloth drooping beside her. Pausing in the dark entrance-hall, where the light came through red and blue panes beside the front door, I searched a small table where the letters of the day were usually found. The only piece of mail there was a typewritten postal card notifying Caleb Arnold not to fail to attend the annual outdoor steak fry of the Bible class of which he was such an ardent member.

The next day Arnold was struck by a motor-car, quite accidentally, a moment after he had left the weekly luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce. I heard about it much as I had heard about his wife's smile, for the accident and its peculiar result became immediately the town talk of the hour.

Caleb was not killed. No bones were broken, and there was no blood. He and everybody who ran up as he was tossed against the curb thought he had been knocked down and stunned; and when a policeman examined him and saw he was apparently not hurt, he joked with him on his narrow escape. The policeman was a member of the Bible class, and it served him as humor to tell Mr. Arnold that the flower fund was nearly exhausted and

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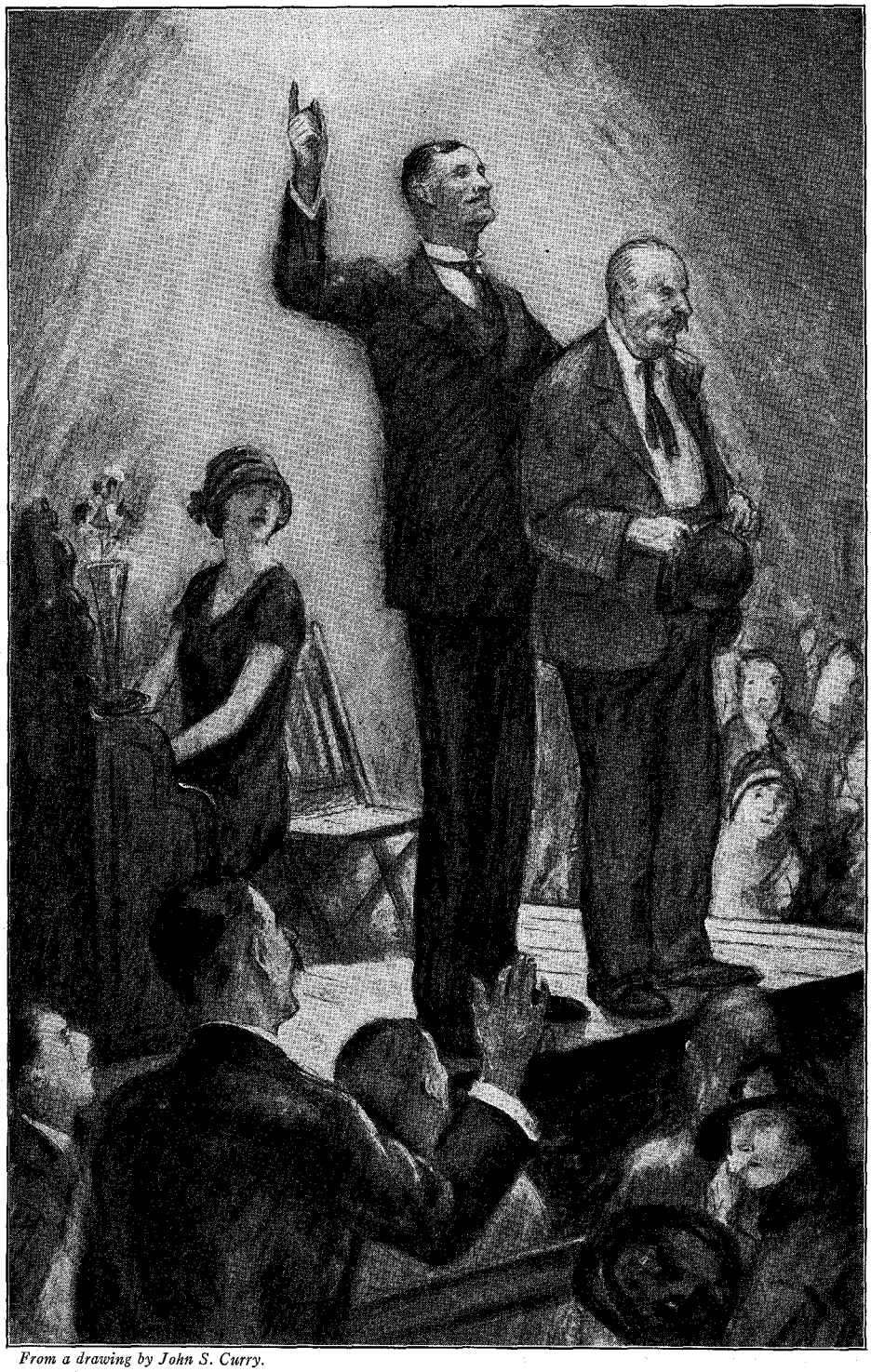

From a drawing by John S. Curry.

He organized a mission Sunday-school away out on Pine Avenue last year and spent a good many of his Sundays out there.—Page 644.

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that Arnold had chosen a poor time to step in front of an automobile. The victim had not a mark to show that he had been struck. But he was paralyzed. He could not move his legs or speak.

He was taken home immediately in the police wagon, carried into the house, and up to his bed. On the journey up the stairs the bearers were preceded by Mrs. Arnold, who had been warned by the minister of her church, telephoned to instantly by one of those persons who always turn up to attend to such matters. All who described the home-going of Caleb Arnold—and many repeated the story to me because I had lived in the house—said the same thing. Mrs. Arnold was a brave woman. She had greeted the paralyzed man with her comradely, sympathetic smile, and it had never left her. She was a wonderful woman and an example to everybody.

I went to see her, of course. She opened the door and led me up-stairs to where Caleb lay. He had been moved to a bedroom of one of the dead children, that of the son who had gone to the war. He was conscious and suffered no pain. He simply could not walk or speak, and, according to the doctor, there was nothing to do but wait and see. He might recover fully; he might, eventually, walk or creep about; or he might never move again. I went out as quickly as I dared. The tragic implications were those of a living death. Mrs. Arnold followed me to the porch and stood in the doorway with her hands knotted in her gingham apron.

"I wanted to explain about the room the other day," she said. "You've seemed so close to me, for a stranger. I knew you'd leave when your family came on, but I wanted to keep you as long as I could. The rent from that room was all I've had to live on for a good while."

She said it simply, looking up and down the pleasant street and contradicting all of the conventional ideas about the proper manner for a woman afflicted. She wore her smile. A neighbor passed, looked up, and said good morning, adding an inquiry about Caleb. Mrs. Arnold returned the greeting cheerfully and said he was as well as could be expected. I knew what that neighbor would say: What a wonderful woman; what Christian fortitude.

"He's been wanting to mortgage this house for the last year," she went on quietly. "It's my house and I've fought his touching it. If you heard anything at night while you were here, it was mostly about that. Of course, there were other things. He organized a mission Sunday-school away out on Pine Avenue last year and spent a good many of his Sundays out there. One night a woman came to the house. It seems as if she was the organist at the mission."

She paused, seemed to be considering just how much she might say on that point.

"I really thought," she went on, "that all of that sort of thing had stopped long ago. I kind of quit expecting it after the children died, anyway. Funny how a woman'll expect what she wants and imagine things are the way she thinks they ought to be. So when this woman came here looking for Caleb and making threats, I was almost frantic; it was such a setback. I thought I was going to have to begin all over again with him."

That was about enough on that score, evidently. She went on:

"But our troubles have been mostly about money. He was possessed to get his clutches on the house and borrow on it or sell it; and I wouldn't even discuss it. He would tell me how the town was booming and how he could use this house as a starter for getting into the real-estate business. But I wouldn't listen. I want to keep the children's place. They were both born here and their things are here."

She stopped. I didn't urge her further. She had yielded to some hidden impulse to unburden herself a little and that was enough for me. She shook hands, asked me to come again sometime, and closed the door.

The man who lived opposite was just backing his automobile out of his garage, and motioned for me to get in if I was going down-town.

"Pathetic," he commented gloomily, jerking a thumb toward the Arnold house. "I've known them for twenty years. Nice people. Devoted to one another. He'd have done anything for his wife, especially since they lost their children. And now they say he's paralyzed; can't speak or move. Terrible for that poor

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woman. My wife and I have been intending to go and see them."

He seemed to enjoy enlarging on Mr. Arnold's misfortune and Mrs. Arnold's burden in choppy periods composed of syrupy generalities. I was glad to get out of the car.

She waits on Mr. Arnold hand and foot, mornings, evenings, and Sundays.—Page 646.

At the club where many of the professional men of New Manchester lunched, Caleb Arnold's laying low was discussed over two or three noons. It brought the insurance men into consideration. Men quizzed them over the coffee and cigars about indemnities for accidents that left their victims totally and permanently disabled. "Now, suppose I was walking back to my office and a cornice should fall on my head," one would begin, and would end with a fine hypothetical question about an income from insurance. It seemed to be taken for granted that Mr. Arnold, having been in insurance, must have been thoroughly protected, so the talk could drift comfortably and rather aimlessly with men who were covered by a variety of expensive policies expatiating sagely upon the merits of their favorite forms.

The doctors were drafted, too. Expert testimony on Mr. Arnold's chances of getting about was wanted. The talkers seemed to draw a feeling of having done their duty by the victim from discussing his case. And when the doctors, their cigars cocked toward the ceiling, would say, "Well, of course I haven't seen the

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case, but from what I've heard I should say his chances were about even," the groups in the lounge of the little club would separate for bridge or billiards with a sense of obligation fully discharged.

I soon satisfied myself about the insurance on my next visit to the Arnold home. He had no accident policies and no savings. An overdraft at one bank and a small note, due in three months, at another were the essential details of what amounted, practically, to insolvency. It passed through my mind that Mrs. Arnold might have to convert her house into cash. The neighbors, however, assumed that the Arnolds would be comfortable. The druggist of Aster Place said, as I waited for a car at his corner:

"He's always been thrifty; a plain liver and a saver. And they have that house. It isn't as if they'd be broke."

I was away from New Manchester for a month, getting my family ready to move, and three weeks passed after I came back before I could go to see Mrs. Arnold. I took early leave of the office one afternoon in the middle of October and drove out there. Caleb was seated on the porch in a comfortable rocking-chair and beside him was a stand on which were magazines, newspapers, and a tablet. He recognized me, of course, but he did not speak. Nodding, he fumbled at the tablet, and in a moment had scrawled a message.

"Mrs. Arnold is down-town," he wrote. "She works at the freight-office now."

He handed it to me and waited for me to reply. I started to write and then caught myself. Of course, he could hear perfectly. He looked clean and well kept. I sat with him a few minutes, receiving his pencilled messages and answering them in the careful way one drops into when talking with the sick. I told him I would come back and bring him some new magazines and some cigars.

"It's mighty hard at my age," he commented in writing as I was saying good-by. I did not understand whether he meant it was hard because he was old or considered himself young. Recalling what his wife had said about the angry descent of the organist from Pine Avenue, I concluded that Caleb did not think of himself as aged.

Getting him a glass of water, I covered the lower rooms to the kitchen; and, going and coming, I was struck by the change in their appearance. They were cleaner, brighter, and more livable. Even the old parlor was different. It was open; the blinds were raised and it had an air of vitality and cheer. Certainly, the house was not mournful now, though before it had given me the impression that it had been blighted. Mrs. Arnold somehow was managing to give it more attention now than she had when her husband was well. I stood on the porch, looking back through the hall. Perhaps that was not it; perhaps what she did now, mornings and evenings, in addition to her work in the freight-station and in attendance on the invalid, was more effective.

I turned to the man in the chair again. He wrote that he could get into the house in five minutes by holding on to things, but he could not speak and never would work again. He wrote that he was through; all he could do easily was to sit and read.

"Poor Mrs. Arnold," the woman next door said, hailing me as I started away. "She's such a good soul. She's so bright and cheery with all her troubles. Waits on Mr. Arnold hand and foot, mornings, evenings, and Sundays. She's got a real nice job down at the freight-office, though. Clerical work. Gets ninety dollars a month, they say. I don't see how she ever does it, but she's never lost her smile a minute. Seems like it's a shame, though, for her to be gone all day and him just sitting there helpless. But I guess maybe they ain't as well fixed as everybody thought."

I had a hard time finding Mrs. Arnold at the freight-station. Such places always seem arranged by an involved plan as baffling to laymen as it is clear and natural to railroad people. Dozens of clerks were to be seen by peering through windows marked for various steps in the process of sending and receiving goods; and they all seemed to be doing the same thing to stacks and sheaves of yellow and pink papers. It was chilly on the platform from which I looked across a wooden sill, wide enough for truckmen to rest their corduroyed arms upon while they signed their names.

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The rooms were gloomy and none of the men and women inside looked very happy. I knew they were, probably. I had once worked in railroad offices and had discovered that if a person has the railroad feeling he can be as happy in a freight-office as anywhere else; but the railroad feeling is indispensable, and not everybody has it. One must be born with it or begin to acquire it very young; and so I was sceptical about Mrs. Arnold. Poring over car numbers and bills of lading in a drafty, dark office, amid infinite detail, laborious reports, and irritating red tape, would soon strip her face of that smile; the more quickly because she must begin and end every day with the nursing of her mute and helpless husband. I thought, here, at last, I shall see her as she really is.

"Ten dollars a month—it's the first money I've ever had of my own in my life."—Page 648.

She came to meet me across a vast and dismal room, a room that carried the acrid scent of locomotive smoke. She had already taken on the air of the gray-headed woman clerk, thrusting a pencil through her sparse back hair and fidgeting with the brown paper cuffs that were still strange enough to her to make her uncomfortable. Her features were veiled

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by the twilight that usually pervades such places, and she was close to the window before I could distinguish her face with conviction. She reached above the opening on her side and turned on a bright electric lamp of the harsh mill type. The light flooded downward, revealing her face to me in every fine tracing.

She still smiled. And the smile was genuine; there could be no doubting that. I was immediately puzzled and embarrassed.

"I have just come from the house," I said. "Mr. Arnold told me you were working here, and your next-door neighbor said you had a good position. Of course I am glad that it is good."

"Mrs. Simpson was very curious, and when I wouldn't give her the details, she fixed the salary herself. She probably told you what I am getting."

I nodded.

"Well, the wages are actually seventy dollars a month instead of the ninety she mentions to people. But Caleb thinks I am getting sixty. I thought it best to let him think that. I thought that at my time of life I was entitled to something of my own that I wouldn't have to account for. Ten dollars a month—it's the first money I've ever had of my own in my life."

We confronted each other across the ledge.

"Your house looks as if you are managing to meet things; and your patient, I can see, lacks nothing. How about the work here—tedious? I have had some experience in offices like this."

"I ought to think so. The girls who work here do, and they are always quitting. But I actually enjoy it. I love it. It's mine; and I'm let alone eight hours every day, six days a week. Nobody can take that from me. The house looks better because I'm free now. I have more energy now than I ever had, although I can't let on to any one. I am not unhappy."

"I expected your smile would be gone by this time. You know it made you famous in New Manchester."

She looked across my shoulder, thinking, and did not answer immediately.

"Caleb thinks it's put on now," she answered presently. "So does the preacher. So do the neighbors who come in. They think I'm a heroine now. But I'm not anything of the kind."

"I can believe your smile isn't put on now. It looks like the real thing."

"That's what it is. Don't you see how it is? The smile I wore around this town for thirty years, up till the time of Caleb's accident—that was false. It was the one that was put on. The one people notice now and talk about to each other—it's natural."

She paused and for a moment her face became grave. She laid a hand over one of mine as it lay on the seamed wooden counter.

"I was sort of waiting for you to come back to town. I had an idea you had just about made up your mind how things were, but I wanted to let you know. With Caleb dumb and laid up, I can really smile now for the first time in years. And with people thinking I'm a heroine and all that, why, that gives me a chance to be happy without thinking how I look. Let them all go on feeling sorry for me and admiring my courage if they want to—I'm living my life at last."

"Mrs. Arnold! Mrs. Arnold! Telephone!" The shrill, slightly quarrelsome voice of a girl clerk came to us from the room behind.

"Well, I must get back to work; come and see us sometime." She withdrew a few steps among the array of desks. I started down the long, dusky platform toward the street. After I had gone a little distance I glanced back through the window into the lighted office; and as I did so I thought Mrs. Arnold turned for an instant, raised a hand toward me in farewell, and smiled.

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Bread and Stones

BY CAROL PARK
Author of "President Vergilius Alden Cook of Harmonia College"

THE congregation rose. Doctor Hubert Daniel Gray, with uplifted hand, began the benediction: "May the Lord lift up His face." His voice, honeyed, soft-pitched, caressed the words. "May the Lord be with you and give you peace. Amen."

The *amen* had scarcely left his lips when the organ (eighteen-thousand-dollar gift of the Brandons in memory of their daughter), played by Jacques Fuller (five thousand dollars a year just for his church services), broke into a hearty recessional. Doctor Gray descended from his pulpit to greet the members of his congregation.

Doctor Gray rather prided himself upon the way he had built up such personal contacts in the Sixth Street Church. The number of worshippers who stayed after service to exchange touch-and-go remarks with their pastor had grown steadily. Children came up in an eager line, receiving—not as a reward, Doctor Gray insisted, but as a recognition—little greeting cards, adorned with wreaths and doves and sublimated by a Biblical quotation. (At the end of the church year, Doctor Gray gives a prize to the child with the largest number of cards. Last year, the little boy who won it had more cards than there had been church services.) Women with nodding plumes and lorgnettes, sufficiently sure of their social position to be able to withstand any whim of style, held his hand and allowed him to smile his Sabbath greeting into their eyes. Mrs. Brandon, flushed by her weekly sentimental orgy, told him how wonderful his sermon had been and invited him to dinner Thursday night. Men in cutaways and gray trousers slapped him on the back and allowed only a sly "Do you remember?" look to suggest the secret week-day pleasures they shared with him.

Yes, Doctor Gray told himself, he had built up his congregation into a live, socializing force. If he noticed at all that the young men and women, the college students, the professional men, the social workers, were falling off in attendance; or if he saw that those of them whom habit and need still brought to his weekly service hastened away without talking to him; or if he recalled their restless movements during his sermons; he dismissed his misgivings and made a mental note that he must organize a new society to bring the young folks together.

Doctor Gray believed in organization. As he hurried to his study to exchange gown for overcoat, and thence to Mr. Seaton's limousine, which was to carry him to the Seatons' elaborate Sunday dinner, he had his plans for the new society sufficiently well formulated so as to require no further thought.

II

DOCTOR GRAY'S church, itself, is a happy tribute to the man's faculty for organization. When he came to it, eighteen years ago, it was a small congregation worshipping fervently enough in an old, sadly neglected building. Doctor Henderson, whose death had left their pulpit vacant, had felt that pews and roofs were less important than spirit and soul; and his congregation, enthralled by their leader's personality, had been willing to accede to his opinion. A certain community reputation for earnestness and even for aristocracy sustained them. But when it came to the point of choosing a successor, they became aware of an undercurrent of feeling, never definitely expressed, only rarely suggested, a dread of being called old-fashioned and retrogressive.

Doctor Gray, through what seemed a ready facility of language and through references to contemporary religious and social conditions, was able in his trial ser-

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mon to impress a sufficient number of influential board members to be called to the waiting pulpit. Their choice gave the congregation a sense of being progressive. As for the elements of earnestness and of aristocracy, Doctor Gray seized upon them as selling points to bring outsiders into his church and to build a bigger and better congregation.

Mr. Brandon, the wealthy lawyer and politician, who found it more profitable to refuse than to accept nominations to office; and Mr. Seaton, the equally wealthy manufacturer of bottle caps, known as the Man Behind the Mayor, were induced to take a more active interest in church affairs than could be manifested by the mere act of sending their children to Sunday-school and their wives to Sunday service. The congregation grew. At Doctor Gray's suggestion, Mr. Brandon was made chairman of its board of trustees. There is some advantage in having well-known men at the head of any institution. Doctor Gray was aware of this fact and made the most of it. Men, realizing the value of being able to call Mr. Brandon and Mr. Seaton "brother," joined the growing group. Women, hoping to sew aprons and drink tea with Mrs. Brandon and with Mrs. Seaton, flocked to church and brought their husbands with them. Only a few, a very few, of the oldest members failed to welcome this infusion of new blood.

Doctor Gray was jubilant. He was now a religious force in the community. But he felt cramped by the material conditions about him. So, as the number of his members increased, his plans developed for an elaborate building to house his worshippers. A valuable site was bought, a money-raising campaign begun, and a building erected.

It is a most impressive building, the subject for a series of post-card views. It contains a kitchen and dining-room for community dinners; a gymnasium and a swimming-pool; meeting-rooms; an auditorium with a stage well equipped for theatricals; and—oh, yes— a church for Sunday services. The building is only five years old; but the church has just been redecorated. If the result is somewhat suggestive of the very newest and very loudest moving-picture palace, nobody but the most conservative element objects. Possibly such an intention was in the mind of the building committee, of which Doctor Gray is naturally a member.

"We must do what we can to get the young people to come" is the principle underlying most of his decisions.

In line with this policy, Doctor Gray chooses modern, vital subjects for his weekly sermons. The latest play he has seen, the newest best-seller he has read, serves as his text. The exposition of his views is usually—well, interesting.

For he has a naïve mind. Every intellectual idea impresses him with new wonder and each seems as great to him as any other. His formal education has been superimposed upon a background widely vacant of learning and of culture. Ambition and energy enabled him to outgrow a family greatly impressed with the thought of having a son at university and seminary. The result of this combination is a willing receptivity, an eagerness to welcome Plato and Trine, Karl Marx and Henry Ford, Meredith and Kyne, St. Augustine, Roosevelt, Michael Angelo, and Carpentier within the same loving circle of what he calls his mind.

His inability to reject leads to curious concatenations in his sermons. A train of ideas must be followed laboriously and painstakingly to its end, regardless of what that end may be. The oratory which first impressed his hearers has not developed with age. Symbols and catchwords assume a greater importance than the ideas they represent. As a result, his sermons are a garbled mixture of platitudes and quotations, hurled into inchoate sentences, and decorated with studied phrases like: "glorious fulness of womanhood," "dedication in purse and person," "somehow, somewhere, somewhen." Doctor Gray has one particularly pathetic discourse in which he is wont to tell the Lord of the death of some young child. His reference to the tiny bud plucked so early before it had a chance to flower in the noonday sun, but gathered to a perfumed spot in its Father's lovelier garden, invariably moves some of the mourners seeking the consolation of religion.

Some few of his members are able to sit quietly through his sermons only by listening for words that show the influence

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of the crossword puzzle. But Mrs. Antrim, whose diamond necklace is the boast of the congregation, whose husband made his second million rather suddenly after the prohibition amendment, and whose own schooling stopped at the eighth grade, thinks his sermons are "just lovely," and tells him so.

"I am so glad, my dear lady, that they bring you help and—may I be bold enough to say?—inspiration," is Doctor Gray's invariable reply.

III

An active church cannot fulfil its purpose simply by having services on one day of the week. The Sixth Street Church is a very centre of activity and so has a number of groups deriving incentive from it, and from Doctor Gray.

Its Sabbath-school, for example, is quite wonderful. Little boys and girls, more or less protestingly dressed in Sunday best, are sent with maid or family chauffeur to the school. (The lines of waiting machines are quite impressive.) Doctor Gray is supervisor, and for superintendent to assist him in working out the details of pedagogy and of routine he has chosen the principal of one of the city schools. Together, they have built up a fine organization. An electric bell has been installed to sound the end of periods. Volunteer teachers brought up in the tradition of the school and the congregation have been replaced by others, "paid teachers," Doctor Gray says with no unworthy pride, "over whom we have control. They are all trained in pedagogy." An elaborate system of fire-drills, too, has been arranged and a most efficient method of recording lateness and absence.

The school has been organized into a self-governing body, with mayor, council, party platforms, and elaborate election campaigns. This year it was found necessary to limit the amount of money a candidate might spend in his campaign for office. Because religion is active and cannot neglect the body, there is a school basket-ball team, which competes with other teams; and this spring there is to be a baseball nine. Things are done in no half-hearted way; so there has been chosen a full corps of cheer leaders.

The first cheer they submitted to the school Doctor Gray objected to. It ran:

> "Rah, rah, rah,
> Sis boom bah,
> Hot dog, hot dog,
> Bow, wow, wow.
> Our Sunday-school's
> The cat's meow."

His objections, however, were met by substituting "our basket-ball team" for "our Sunday-school." One morning a month the closing assembly is devoted to practising school songs and cheers.

If the student-government announcements, if the lengthy directions to children and teachers, if the discussions of game schedules take up much time from the religious assembly, there is still sufficient time left for a short talk by Doctor Gray on his last trip to the Holy Land and for the salute to the flag. "Our country is our religion" Doctor Gray announces beamingly as the school color-guard advances to the platform.

The children in their franker moments openly declare a preference for the moving-picture version of the Ten Commandments and for Charlie Chaplin over Doctor Gray. But, soothed by occasional ice-cream treats, they attend sessions without too much struggling.

Doctor Gray enjoys the sight of three hundred young, enthusiastic soldiers of the Lord assembled before him. In words calculated to appeal to the heart and mind of the child, he tells them how much religion means to them. They, squirming and restless, are unable to deny the truth of what he says. His interest in them, however, is personal as well as professional. With a fatherly pat on the head or a chuck under the chin he is confident he wins his way to their affections.

IV

The kindly, paternal attitude which Doctor Gray maintains toward his Sabbath-school scholars can be—not discarded, but modified for his purposes in the Men's Club. There Doctor Gray is a regular he-man.

The ostensible object of this club is that of building up interest in the church. One must not, however, thrust this purpose flauntingly before the men—one must

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first win the men over. So there are monthly social meetings, with talks by more or less distinguished citizens. The address on the "Transit Situation" and that on "How to Get Distance on the Radio" were well attended. But perhaps the talk most enthusiastically received was the one on "How to Cure Your Slice and Drive." At the meetings there is very loud and spirited group-singing in which Doctor Gray's thin tenor rises a little out of key. There are cigars and mild, very mild, beer and soft drinks.

The meetings are a success. Men enjoy them. They enjoy the jokes which the speakers make, jokes which the men do not repeat to their wives, but which Doctor Gray laughs at, and by laughing at proves himself no mollycoddle.

The club is large. At the last annual convention of Men's Church Clubs of America it reported the largest number of paid members and the largest number of representatives. A month before the convention a call had gone out: "Every member get a member. Eight hundred before April 15." By April 15 there were eight hundred and thirteen members, fifty of whom were men of other faiths than that of the Sixth Street Church. But they were all Boosters and Rooters for Religion.

Doctor Gray knows that his club is making religion more and more vital to its members. For has it not adopted as its slogan "Sunday is church day"?

V

It is, however, with the women of his congregation that Doctor Gray feels his personality best expresses itself. He has organized them into a guild which is not without influence in getting him proper floral decorations and musical settings for his services and even increases in salary for himself. He never fails to attend the meetings, jocosely calling attention to his masculine presence. "But then I am only a minister," he whimsically adds. He loves being consulted upon matters of parliamentary procedure and being asked his opinion of the best way to serve supper at the Harvest Festival.

He has, perhaps, an even greater success with the women away from the more immediate activities of the church. He possesses a social manner, an ease of intercourse. He is quick to pick up information and never slow to whisper delicious bits of gossip. Above all, he has a ready sympathy in asking details about one's latest illness.

It must not be imagined that it is only women as a group who are interesting to Doctor Gray. That is to get a wrong conception of the man. He is a connoisseur of individual throats and ankles. And he has a way, not always heavy-handed, of conveying a compliment.

He is fond of picking out some young, attractive woman to explain to her his theories of womanly grace and its relation to masculine genius. "Every genius," he declares, "must indulge in some—er—sexual—er—indiscretions. In fact, the number is, perhaps, a gauge of his genius." He glances at his hearer for some indication of her reception of his views. "I'm so glad you understand and are not falsely embarrassed. It is rare to find some one who appreciates the unshackled intercourse of pure minds." And feeling that the woman must realize the compliment he is paying her, he goes on at great length until he seeks his ration of stimulation and asks whether she objects to his holding her hand.

Mrs. Gray, meanwhile, has not been able to outgrow the worried look which she acquired as the wife of a minister with a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year and five children to bring up as they should be brought up. The children have not been quite the success they were meant to be. The oldest daughter, divorced after three intermittent years of marriage, is living at home. The oldest son is unable to find any work which he can endure. The other children are rather disgracefully stupid and wilful at school.

Doctor Gray does not feel that he is in any way to blame. A genius, and particularly a religious genius, should not be hampered by domestic restrictions.

What time Doctor Gray has to spare from the duties with which he believes his church charges him, he is devoting to a book. It is to be the epitome of his philosophy. "Who touches this touches a man" is to be the quotation on the title

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page. That he has decided upon. But he is somewhat in doubt about the title. "This Religion of Business" or "This Business of Religion" both suggest themselves and make choosing difficult.

It might surprise Doctor Gray to know that a group of young men and women, children of the older and more conservative members of his congregation, have formed a study group. They have chosen for their subject Religion and are planning a course of reading and study that may help them to answer their religious questionings. Doctor Gray might be a little hurt should he be told that, although they have not yet decided upon a group leader, they are not even considering the possibility of choosing him.

An Ohio Fable

BY THOMAS BOYD

Author of "Through the Wheat," "Points of Honor," etc.

YOU will find (he said) almost any kind of weather in Ohio, particularly up in this northwestern part. There are floods in the spring, droughts in the summer, and a cyclone is likely to surprise you at any season of the year; hail-storms are frequent, often jagged bolts of lightning strike down people traversing the mud roads or make some outbuilding crackle and light up the sky with its flames.

Still (he went on) it must have been lovely once, as fitting a stage for the Eden scene as any in the world. But that was when the Indians were there, when the country was a great forest of black walnut, butternut, sugar-maple, hickory, and oak; and when the game was thick beneath the branches of the trees. The country was like that the morning General Wayne—old Mad Anthony—stood at the fork made by the Maumee and Auglaize Rivers meeting, the day he set forth to fight the battle of Fallen Timbers. The country was like that when our grandfathers, floating up the river in a pirogue or striking through a long and ill-marked woodland trail, came to settle it.

They built their cabins and they reared their broods, and thought it a luxury to be enabled to move from a rough log house into a house whose logs were hewn. They made roads called corduroy, which meant that trees had been felled over the bottomless mud and viscous clay in order that vehicles might pass. They cleared some ground and planted grain; and by ceaseless labor and tight economy some of them honestly prospered.

Well (he went on) there were others who didn't do so well. And George Goodrich was one of them. He lived 'way up in the northeast corner of the county, miles from anywhere. He had a one-room cabin, in which himself, his wife, and their three children ate and slept; he had a barn, a granary, and several acres of cleared ground. He worked as hard as the next man, from sunup to sunset, but he never had more than enough to last him through the winter. But George never borrowed: if he ran short of flour or meal, his family lived on what he could bring down with his musket.

Well, one year the corn-crop failed, and that increased the bleakness of the following winter. And when spring came George, and many other farmers, had an empty granary. George hadn't a solitary ear of seed-corn for planting. And he was pretty lean around the middle. The ground had thawed, and the roads were softer than axle-grease; you could flounder over them, but you couldn't make much headway. That was the shape George Goodrich was in, but no worse off than a good many other farmers. In fact, it seemed as if Bill Evans and Emmett Lang were the only two farmers in the county who did have seed-corn.

But Bill Evans and Emmett Lang al-

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ways had plenty of everything. Emmett ploughed with a span of horses instead of oxen; he had also a driving team (nice, fat-bellied, sleek-limbed bays), and he lived in a big frame house. You had only to look at Emmett and you knew he was a man of consequence in those parts. He had begun to get stout, had a red face and a fan-shaped beard, wore a broad-brimmed hat and a long coat. Bill Evans was of less girth and height than Emmett; his forehead was a polished dome of such dimensions that it made his chin, partly obscured by a villainous mustache, look small. But he could reap, bind, and shock with the best man in the county, and his hewn log house was, for those days and parts, spacious.

George Goodrich heard that Emmett Lang and Bill Evans had seed-corn to spare. Emmett's farm lay twelve miles west, while the Evans property was fifteen miles to the south. And the quality of the roads being equal—mud with corduroy stretches through a wilderness—George Goodrich decided to get his seed-corn from Emmett Lang.

So one morning he got out his yoke of oxen and hitched them to the wagon. As it would be an all-day trip, his wife fried some pork, gave him a loaf of salt-rising bread, and advised him about crossing the swelling creeks before she let him go. Then he turned out the lane just as the sun was coming up over the wood behind him, and the oxen pushed stolidly along through the path of mud which wound interminably among the great branched trees. Pflug-ka-pflug went the deadened sound of the hoofs of the oxen; pflaphsst splashed the mud up over the wheels and against the wagon-box as the team slowly lumbered forward. And George Goodrich sat motionless, thinking that he would soon be planting the seed-corn, hoping to have got it into the earth in time for an early crop. Meanwhile the mud was deep and thick; from time to time the oxen stumbled. And George Goodrich sat on the bespattered wagon-box, moving through the forest in the freshness of spring, unmindful of the call of the blackbirds whose heads in the noonday sun showed green. He had his thoughts on the seed-corn, the possession of which meant so much to him.

It was noon when he reached the farm of Emmett Lang and saw the frame buildings—the house, barn, granaries, corn-crib—and the green fields of placidly undulating wheat which had been sown the previous November. The sight gladdened him, for with such evidence of plenty before him he knew that his long ride had not been for nothing.

As he stopped his oxen in the barnyard and climbed down from the wagon-box, Emmett Lang came out of the house, removing with the back of his hand the generous stains of dinner from his fan-shaped whiskers. He met George midway between the house and the barn, stood with his hands on his hips and his head thrown back, so that he seemed to look down his nose as he asked: "Well, George, what can I do for you?"

The question was easily answered. George said: "I calc'lated I'd git a couple sacks of seed-corn from you, Emmett."

Then Emmett teetered back on his heels and said: "I reckon you got the cash in your pocket to pay for it?"

"Why, no," said George, "I calc'lated to pay you back in corn when I husked next fall."

At that Emmett not only teetered on his heels but sagely nodded his head. After a while he said: "Well, George, I can't let you have any seed-corn. There's plenty of folks around here who want seed-corn and have got the cash to pay for it." And he turned and walked back to the house. George answered over his shoulder, "Reckon you're right, Emmett," and, turning his oxen around in the middle of the yard, he began his twelve-mile journey homeward through that slimy mess of mud.

Well, George got home in good enough shape, but he was worse off than he had been in the morning. A day was gone and there was no seed-corn—which he had to have. He had to have it so much that he got up at four o'clock the next morning to go after it. But this time he would go prepared. When Bill Evans asked him if he had the money with which to buy the seed-corn he would jerk it out of his pocket so quickly that it would make Bill's head swim.

After George hitched up the next morning he loaded on a couple of fat shoats

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which Jim Barlow, who had the next farm south of his, had asked for. And while Jim hadn't any seed-corn to spare he did have money.

Barlow's farm was not on the road that led to Bill Evans; and thus George Goodrich had before him a trip somewhat longer than fifteen miles. And again the oxen went down the lane, dragging the wagon over the ruts and stumps in the light of dawn. And George sat on the wagon-box, the squealing and grunting of the pigs reminding him of the money which Jim Barlow would give for them and of the seed-corn which Bill Evans would exchange for the money.

There is no mode of travel known slower than that furnished by a yoke of oxen. And though the distance to Barlow's farm was only five miles, the day was brightly advanced when George reached it. He found Jim in the barn, tinkering with his plough, and said: "Jim, I brought these shoats along because I've got to have some cash this morning. Reckon you can let me have it?" Jim could, and did; and George Goodrich turned back to the main road with silver dollars clinking in his pocket.

On he went, the feel of the money distracting his mind from the ineffable dulness of the ride. And as he looked over the dumb crowns of the heads of the oxen, beating out the distance more slowly than a requiem, he doubtless felt that hard work on the next day, with a grain-sack caught near his middle and one of the boys behind him covering up the golden kernels which he dropped, would more than make up for those two days spent in tedious travel.

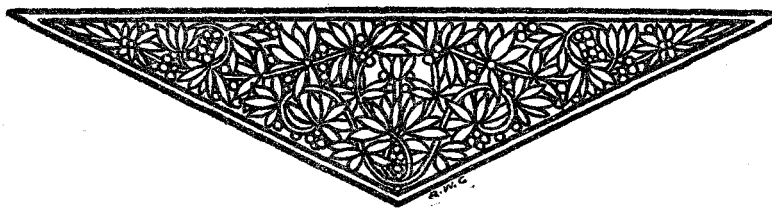
He came to the Bean Creek ford, where the swirling water riffled the wagon-spokes, climbed the green bank, dense with leafage, and two miles farther was driving along the swiftly running Maumee River. It was afternoon when he reached Bill Evans's farm. And as the oxen dragged up the road he saw Bill ploughing on a knoll that was dry enough for the sod to be turned over by the shares. Stopping the team in the lane, he struck off across the fields, the silver dollars jangling one against another in his pocket as he climbed the rail fences.

Bill Evans waited for him in the middle of a furrow; he stood with his hat off, wiping the sweat from his high forehead with his shirt-sleeve. Bill said, "Howdy, George," and George answered: "Howdy, Bill, hear you got some seed-corn?"

"Yes, I got some left," said Bill Evans. "I'd like a couple sacks——"

Bill looked at George and said after a moment: "Well now, George, you got the money to pay for this here corn?"

George thrust his hand into his pocket and whipped out the silver dollars. Bill looked at them, saw the sunlight shining on them as they lay in the palm of George's hand. He sighed. "Well now, George, I'm sorry I can't let you have that seed-corn. There's plenty of folks around here who need seed-corn and ain't got the money to buy it with. I'm sorry, but I got to give it to them."



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The Holy Earth

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

In the immense cathedral of the holy earth,
Whose arches are the heavens and the great vault above
Groined with its myriad stars—what miracles of birth,
What sacraments of death, what rituals of love!

Her nave is the wide world and the whole length of it,
One flame on all her altars kindles her many fires;
Wherever the clear tapers of trembling life are lit
Resound for joy the old, indomitable choirs.

The holy church of earth with clamorous worshippers
Is crowded and fierce hungers, faithful every one
To the one faith; that stern and simple faith of hers
Contents the heart that asks no pity, giving none.

Each on the other feeds, and all on each are fed,
And each for all is offered—a living offering, where
In agony and triumph the ancient feast is spread,
Life's sacramental supper, that all her sons may share.

They mingle with one another, blend—mingle—merge, and flow
Body into wild body, in rapture endlessly
Weaving, with intricate motions of being to and fro,
The pattern of all Being, one mighty harmony.

One Body of all bodies, woven and interwrought—
One Self in many selves, through their communion
In love and death, made perfect; wherein each self is nought
Save as it serve the many, mysteriously made One.

And all are glad for life's sake, and all have found it good
From the beginning; all, through many and warring ways,
In savage vigor of life and wanton hardihood
Live out, like a brave song, the passion of their days.

With music woven of lust and music woven of pain,
Chapel and aisle and choir, the great cathedral rings—
One voice in all her voices chaunting the old disdain
Of pity, the clean hunger of all primal things.

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From the trembling of Arcturus even to the tiny nest
Of the grey mouse the glories of her vast frame extend:
The span of her great arches stretching from east to west
Is endless—the immense reaches are without end.

. . . . . .

Evening closes: the light from heaven's high window falls
Vaguer and softer now; in vain the twilight pleads
With stubborn night, his shadow looms on the massive walls—
Darkness. The immemorial ritual proceeds.

The spider in her quivering web watches and waits;
The moth flutters entangled, in agony of fear
He beats amid the toils that bind him; she hesitates
Along the trembling wires—she pauses—she draws near.

She weaves her delicate bondage around him; in the net
As in a shroud he labors—but, labor as he will,
The cunning threads hold fast; her drowsy mouth is set
Against the body that shivers softly, and is still.

And through the leafy dark the owl with noiseless flight
Moves, peering craftily among the tangled trees
And thickets of the wood all slumbrous in the night—
The fledgling's bitter cry comes sharp upon the breeze.

With dreadful ceremony all things together move
To the one end: shrill voices in triumph all around
Prolong deliriously their monotone of love—
Arches and aisles are heavy with incense and dim sound.

Hush—the whole world is kneeling! Murmurous is the air—
The Host is lifted up. Upon the altar lies
The sacramental Body. The wind breathes like a prayer—
Solemnly is renewed the eternal sacrifice.

With mingled moan and might of warring wills made one
The vast cathedral shudders. From chancel, nave and choir
Sounds the fierce hymn to life: her holy will be done!
Upon her myriad altars flames the one sacred fire.

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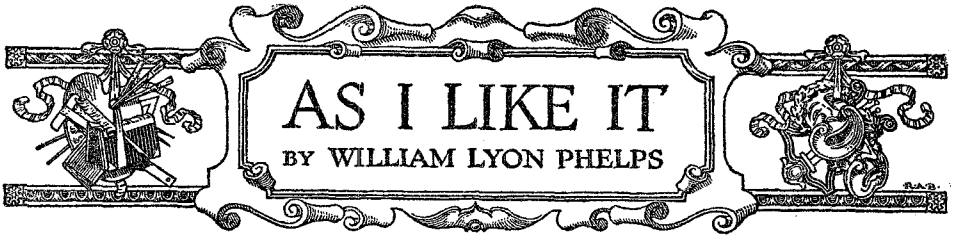

I HAVE known opera singers to be overcome by a sore throat, by sickness of the body, by acute nervousness, by stage-fright, so that in each and all of these instances the voice refused to obey the will, and the performance was a failure. But I have never known of any singer who was overcome by *emotion*—a fact that has puzzled me for many years, and for which I can find no explanation. All of us who are sensitive to beauty are physically shaken by it. There are many passages in poetry that I cannot possibly read aloud—the sound of the words touches some nerve, my voice breaks, and although I despise myself for this lack of self-control, it makes no difference—I can't go on. So far from being proud of this, I regard it as an affliction; but it is not an uncommon experience. We know that Doctor Johnson could not read in the "Dies Iræ"

> Quaerens me sedisti lassus;
> Redemisti crucem passus;

without crying. We know that when Nathaniel Hawthorne tried to read the minister's dying confession in "The Scarlet Letter," his voice rose and fell, as entirely beyond his control as the waves of the sea. Once I was sitting in the audience when John Masefield was reading from his poems; he asked if there was anything in particular that we should like to hear, and a lady asked him to read "August, 1914." He repeated four or five stanzas with ever increasing difficulty, then broke down, apologized, and said he would have to read something else.

The transporting power of music is so powerful that I am often overcome. I read in the "Song of Solomon,"

> my soul failed when he spake,

and I read in the poet Waller:

> While I listen to thy voice,
> Chloris! I feel my life decay.

Neither of these verbs exaggerates my emotion.

Now if I am so melted by hearing music, and if there is so much poetry that I cannot read aloud, why is it that the ballad and opera singers can sing the most ravishing music with absolute voice control? It is fortunate both for them and for me that they are able to accomplish this; for how distressing it would be if an artist appearing as Elsa were so overcome by the melody and passion of the music that she could not go on!

So far as I know, such a misfortune has never happened. But why not? If she sings it mechanically, overcoming her own feelings by thinking of something else, the result will be ineffective; no, the passion and emotion and beauty must be fully expressed, and at the same time with technical correctness. She must feel it intensely, and yet the feeling must not make her inarticulate.

Does this control come through innumerable rehearsals and repetitions? If so, why does not repeated re-reading of certain passages of poetry give the same immunity? And it does not. Is it because it is a matter of art, and the artist must learn to give and produce full measure of emotion, while remaining coolly in control of it? I wonder.

Is it just possible that among the thousands who try for success without attaining it, there are a few who have the requisite voice, correctness of ear, intelligence, and health—and yet fail because they feel too deeply? I wonder.

I have asked several prima donnas about this and never received a satisfactory reply.

When I was six years old, we celebrated Christmas at school by giving each other presents. An anonymous gift came to my desk, and I gazed at it in silence. The other children were venting vociferations of delight. The teacher was stupid enough to chide me—"Why, Willie, don't

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you like it?"—when I was really so overcome with surprise and pleasure that I could not have uttered a word.

In a few minutes a tough Irish lad sitting near me spoke with derision of the gift I received, and as he exhibited his own, he tauntingly declared how much better his was. Not to this day does he know that I had given it to him.

In the recently published autobiography of J. G. Swift MacNeill, professor of law and Irish member of Parliament, called "What I Have Seen and Heard," there are many good stories of politics and law-courts, and many clever sketches of prominent men: Gladstone, Balfour, Parnell, Healy, Chamberlain, Campbell-Bannerman, etc. Like Oscar Wilde, Mr. MacNeill studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford, taking honors in classics at both places. He seems to have the blessed Irish geniality without its hair-trigger sensitiveness; he has come along through the hell of the twentieth century with his cheerfulness, optimism, and good will to man unimpaired. He proves, although he does not say so, that it is possible to love one's enemies. He is a fresh-hearted man, and although he is now nearly eighty, he will die young.

He supplies a new explanation why men who are to be hanged in the morning prepare for the ordeal by a good night's rest. I had always supposed that, in the words of Donne, they practised dying by a little sleep; but MacNeill says:

> Another shunted queen's counsel, when the conversation turned on the strange circumstance of criminals sleeping soundly on the eve of their execution, which was explained by several recondite theories, said that he did not think it remarkable that persons should sleep well in such circumstances. "They know," he said, "that they will be called in time in the morning."

It is possible that they sleep well because they have a good conscience; by a good conscience I mean one that never gives its owner any trouble. Ibsen called it a robust conscience.

An entertaining book of travel and observation is "From Melbourne to Moscow," by G. C. Dixon. He has the eye and the sense of emphasis characteristic of the born journalist. What impressed him in Java was the contrast; "at one moment entranced by something peculiar to the East, at another coming with delight upon a proof of the universality of things—more especially the films." The first poster he saw was

Vanaf Zaterdag 14 Juni
HAROLD LLOYD
In Zijn Nieuwste Lachsucces
GROOTMOEDER'S JONGEN

Jackie Coogan is a household word among the natives. When I returned from Europe a year ago, it so happened that Rudolph Valentino and Jackie Coogan were on the same ship. It was interesting one night to see a motion picture with Jackie as hero, while Jackie himself sat in the front row gazing at his counterfeit presentment. The boy is as healthy as he looks. Never have I seen boy or man with a more insatiable appetite for games—he was an expert at shuffleboard.

Who shall delimit the range of books? Mr. Dixon says that while walking around a squalid inland town in Java "on a shabby street stall I noticed Galsworthy's 'To Let,' such signs of civilization as 'Tarzan van de Apen' and (of course) 'Als de Winter Komt.' "

Harvey Cushing tells me that as a professional surgeon, he is almost ashamed at having written so well-received a biography of Osler. He says it is almost as damaging as playing a first-rate game of golf. Therefore he has been pleased when a few reviews have said it wasn't good at all. A reviewer in *The Nation* (London) called it a Biographical Bran Tub, which gave Cushing unaffected pleasure. "I don't know what a Bran Tub may be, but it's something disgraceful, I'm sure."

Frank Scudamore's "A Sheaf of Memories" is a stirring account of his dangerous and adventurous life as a war correspondent. Scudie must be a marvellous raconteur, and I would fain hear him talk some more in a second volume. He has outlived his profession; the old-fashioned war correspondent can never again appear. I am glad therefore that here we have the record of the life he lived in Turkey, Egypt, the Balkans, and other peace-hating localities. Next to his brains and courage, his greatest asset has been his tiny frame; had he been of aver-

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age size, he would have been killed long ago. Low visibility saved his life.

Eric Parker's "Life of Hesketh Prichard" is, on the other hand, the story of a man six feet and a half high, who was hunter, explorer, naturalist, cricketer, author, soldier, and all the time a splendid example of the English gentleman. He was a sniper in the Great War, where he acquired an "obscure form of blood-poisoning," which after several years of agony, during which he submitted to fourteen operations, killed him. But more terrible than his bodily suffering was his wounded spirit. In reading this graphic account of his life, which up to 1914 is a record of daily happiness, I feel certain that what ruined his health was the memory of the German sharpshooters whom he was forced to kill. It was his duty as a soldier, and instead of shrinking from it, he did it as effectively as possible. But it is one thing to shoot and stab in hot blood and indiscriminately, and quite another to calculate mathematically, then deliberately to kill individuals, and watch their death agony. This he had to do—if he could only have lost his memory! All's foul in war.

The late Charles E. Perkins, of Hartford, an eminent lawyer, whose chief recreation was shooting big and little game, said to me once: "I wonder how it would seem to shoot a man. I have shot at nearly everything else." It is fortunate he never knew. Any one who has any curiosity on the subject will in the biography of Prichard have it allayed.

Among the new novels, one of the best is "The Virtuous Husband," by Freeman Tilden. Without abandoning Sinclair Lewis, I wish both Americans and foreigners would read this. It is an excellent plea for and not against Main Street people; a defense of healthy life in the village as compared with the fever-called-living in New York; an exposition of the joys of editing a country newspaper as compared with the excitement of metropolitan journalism; above all, it is the glorification of the country madonna as contrasted with the citified, sophisticated, hard-as-nails-panetela-shaped young female who is trying to express herself. It is a thoroughly good novel, with nearly five hundred pages of unabated interest, filled with common sense, humor, shrewd observation of life, and containing the same moral as that set forth in "This Freedom." That it will effect any lasting reform is doubtful. Girls will be boys.

William J. Locke has turned off another competent piece of work in "The Great Pandolfo," an agreeable, entertaining, and even captivating story—one of the best he has written since his vein of whimsical originality gave out. Mr. Locke is a good "money" player, as they say of Billy Johnston, and if you can forget that he wrote "Septimus," he will never disappoint you. Cosmo Hamilton, in his "Unwritten History," says:

> In those days W. J. Locke was, as he still is, probably the one English novelist to be read by canons, schoolmasters, and inveterate maiden ladies of high culture without being ashamed to admit it, and I used to think that he bore a close resemblance to all these three himself.

Well, there are worse classes of people.

To Americans, the most interesting pages in "A Prime Minister and His Son," containing the correspondence of the Earl of Bute with General Sir Charles Stuart, edited by the Honorable Mrs. E. Stuart Wortley, are those that deal with the American War of the Revolution. Young Stuart fought here as a British officer, and although he served his king like a gallant gentleman, his letters to his father show why the British failed. He was one of the soldiers who invaded Connecticut, and he was amazed at the courage, resolution, and dignity of the colonists. The rebels were men who must be treated very differently, he thought, from the measures thus far employed by the directors of the Crown forces. In fact, it is clear that contact with the Connecticut inhabitants, short as it was, was long enough to give him at the core of his heart the chill of ultimate defeat. He wrote:

> This expedition may nearly paint for you the power the Americans have in case you mean to force them by arms. Our General must make his movements with great expedition and caution, for if he makes the least *faux pas*, Great Britain, with the most strenuous exertions, can not be sure of finishing this war in two years.
>
> And when that happy time comes we have to hope that accommodating differences, or

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rather, forming a Constitution for this Country may not be left to the present Heads, but for the honour of England that people of very superior ability may be sent to establish a mode of Government which may *firmly attach* the Americans to the Crown, both from inclination and dependence.

How hopeless to imagine that statesmen and diplomats will ever give up the old game, though, to the eternal credit of human nature, the old game always fails.

"Twenty-five Years," by Grey of Fallodon, should be attentively read by every man who prides himself on being a citizen of the world. The style is as clear as spring water, and if the orthodox language of diplomatists is intended to conceal thought, here is the exception that proves the rule. In the entire course of the two volumes, I found only one ambiguous sentence, which, on a second reading, seems plain. In fact it means exactly the opposite of what it says: "While one nation arms, other nations cannot tempt it to aggression by remaining defenseless" (I, 89).

The most exciting pages to me are those (II, 134–136) where he discusses Wilson's overtures for peace in 1916—with the conclusion that it *might* have been better for the living as well as the dead if Wilson had succeeded in stopping the war.

The book emanates from a noble and sincere mind; but it is melancholy, even tragic, in its import. There is little indication that the world has learned anything from this disaster, although Grey says that such an assumption is unreasonable. It may be unreasonable, but the striking difference between the religion of Christianity and the religion of nationalism is that the former is reasonable and the latter is not. At present the religion of nationalism dominates the world. Thousands profess Christianity who do not practise it; millions profess nationalism, and they are eager to die for it.

I greet with joy a new translation of the essays of Montaigne. This is in four large volumes, attractively printed. The English is by George B. Ives, with Introductions by one of the most sprightly and interesting women in America, Grace Norton, the sister of Charles Eliot Norton. I believe there has been no other English version of Montaigne since Cotton's in 1670; although Florio's splendid Elizabethan work has been reprinted in many forms. Montaigne (died 1592) was one of the most civilized men of whom we have any record; his intellectual curiosity was matched by magnanimity. He hated cruelty, prejudice, violence, and stupidity; his love of life was so great that it illumined every object in the world of sense and in the world of thought. His style was so original that his remarks on little things have outlived thousands of works dealing soberly with portentous ideas. He could write on trivial themes without becoming trivial. Moral—every one should own a copy of Montaigne.

An original and valuable contribution to Elizabethan scholarship has come out of Australia. This is a quarto of nearly 600 pages, called "A Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and His Fellow Dramatists," by Doctor Edward H. Sugden, of Melbourne. Places mentioned in the plays have their geographical location given, followed by an interesting historical sketch, with plenty of illustrative comment. Fabulous places receive recognition; and inns, churches, and other buildings are given as much space as towns. Although this is primarily intended as a reference book, it makes such fascinating reading that it is dangerous to open it. Doctor Sugden was formerly associate at Owens College, Manchester, and this volume is one of the publications of the University of Manchester.

Now that books are so expensive, it is good to observe an increasing fashion of *Collected Works* in one volume. All of John Galsworthy's short stories are available in one tome, called "Caravan"; his selected plays are in a single book; a similar volume of Barrie's plays will shortly appear; Vachel Lindsay's poems, illustrated by the author, are in the same convenient form available. And speaking of reprints, I am glad to see a cheaper edition of Pupin's remarkable autobiography, "From Immigrant to Inventor."

One thing that distresses me is the reversion to heavy books. Formerly I could tell by lifting it whether a volume was

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published in England or in America; the English books were so light. Then our American publishers imitated the excellent example. But during the last two years both English and American books are growing heavier and heavier.

Among the innumerable nonsense-books ostensibly written for children, but, like "Alice," more appreciated by others, one of the best new ones is "Pegeen and the Potamus; or, The Sly Giraffe," by Lee Wilson Dodd, illustrated by Clarence Day. This is altogether lovely. Mr. Dodd is a poet, playwright, and novelist; all three sides here appear attractively. As for Clarence Day, his skill, intelligence, and humor are as irrepressible through the crayon as through the typewriter.

One of the greatest undertakings in the history of printing is Everyman's Library. Everyman should certainly have at hand the catalogue. It is well that three of the latest volumes contain works by R. L. S.

Two queries about music. Shall we ever produce great American composers, and will the best American works already performed and published ever receive due recognition abroad? The other day I was talking with my friend Professor Ernest Kroeger, composer and concert pianist, director of the Kroeger School of Music in St. Louis. On my table lay five new works on music, written by Europeans—a new edition of Streatfeild's "The Opera," which is "revised, enlarged, and brought down to date," by Edward J. Dent; "The History of Orchestration," by Adam Carse; "Arnold Schönberg," by Egon Wellesz; "Musical Taste and How to Form It," by M. D. Calvocoressi; and "The Term's Music," by C. H. Glover, giving a four-year proposed course in music, with specimen examination questions. After Mr. Kroeger had glanced through these, and studied the indexes, he remarked on the absence of American references. Carse makes a passing allusion to MacDowell, but, with that meagre exception, the history of the world's music, so far as these apparently authoritative works are aware of it, would have been exactly the same if America had never emerged from the ice age. Is it their ignorance or our incompetence?

With reference to my (quoted) statement that the statue of Huck and Tom "is believed to be the first of its kind erected to a literary character in the United States," Mr. S. R. Spencer, of the good old town of Suffield, Conn., writes: "Brownell Gage and I saw a fine bronze statue to 'The Barefoot Boy' in Ashburnham, Mass., near Cushing Academy," and Mrs. T. R. Elcock, of Princeton, and B. W. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, say there is a statue of Dickens and Little Nell in Clark Park, West Philadelphia.

Benjamin Webster, of New York, writes that W. A. Tinsley, of Waterbury, has undertaken a dramatic composition for an orchestra, of "The Wreck of the Hesperus." He and Mr. Tinsley differ as to the number of people who are acquainted with the poem. One estimates it to be 100,000, the other 2,000,000. The question being referred to me, I hand down a decision for 2,000,000. A few months ago I saw a news item stating that the schooner *Hesperus* was not wrecked, after all. There goes another legend.

William A. White, the Man of Emporia, issues the following cruel challenge to me. We are both correspondents of country newspapers, he being on the Emporia *Gazette*, in Kansas, and I on the Huron County *Tribune*, of Bad Axe, Mich.

> As one country correspondent to another, I greet you. As one country preacher to a better one I salute you. As one picnic visitor to a fellow marauder of fried chicken I kowtow before you and challenge you to a contest of prowess. You may beat me writing, you may beat me preaching, but I will beat you eating fried chicken at any picnic between the Alleghanies and the Rockies north of Thirty-six, for money, marbles, or chalk. Anybody who will take a dare will steal a sheep!

Alas! Although my heart is in the Highlands, my digestion is at the Tour d'Argent in Paris. I left it there last October, and if no one has claimed it, it is there still.

Even as I expected, my citation of the remarks of Edward Everett on cows' ears have awakened the echoes, and the end is

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not yet. Mr. H. H. Bridgman, of Norfolk, Conn., writes: "If you have occasion to inquire about cows' ears again, couple it with an inquiry as to their *teeth*, if they have any and if so, on both jaws?" How about this? I am sure that if the cows have any devitalized or crowned teeth, there are plenty of dentists who will advise their removal.

Mrs. John A. Collier, of Macdonough Lodge, Vermont, writes: "Since your conundrum about the cow's horns and ears, . . . I have amused myself by noting the guesses here in Vermont. Not one of the dozens has been wrong . . . you see, Vermonters do observe. Now ask—When a cow gets up, does it rise first on its front or hind legs?"

To add to the torment of my readers, I select one of the vulgar errors beloved by old Sir Thomas Browne. You can always arouse a company by this question: Has a mole eyes or has it not?

There are plenty of travellers who assert that sharks will never eat human beings, and that wolves will not chase them. There go two legends of the sea and land. Does anybody know anything about anything?

Doctor James Hosmer Penniman, of Philadelphia, scholar, author, and Cattist—his book "The Alley Rabbit," is an exquisite tribute to cats—has received the following letter from the distinguished playwright and actor, William Gillette, written from his beautiful home, Seven Sisters, in Connecticut.

I have bestowed upon you the highest honor in the repertoire of the Seventh Sister Establishment. I have named a cat after you and it wasn't a gelding either but a fine sturdy Thomas cat. This superb animal has been baptized, not with the name of James alone but with your middle and last names as well. Also we call him Dick for short, and the old boy seems perfectly delighted, throwing his tail about in the air with joyful jerks—which is a darn sight more than you could do. Ever since we have been addressing this cat as Dr. James Hosmer Penniman, he has been leaving carefully selected rats in the Seventh Sister Penniman Memorial Library.

Lord Roberts, the great soldier, had an ungovernable fear of cats. Says Cosmo Hamilton:

He dined once at the country house of a mutual friend, rose in the middle of dinner, ran out into the garden and stood trembling on the lawn because a yellow-eyed Angora kitten had poked an inquisitive head round the door.

His fear was well-founded; for the next moment the kitten would have leaped on his knee. Cats have a sure instinct for those who fear or dislike them, and they will invariably leap upon them or rub against them, in the endeavor to dispel prejudice.

Miss Elizabeth Kebbe, of Hanover, Mass., and Sidney Miller, the distinguished lawyer, of Detroit, both take issue with me in my hatred of darkness. Miss Kebbe loves the mystery and soothing quality of night, and Mr. Miller calls my attention to the beautiful poem, "Auld Daddy Darkness," by James Ferguson, which will be found in that magnificent armory of poetry, "The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks." Darkness is kinder to children than to adults.

Sir Edmund Gosse, having recently had bad luck in inquiring for certain standard books at London bookshops, wrote a wrathful letter to the London *Times Literary Supplement*, in which he denounced the English public for not reading anything good, and indeed for remaining in ignorance about literature. He was answered by several meliorists; but while I was reflecting on his animadversions, I found an article in *The Christian Science Monitor* by Doctor Paul Kaufman, which would seem to gainsay the deduction made by Sir Edmund. This American gentleman was startled to see recently in London posters advertising the following list of books for "holiday reading":

"Jane Eyre," "The Mill on the Floss," "Wuthering Heights," "Sylvia's Lovers," "Lorna Doone," "Aylwin," "Wild Wales," "The Scarlet Letter," "Moby Dick," Trollope's Autobiography, "The Woman in White," Morier's "Haiji Baba," Aksakov's "A Russian Gentleman," "Tales by Tolstoi," "Selected English Short Stories."

Doctor Kaufman comments that the latest volume in the list appeared twenty-six years ago; with three exceptions, they are works of fiction. He then says that

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such a list would never be advertised in America, but, on the other hand, a holiday list on our side would show a greater variety of topics.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Ferry, of New York, are the latest recruits in the Asolo Club; they spent in that hill town an "entrancing afternoon."

Of all the efforts in America to improve conditions in the theatre and to awaken interest in the drama and to give those who love good plays the opportunity to hear them, none is more notable for its ideals and its success in approaching them than the work of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jewett in Boston. In a recent number of SCRIBNER'S, I regretted that we had in America no genuine Repertory Theatre; but I am happy to say that we are going to have one. "The Repertory Theatre of Boston," under the management of the Henry Jewett Company, will live up to its name. When, in former years, the Jewett Company were in control of the Copley Square Theatre, I always went there, when in Boston, in preference to all others. I was sure to see a good play well acted. On my annual pilgrimage from New Haven to speak at Andover and at Exeter on some Sunday morning, I got off the train at the Back Bay station on Saturday afternoon, attended the Jewett matinee in the theatre, almost next door, and took the five plus train north. The list of plays produced in that small theatre is the history of the best things in modern drama. Now at last they are to have a new building, on Huntington Avenue, and on the handsome façade will be these sensational words:

THE REPERTORY THEATRE OF BOSTON

Furthermore, to the eternal honor of Boston, and to the encouragement of American dramatic art, *this theatre is tax-exempt.* The Honorable J. Weston Allen, who has been for years an ardent worker in the good cause, writes me:

The theatre is now being plastered and finished and will open in the late fall. It has been held tax-exempt by the Commonwealth and is the first theatre in this country which has received official recognition as having a place in the educational field and equally entitled with the Art Museum and the Library to exemption from taxation. Incorporated as an educational institution under the charitable corporations act, without stockholders and conducted by trustees like the Art Museum, every dollar of net income is available to increase the endowed fund and promote the interests of the drama.

Our latest move to make the theatre a power in the educational field in direct contact with the public schools is to take a 99-year lease of *The Chronicles of America Photoplays* and establish a permanent, annual course of free Saturday-morning illustrated historical talks for the children of greater Boston. The Mayor of Boston has nominated Mr. O'Hare of the School Committee to represent the city on our Board and Governor Fuller has nominated Payson Smith to represent the Commonwealth, and both have accepted.

It is the autumnal equinox, the sun is crossing the line.

Nor Spring nor Summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

The cottages in Huron County are being boarded up for the winter, and their migratory inhabitants are flocking and flitting. The whistle of the steam-thresher is heard in the land. I must leave my pleasant library, with its outlook on Lake Huron, and depart for academic activities. One of the innumerable pleasures of the summer at Huron City is my constant association with the American poet, Edgar Guest, whose country home is about eight miles away from mine, a mere trifle for his balloon tires. Eddie and I have formed an offensive and defensive alliance, and will fight any pair on any links. Eddie's rhythm in the golf-swing is as perfect as the swing of his verse. He also contrives to put a top spin on the ball, so that after a prolonged flight in the air, the moment it touches the ground, it leaps forward like a springbok or hartebeest.

[Christmas suggestions of Book Gifts, including those mentioned by Professor William Lyon Phelps, will be found among the announcements of the leading publishers on front advertising pages.]

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

Still-life decoration.
From the painting by Frank W. Benson.

I HAVE a grudge against my delightful colleague on the left, the author of "As I Like It." Some time ago he had the excellent idea of inventing what he called an Ignoble Prize, and he has frequently warmed my heart by awarding it in just the right direction. Indeed, I have felt profoundly grateful to him, believing that he had, as they say, filled a long-felt want. But if you've got a prize to award, you get very keen on awarding it—the first thing you know you are searching the highways and byways for prize-winners. Thus betrayed by his ardor, Professor Phelps took a rope and went out and perpetrated this perfectly awful iridescent howler:

As a candidate for the Ignoble Prize, I suggest all pictures of Still Life. You know what I mean, for it is, for some unknown reason, a common mural decoration, especially in dining-rooms. There is a table, usually covered with a checked table-cloth. On this stands a large basket of fruit: oranges, peaches, bananas, apples, and grapes. This basket is usually overset; so that out of it come tumbling apples, peaches, oranges, bananas, and grapes. This is thought to be Art; it is in reality so stupid and tiresome that how people can endure looking at it three times a day, and every day in the year, is an unanswerable question. There is only one thing worse in a dining-room than pictures of fruit, and that is pictures of huge dead fish, with their horrible mouths agape.

That was in April, 1924. I let it pass at the time because I realized that we are all prone to error as the sparks fly upward.

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Virgin and Child Enthroned.
From the painting by Crivelli in the Brera at Milan.

To every man his howler, once in so often, within decent and reasonable limits. Besides, there was always hope that by some fluke Professor Phelps might suffer enlightenment. The Fates might lead him into a dining-room adorned by a type of still life different from that which he so feelingly describes. On the other hand, let us not forget the sweeping nature of his howler, complete, flawless, as perfect, to use Swinburne's phrase, as the big round tear of a child. He says: "As a candidate for the Ignoble Prize I suggest *all pictures of Still Life*." The italics are mine. But they do not do full justice to the horror of the thing, nor am I through with the tale of the crime committed under the seemingly innocent and jocund rubric of "As I Like It." Returning to the subject, more than a year later, to be exact, in August, 1925, Professor Phelps quotes a sympathetic correspondent, and when she asks him if he shouldn't restrict his candidates to the baser sort of still life, he shows that time has wrought no change for the better in his views. Reiterating his heresy, he says: "My Scribnerian colleague, Royal Cortissoz, should answer this question; as for me, I never saw a picture of still life that I cared for." Ill-equipped as I am for a major operation, I shall do my best for this unhappy man.

♣ ♣ ♣

IN the first place, I would ask him to consider the fact that from a certain legitimate point of view the master of still life may be said to exercise the art of painting a little more in its isolated essence than any other practitioner of the brush. In every other category the subject as subject must, in a measure, preoccupy the technician. When John Oliver Hobbes wished to describe the effect of boredom upon one of her characters, she used a figure that has always stayed in my mind. "He looked," she wrote, "like Saint Lawrence on his gridiron, saying to the bystanders, 'Turn me, this side is done.'" Now the painter would be bound to feel that. His merely human emotions would be engaged. But before a dead fish his pulse does not skip a single beat. He goes right on painting, and, all things being equal, he paints like

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an angel. No painter is ever going to lose his poise before a basket of fruit or a porcelain vase. On the contrary, he sees his subject steadily and sees it whole; he sees the form and the color in it as though in a ill-luck has taken him into dining-rooms decorated with artistic lies, that is, with baskets of fruit painted to give such an illusion that the beholder wants to help himself to an apple and bite it. That

Georg Gisze.
From the portrait by Holbein in the museum at Berlin.

dry light, and in the celebration of these things he can press his capacities to the utmost, striving unhurried—for still life stays very still—undistracted, and with absolute intensity toward something like perfection. He is engaged in affirming the art of painting as painting. Says Alfred Stevens, that brilliant oracle among artists: "Painting which produces an illusion of reality is an artistic lie." The only excuse I can find for Professor Phelps is that isn't still life. That is color photography. If, after he had accepted an invitation to one of these chambers of horrors, Professor Phelps had telephoned me, I would have urged him to get out of it somehow, and then I would have told him where to dine.

I would have conjured him, in the first place, to lay siege to the hospitality of the late James W. Ellsworth. You had an extraordinary experience if you

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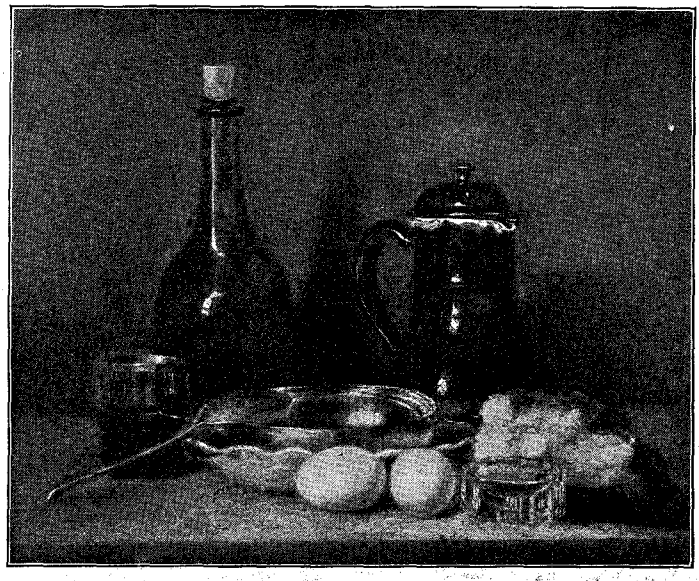
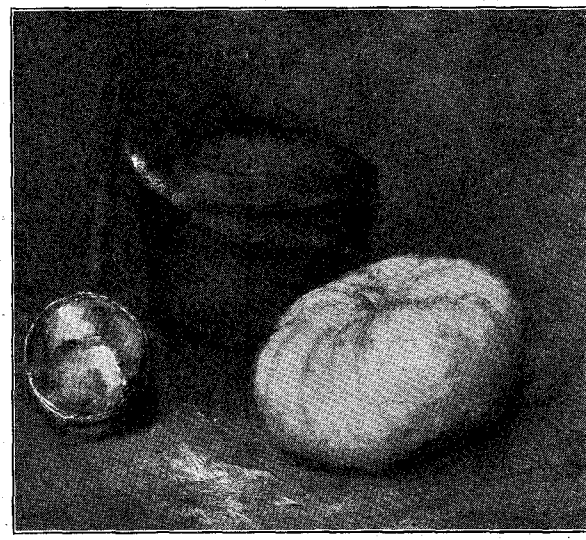


Le Déjeuner.
From the painting by Chardin.

went to break bread with that exacting connoisseur. As you stood in the central hall of his *piano nobile* you could turn to the left and catch sight, on the further wall of the drawing-room, of a great portrait of a man by Rembrandt, one of the greatest he ever painted. Turning to the right, on the further wall of the dining-room, hung so that it was directly opposite the fairly distant but still clearly visible Rembrandt, there was a mighty golden pumpkin, an heroic pumpkin, the father and mother of all pumpkins, painted by the modern Frenchman, Vollon. And, oh! glory be, that pumpkin held its own! It held its own not because Vollon had sought to make it look ineffably like a pumpkin, but because his sense of color and his brush-work, his technique and his style had so operated as to lift a vegetable out of itself and cause it to exhale beauty in something like splendor.

NOW the point is that this sort of thing has been going on for ages. Painters have painted still life with loving zeal even when, if I may use a not inapposite figure, they have had other fish to fry. It has entered into portrait-painting. It has counted in the treatment of mythological themes. Why, it has even played a part, a considerable part, in the painting of religious subjects. Ask, for example, any student of religious art why he remembers Crivelli's Virgin and Child Enthroned, the slender upright panel in the Brera. He will talk to you about the figures, it is true, but he will talk also about the marble throne and the brocade at its base, and perhaps his most fervid dithyramb will be for the fruits



Pumpkin.
From the painting by Antoine Vollon.

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with which the Madonna is engarlanded. Crivelli was enamored of still life. In his Annunciation in the National Gallery, the Virgin and her visitant are almost submerged in accessories. She kneels behind a great carven doorway, and above, to the ornamentation of the architecture there are added the hues of a peacock and an

When he has visited the National Gallery, in London, he has, I am sure, rejoiced in Jan van Eyck's Jan Arnolfini and his Wife, and I'll warrant that his rejoicing has looked in part to the mirror and the chandelier, in the back of the picture. Similarly, his enjoyment of Holbein's Georg Gisze, at Berlin, has sprung

La Femme aux Chrysanthèmes.
From the painting by Degas.

Oriental rug. It may be observed that I am now talking about pictorial accessories. Very well, but I am also talking about still-life painting. That is where the art began, in the passion of artists to exploit their craftsmanship through the delineation of inanimate things. Perhaps Professor Phelps will better realize the enormity of his conduct when he realizes that in condemning all pictures of still life he condemns a myriad of masterpieces. But I begin to feel myself relenting. I don't think he has been as wicked as all that. In fact, I will go further and say that I believe that he has, all unwittingly, given himself up on occasion to the whole-hearted enjoyment of still-life painting.

not only from the personality of the merchant but from the vase of flowers on the rug-covered table. I might multiply indefinitely the illustrations to be drawn from pictures in which the still life, though subordinated, magnificently asserts itself, but I will add only one more. It is the picture by Velasquez in the Prado which is called The Forge of Vulcan. There is much to fill the eye in this famous composition. There is the golden Apollo, and, before him, the bewildered Vulcan and his men. You look upon the group as a group. But presently on a shelf in the background above the fire you notice a bit of pottery, dull white against gray. It is the humblest of details. But it fills an important part in fixing the equilib-

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rium of the design, and, what is more, when Velasquez has come to it he has lavished upon it all of his technical mastery. He has turned, for the nonce, a virtuoso of still life and gives you one of what Rembrandt could do with the carcass of an animal, or what Vermeer of Delft could do with a rug or a glass or a map, I must touch upon the exploits of those old masters in the Low Countries

Wild Roses and Water-Lily.
From the painting by John La Farge.

the noblest passages in pure painting that you will find anywhere.

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PICTURES such as those I have cited make an inalienable part of the history of still life, and I commend them to the attention of Professor Phelps, because I commend to him an art as an art. I would like to go on discussing them, for the subject is really inexhaustible, but my space isn't, so I must speak instead of the paintings in which still life has the whole canvas to itself. Instead of dwelling upon who dealt with still life utterly for its own sake. Their name is legion. Snyders, Jan Fyt, Jan Weenix, Hondecoeter, Seghers, De Heem, and Van Huysum are some of the leading lights in a shining company. They brought to their art certain elements to which I have already alluded, color and brush work—this last highly polished—and they brought two more, composition and a feeling for decoration. If Professor Phelps were to stray into a Dutch museum and observe there a panel by Van Huysum, he wouldn't feel about it as he has felt about thoes

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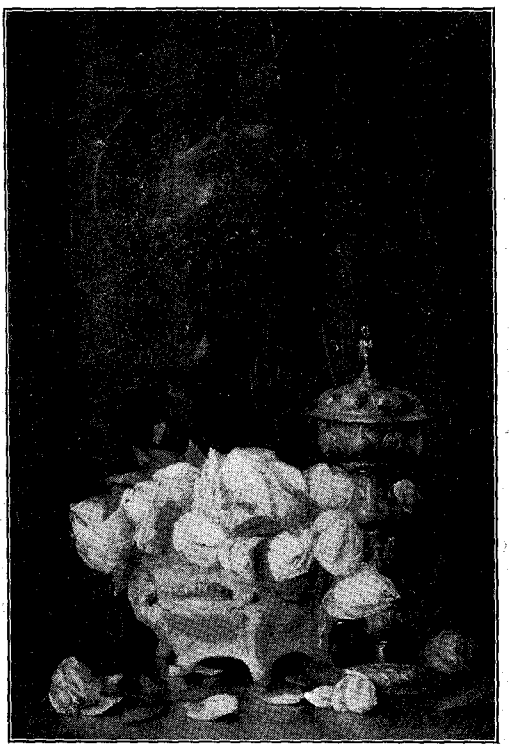
unconscionable fruit-baskets of his; on the contrary, he would want to steal it and hang it up in his own dining-room to contemplate three times a day, year in and year out. Imagination boggles at what would happen if he explored the French museums and got really acquainted with Chardin. He wouldn't stop at the dining-room. He would want to furnish his library and his bedroom with Chardins. Why? Because that worker of miracles could take a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, or a copper kettle and a dead fish, or an apple and a bowl, or even an unimportant egg, and, by the sheer beauty of his painting, transform these insensate objects into things of pure enchantment. That is all he did. He never tried to tell a story about a pear, or to dramatize an onion. He never divined any pathos in a leg of mutton. He simply said to himself: "Phœbus Apollo! What a muffled radiance there is in that flask of Burgundy! What browns and whites there are in that crusted bread! What paintable textures there are in a spread napkin!" With that he loosed the batteries of genius upon a few comestibles. Yes, "genius" is the word. There is always genius in the greatest painting, for in it craftsmanship is enriched by individuality and takes on that mysterious investiture which we have in mind when we talk about style. There are all kinds of genius. There is the kind that Michael Angelo and Raphael had when they painted their sublime decorations, and so on through many categories. Creative imagination is inseparable from some of them, and when we come to still life it seems as if we were in another world. We are, but it is an authentic world, in which genius still prevails, having in common with all the others the power of supremely good technique.



Roses.
From the painting by Alden Weir.

The French have had no second Chardin, but they have had modern painters not unworthy of him. Courbet was one of them. From the great exhibition of his works which was held at the Metropolitan Museum a few years ago, I recall nothing more vividly than a certain sumptuous flower-piece. Nearly all the Impressionists have done well with still life. Degas never did anything finer than the flowers in La Femme aux Chrysanthèmes. The woman giving this picture its title is beautifully drawn, but she is not the crux of the matter; that is found in the chrysanthemums. Manet did some superb still-life painting, and there are things in this field by Monet and Renoir which are very good to look upon. It amuses me to remember that while many of the works of Cézanne and Van Gogh leave me stone-cold, I have found them more persuasive than usual when they have painted still life. The sanest things by Matisse that I have seen were the flower-paintings that were shown in New York only last season. There

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are other Frenchmen of high ability as painters of still life, not forgetting Fantin-Latour, and I have already mentioned him of the immortal pumpkin, Antoine Vollon. But I am less inclined to remind Professor Phelps of these numerous brilliant foreigners than of the leaders of our own school.

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THE greatest of them was John La Farge. That versatile man of genius could do anything, and when he painted flowers he beat Fantin-Latour on his own ground. A picture of a water-lily by him is so subtle a thing, so penetrating an interpretation of the spirit of the flower, that it seems an affair of necromancy. He painted the scarlet hibiscus as he found it in the South Sea Islands. I last saw it years ago, but the clangor of its glorious reds and greens rings in my memory to this day. With La Farge in flower-painting I would associate Maria Oakey Dewing and the late Alden Weir, both consummate in still life. Chase was extraordinarily skilful in his fish. Professor Phelps especially woke in my mind a recollection of Chase when he paid his compliments to "pictures of huge dead fish, with their horrible mouths agape." There is nothing horrible about a cod as Chase paints it. It is, indeed, a *tour de force* in the evocation of beauty. Emil Carlsen has painted chiefly hard substances, objects in glass, metal, and porcelain, and has painted them with exquisite skill and an equally exquisite sense of beauty. There are divers other Americans who come to mind. I recall the bewitching pastels of flowers that John H. Twachtman used to make, and, in a very different vein, but likewise very beautiful, certain still-life paintings by Frank W. Benson. That artist has done some fascinating pictures in this field, true testimonies to the value of those immemorial qualities at which I have glanced, the technical qualities, the sterling workmanship in form and color that will bring almost any subject into the sphere of pure delight. As I think of the host of great achievements in still life, as I think of the beauty and the charm that they possess, I look back at the allusions I have made to the author of "As I Like It" and I marvel at my forbearance. I am a kind-hearted man, and I do not ask too much of him in reparation. But I think he ought at least to hurry off to the nearest department store, equip himself with sheet and candle, and duly make penitential obeisance before Antoine Vollon his pumpkin.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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